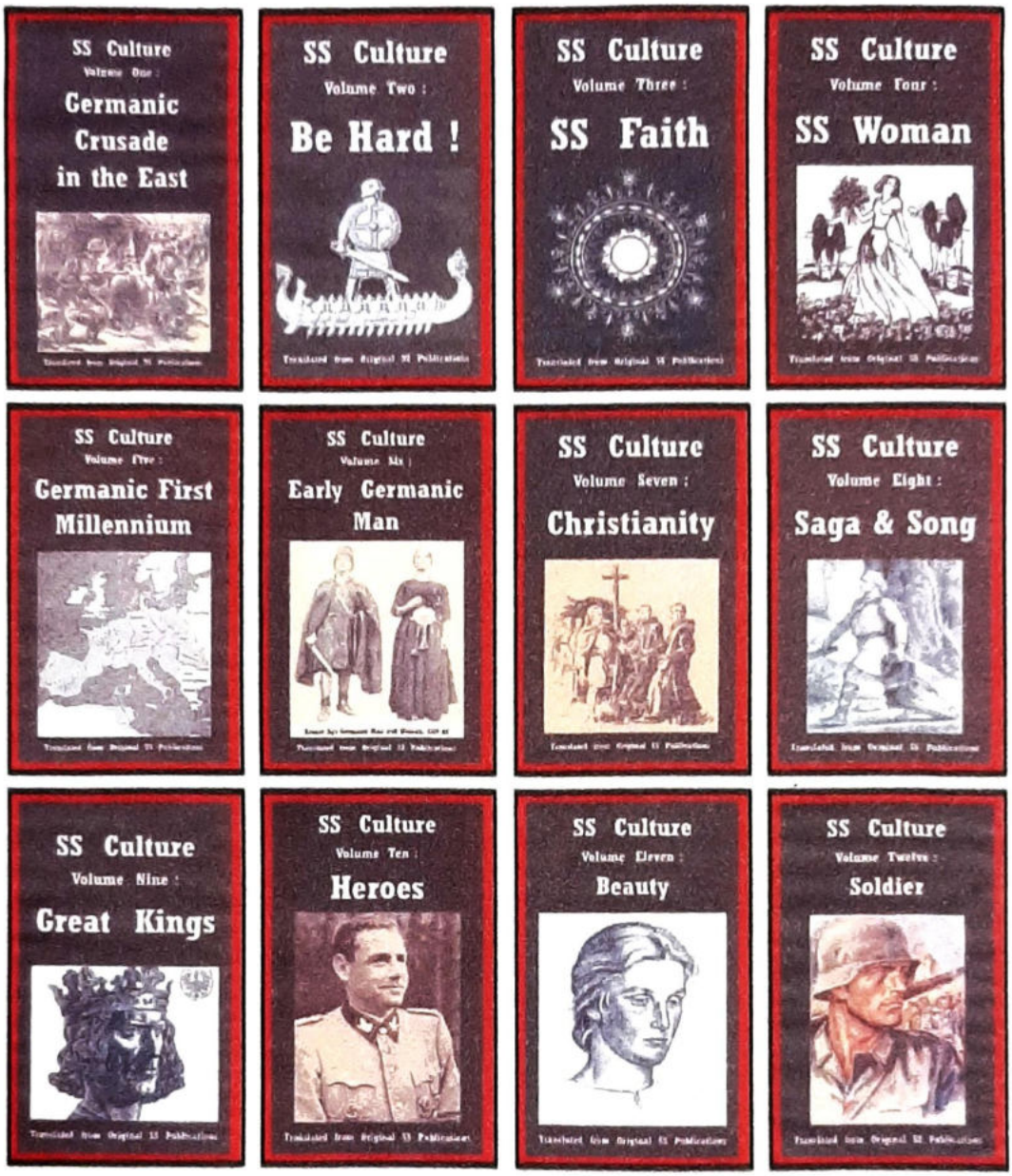

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SS Culture

Volume One :

Germanic Crusade in the East

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Publisher's Preface

SS CULTURE offers the reader a fascinating insight into the heart and soul of the SS! It is translated directly from rare, original SS source material. This material was written by and for the SS - not by the denizens of Hollywood.

This first volume of ***SS CULTURE*** comes from the very first issue of the SS magazine "Germanische Leithefte" published in 1941 after Operation Barbarossa began. "Germanische Leithefte" was published in various languages for the non-German SS men. (Indeed, the German version is even harder to find than the Dutch version!) The Germanic aspect of the SS and the war are empathized.

The spirit of the Third Reich's warrior elite comes alive in these pages!

July 2001
The Publisher

An Introduction

"Just as the discovery of the earth's revolution around the sun led to a revolutionary change of the general view of the world, so will the blood and race teachings of the National Socialist movement produce a transformation of the knowledge and hence of the view of the history of the human past and its future."

– Adolf Hitler

This realization of the fateful significance of the laws of nature of blood and race form the basic idea of the SS. It is an order of Nordic-determined men and their clans.

Helped by the laws it chooses itself, the SS wishes to make a living contribution to the victory of the blood idea in Europe. It wishes to preserve and practice the highest virtues such as loyalty, bravery, comradeship and noble attitude. It is a team in which the following's Germanic loyalty is unconditionally given to the Führer.

The SS is the protector of the inner security of the Reich and the toughest battle troop against the external enemy. The present struggle is against the anti-life forces of international Jewry, against the world bolshevism allied with him and with the Jew-dependent, greedy, English money rule and freemasonry.

The goal of the present, turbulent conflict is the formation of a natural and hence enduring New Order of Europe. This task of new ordering has been assumed by the Reich founded on the Greater Germanic development in close cooperation with brave allies.

Europe should find the lasting foundation for a splendid fu-

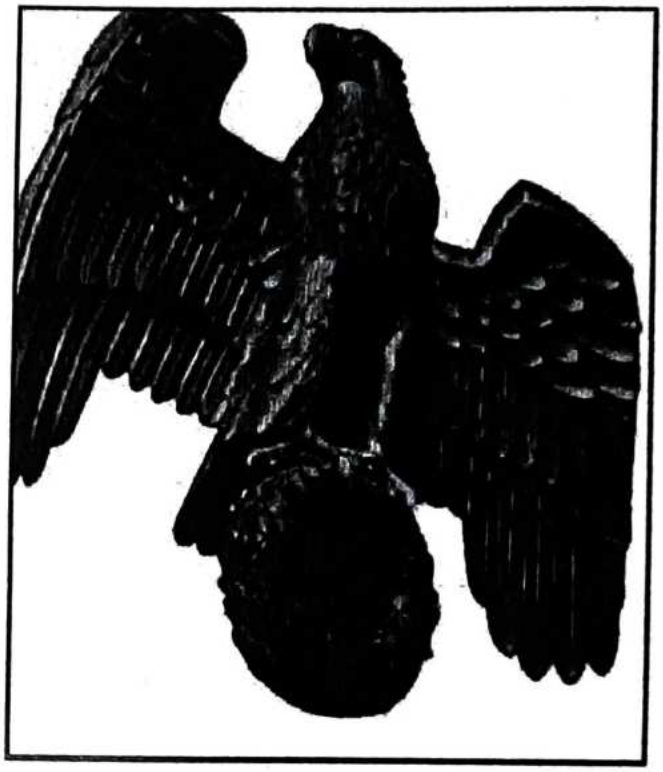
ture, however, in the active community of fate of the Germanic folks. The SS fights for this noble goal. And so in the Führer's SS - next to the Reich Germans – ethnic Germans from all parts of the world, especially from Romania and the rest of southeast Europe, are also assembled for battle.

Furthermore, for the first time volunteers from Flanders, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Finland and Sweden also find alongside the Reich German SS-men.

The Task of the Magazine "Germanic Guidelines"

The task is to always present for the comrades from the Germanic neighboring lands the great line of the SS that is common to all. Furthermore, it should make the high goals and basic laws of the SS known in the SS-homeland of these men. These issues should provide a clear expression of the SS-spirit common to all Germanic people. They are a constant call to all who believe they can become followers of the toughest and strongest order in Germanic history.

The Führer receives one of the young SS officers from the graduating class of the SS academy.



The European War of Liberation

"When the German Reich received the English declaration of war on September 1, 1939, this was a repeat of the British attempt to thwart any start of a consolidation and hence rise of Europe by fighting the currently strongest power on the continent."

The Führer's Proclamation to the German People on June 22, 1941

When we seek the deepest reasons for this war, we also raise

the question of where each individual among us stands in this greatest conflict of all time.

Unlike the World War, there are no spectators in this struggle, rather only participants, and no neutrals, rather only combatants. That means: in this gigantic struggle very fundamental issues are contested, so that nobody, not even the last European, can evade a clear stand.

A clear stand must be taken by more than just the European states, their governments and chiefs of state. No, the unique thing about this war is that each individual member of the European folks must make a contribution to the decision regarding his nation's future. Only so can decisions be made that simultaneously have national as well as social significance and as such provide foundations for a centuries-long development. It is fortunate that in the ethnically Germanic lands this view is spreading in constantly wider circles of the folk even now during the war. We are proud that the decision of many individual young men does not stop with words, rather that they voluntarily risk their lives for the European cause to the honor of their own lands.

Ever more numerous become the volunteers to the Waffen-SS, to the guard of the Führer of all Germanic men. This troop gives the opportunity to Danes, Fins, Flemish, Dutch, Norwegians, Swedes and Swiss to prove their manly bearing through the deed.

What is this War about?

We all know that this war started over the issue of the fate of German Danzig threatened by the Poles. But we also know that no Englishman went to war because of Poland. We are also cer-

tain that no Soviet Russian assembled to attack Europe because of charity toward the Poles, French, Serbs, Greeks or even the English in the summer of 1941. Why then was there the English declaration of war against the Reich on September 3, 1939 and since the spring of 1940 the advance of the Red Army toward Germany's eastern border?

When a strong power finally emerged again in the German Reich in 1871, in the heart of Europe, after an almost 300 year effort, the English world empire immediately addressed it as an enemy and fought it with hatred. Under Bismarck's splendid leadership, the Reich sought to pursue its own path, to practice independent politics and to solve its economic and social needs by itself. In short, Germany wished to pursue politics independent from the "city of London" and stand on its own feet. The Reich was systematically encircled by England.

A coalition war such as the world had never seen was unleashed against the German Reich. But when it was not possible to defeat the German soldier in honorable combat, Germany was decayed and defeated with all the tricks and baseness of politics after the armistice of 1918. England's victory appeared complete after the Treaty of Versailles. All power, all state sovereignty was torn away from the Reich. The fall of the German folk seemed to be just a matter of time. Large portions of the severely tested German folk fell victim to the stressful and oppressive pressure of the insane Treaty of Versailles.

Then a man stood up! An unknown soldier of the World War, Adolf Hitler.

He had keenly experienced the German folk's life energy during the worst war years. He hence had endless confidence in the moral values, the accomplishments and the courage of sacrifice of this folk.

He felt that these values lie in German blood and in its Ger-

manic kind. Through years of the most difficult personal struggles, Adolf Hitler again freed these values of blood and race, which had been dragged in the mud by the supra-government powers, especially by Jewry and freemasonry. Constructively, he showed the German folk, and then other related folks, the path out of the European confusion they had fallen into since the Thirty Years War.

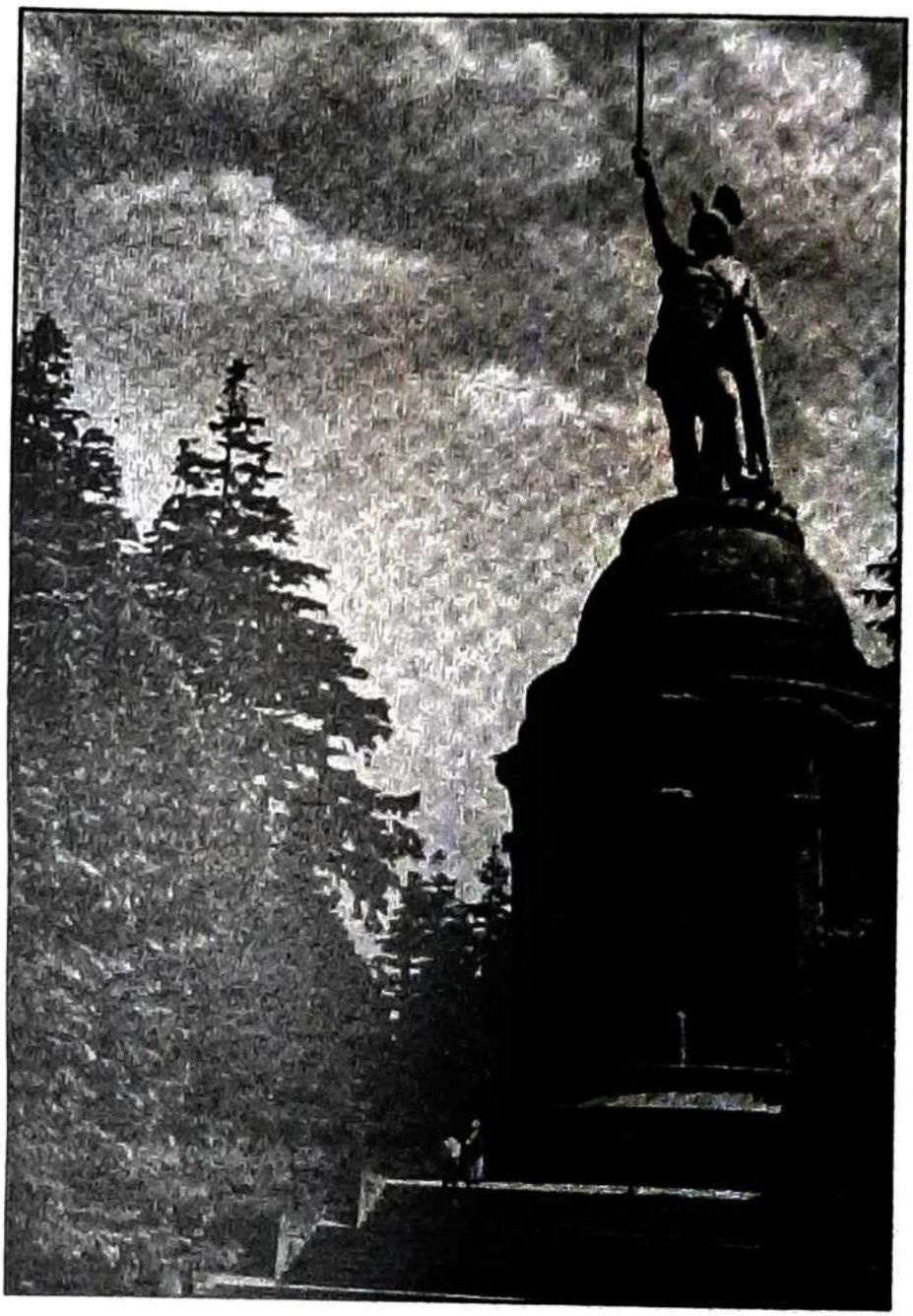
Under Adolf Hitler's leadership the German folk declared a fight to the death against the Versailles system and its supra-government wirepullers. Dissension within the folk disappeared like a spook. The old, ancient evil in Europe, parasitic Jewry and its political instrument, freemasonry, were purged from the folk body and eliminated from the stream of German blood.

Communism, this Jewish-Asiatic threat against all of Europe, was beaten down in the Reich and in other places in Europe. Creations of the Versailles Treaty incapable of life such as the Austria cut off from the Folk Reich and Czechoslovakia were liquidated. The only thing remaining was to call the life-affirming folks of our continent to the European community of struggle and of fate.

An energetic, more beautiful future for Germany and hence for Europe seemed to radiantly dawn.

But again, England did not want to tolerate that. It mobilized its entire political and economic power, spread across all continents. It allied itself even more closely with the mortal enemy of the Germanic blood idea, with world Jewry.

The hypocritical British Imperium agreed to a satanic attack against Europe with the world pest, Jewish-Asiatic bolshevism. It wishes to finally destroy the Reich that fights with European



Hermann the Cherusker, Germania's savior

responsibility.

From the first day of war it has been about Europe's fate:

Should external forces and racially alien elements determine Europe's fate for all time or should Europe shape its own future from its own strength and its own responsibility? That was the question that triggered this war:

England strives for a coolie Europe that is nationally splintered and socially enslaved in order to effortlessly force through its plutocratic goals, total capitalism and unhindered global trade on the planet, with the help of Jewry.

For two decades Soviet Russia had only one wish, namely to so weaken Germany and Europe so that, as a declining continent, they fall easy prey to the Jewish-Bolshevik rulers of the world revolution.

England's and Soviet Russia's goals are hence totally non-European, yes anti-European: *Not just Germany, rather Europe should be annihilated.*

The German folk, on the other hand, assembles for the battle for a new Europe. For it, this is not about power political imperialism. Germany simply fulfills the law under which it assembles for the battle for Europe's rebirth: ***the myth of blood.***

It thereby places itself in the service of a divine law of nature that is Europe's constitution.

The German folk has the sole goal to defend Europe as the ancient homeland of the White and hence Nordic race and to restore it to its mighty originality.

So it assumes the task that every European should applaud. Only so can the "decline of the west", Soviet Russia's goal, be prevented.

* * * * *

A new Europe shaped by its own ancient forces finds its justification in the history of our continent since the last ice age. There is today no longer any doubt that the cradle of the European folks does not lie in some distant corner between the Euphrates and the Tigris or in the Tibetan steppes of central Asia, rather in our narrow European homeland. Race science testifies to that with the same precise reliability as excavations.

The German folk goes into battle in order to forge a new Europe according to racial points as a secure and steeled unity. The Reich consciously links itself again to the most noble period of all of European history, namely to the Great Germanic period of the struggle with the old Roman world empire.

Our present time can only be compared with the gigantic surge of the Germanic folks at the start of the first millennium. From Scotland to the Black Sea, they swarmed against the Roman world empire across the Rhine front and the Danube front. They triumphed solely because of their irresistible racial strength. No time during the many centuries since then is as great or has fulfilled such mighty tasks as they were fulfilled in that time - and as they are compellingly and necessarily placed on us today. Only when the Germanic people acted in history was pan-European fate created. Only the Germanic people made Europe a continent from the polar circle to the Azores, from the Volga to Greenland. Despite all greatness of the antique cultures, despite all recognition of the accomplishment of the Roman world empire, neither the Hellenic nor the Roman world ever extended decisively beyond the Mediterranean area. It was the achievement of the Cherusker chief *Hermann* that prevented the Roman Imperium, at the height of its power, from penetrating the Baltic and North Seas, the "Germanic Mediterranean".

This saved the Germanic heartland from being dragged into

the racial chaos of the collapsing Roman world empire.

It saved its racial purity and hence alone enabled world historical decisions stemming from the most powerful racial consciousness. Since the time of the folk wanderings, which was an acquisition of land, the Germanic people have lavishly contributed their Nordic blood to all today existing European folks. They were thus enriched and more closely related to one another.

The Germanic people founded the empires in the high north, in the forests of Russia and in the steppes of the Black Sea. They ruled on the British isles, in the Mediterranean, in North Africa and in Spain with the same self-certainty with which they were born from the strength of the Nordic race. Everywhere that Europe is entered in the annals of history, the name of the Germanic people shines toward us. We call Europe a continent. With what justification? Is Europe's shape similar to Africa, Australia or America? No!

Geographically and geologically Europe is simply a peninsula of the Asian land mass. The Germanic people – from the strength of their Nordic blood, in pitiless struggle with racial aliens and foreign powers – first created the living space that we now with full right designate a continent as such. It is hence not just an expression, rather a deep insight, when we claim:

Without the Germanic people there is no Europe! Only through the Germanic people did Europe become the heartland of the world.

So Europe and the Germanic people appear as concepts that have grown together. One is inconceivable without the other.

In rootless abandonment of their European and Germanic origin, the Anglo-Saxon plutocrats have today declared them-

selves mortal enemies of the German Reich fighting for Europe. We know why that is so:

The British empire recognizes no European community of fate, because it is spread out across the world earth. It has severed all bonds with the Germanic-European history with an ironic smile. It only pursues its own selfish, because capitalist, world goals. We hence realize that this war is much, much more than a "German-English" one, as the "neutral" press still dares to term it. No, we call the war waging today the European war of liberation, because it is about Europe's liberation. The war is not about material values, not about money tribute or about certain stretches of land. It is about our continent's future. Should Europe become a British dominion, reduced to a marginal appearance in world history and later disappear into a Bolshevik Asia without history? Or should Europe rise again to become an independent, powerful continent shaping world history for all time?

This is the decision for which German men now fight on the battlefields in Poland, Norway, Flanders and France, in the Balkans and on Crete. Today Germans and Italians still fight shoulder to shoulder in North Africa, in the sky everywhere and on the world's oceans for Europe's victory.

But when Soviet Russia prepared a new months ago to launch the monstrous assault against Europe as agreed upon by Stalin and Churchill, the curtain fell from the eyes of those Europeans who had still stood aside. They recognized with wide awake horror the purpose of the war. They hurried to make a contribution to final victory however possible. In his proclamation of June 22, 1941, Adolf Hitler simply stated what had already become clear to every European conscious of his kind: that the task of the front stretching from the Artic Ocean to the Black Sea

"is hence no longer the protection of individual countries, rather the protection of Europe and hence the salvation of all".

The crusade against world bolshevism was enthusiastically embraced everywhere.

Volunteers to arms poured in from all of Europe's lands in growing measure. Adolf Hitler's struggle against world Jewry, against world bolshevism and against the world plutocrats is today understood as a struggle for Europe. The swastika will triumph and our grandchildren will state in reverence:

That is how Europe triumphed under Adolf Hitler's leadership.

The Team : First Machine-Gunner Disabled !

A Tribute to an SS-Comrade

What is related here happened in this war. We know of the event from the mouth of an SS-officer cadet who, as a loyal comrade, was at the side of the 19-year old youth at that mid-day hour when he achieved the high point of his existence and concluded his life with courage and fulfillment of duty.

The man described here was called Fritz Werner Lampe. He came from the best blood, was a student at the National Political Education Institute in Ilfeld in the Harz, fulfilled his service

SS reconnaissance patrol

in the Reich Work Service and then came to the 5th company of the SS-regiment "Germania", where he participated in the Polish campaign as the First Machine-Gunner. His life and death prove the truth of the words:

"For two things determine the course
of our earthly life:
What is given to us by birth
and what is given to us by ourself."

Fritz Werner Lampe lies buried in a cemetery of a small Polish village. His comrades recovered his body when darkness descended on the day of battle when he fell and bedded it into the earth. They stuck a birch branch into the small earth mound over his grave with a white plank and wrote on it: "Fallen for Greater Germany".

But how he died, that must be explained. For his last words reveal an immortal heart and show what a noble person can do, if he is filled by the spirit of fulfillment of duty.

On September 12, 1939 the SS regiment "Germania", advancing in the direction of Lemberg, reached the San. Its 5th company had the mission to break through Rudnik and take the bridge over the San at Krzeszow. Just as the company started the attack, the bridge was blow up by the Poles. Its wooden parts went up in flames. Polish fire opened up from the steep incline along the opposite riverbank. Furthermore, there were still Polish soldiers on this side of the river, two hundred meters left of the company. They also fired ceaselessly. They had to be silenced first. The company assembled behind a barn for the attack. The situation was clear. The attack began. Fritz Werner Lampe was a machine-gunner in the 3rd platoon.

The platoon was in a potato field. There was heavy fire on

both sides. Lampe had his machine-gun in position and fired, calm and certain. That was important, because the machine-gun has the greatest fire-power of the squad. The sun burned down from the blue sky. Like on all such autumn days, it cast its shining gold across the earth. Then Lampe spotted a new Polish nest of resistance. He could combat it more effectively only from the somewhat higher ground ahead. A leap forward was hence necessary. The necessary leap, however, meant the greatest danger for his own life. Nonetheless, Lampe decided to leap forward – not on order, rather out of aggressiveness and sense of duty. He calmly prepared the leap, secured his machine-gun, held it tightly, jumped up and rushed forward. The lethal bullet struck him at that moment. Blood gushed from the wound and the 19-year old SS-man felt that in a few seconds there would no longer be life in him.

He pulled himself up. In this moment he was nothing but a soldier. He did not think first about himself, about his life, about his death, about everything dear to him on earth. He only thought that he was the first machine-gunner and that he had the machine-gun, his squad's necessary fire power – and that the machine-gun was now eliminated because he sank to the ground mortally wounded.

He pulled himself up, turned his face toward his platoon leader and called with a firm voice, loud and audible through the noise of battle, just like one reports the execution of an order on the exercise field in peacetime:

"First Machine-Gunner disabled!"

The same second that the platoon leader heard the last word of this report, Fritz Werner Lampe lied dead on the field next to his weapon.

The endless columns again rolled past his grave on June 22nd. For the first time, men of the same blood from North and West Europe march and fight in their ranks.

What the individual has been given by nature, he must again contribute to his folk. There can only be one right in this community. It grows from the fulfillment of one's own highest designated duty.

– Adolf Hitler

All nations that fought in the World War honor the "unknown soldier". In Paris he rests under the "Arc de Triumphe". In London he sleeps his final sleep under the black marble of the Westminster Abbey. In Berlin, however, he resides in the Reich Chancellery. Germany is the only country where the "unknown soldier" is not dead, rather lives.

– Frederick Böök, Swedish Academy, Stockholm

When the war is over, we will experience strange things. A New Order will be created in Europe. Work will assume its rightful place. One of the strange phenomena remains that one no longer views America, rather Europe, as the new world, and America as the old.

– According to the Danish newspaper *Fädrelandet* (no. 170, June 22, 1941) these words were recently spoken by the Duke of Windsor, the former English king, to an American journalist from the Hearst press.

War Volunteer Jürgens

Then there was the night at Mereville. The Englishman stubbornly defended the town. Every street was a barricade and every house was a machine-gun nest. Suddenly the German artillery barrage rolled forward and put down covering fire in the enemy rear.

The sky was red with an infernal light. Just as we wanted to launch our counterattack, an English tank tried to break through.

Almost painfully we realized at this moment that our antitank was engaged elsewhere. We heard it firing in the distance, but we could not see it. We were alone here.

Before we could overcome the seconds of frozen inaction and somehow deal with the tank, we saw you leap from the motorcycle and run around the tank. We also saw the flying bundle of hand-grenades before it landed. We heard the screeching treads immediately followed by the loud roar of the explosion.

We forgot you at that instant, although we clearly saw everything: the hatch opened half-way, but nobody got out. Then there was a fountain of flame and thick, poisonous smoke pressed downward by the wind.

Only then, afterward, did we see you lying on the pavement with your face toward the ground. Then we knew that your victory for us had also been your death for us...

The timid man thinks he can live forever,
if he protects himself from battle.
But age does not give him peace,
although the spear has spared him.

Edda, Hávamál 16

EUROPA

Europe Becomes Healthy Again

We men live in a world where all becoming, life, maturation and perishing plays out according to the pitiless, divine laws of nature. Subjugated to them are the stars, sky and earth, sea and stones as well as the life of plants and animals.

Nobody who possesses all his senses doubts that human life, too, follows the same laws. The differences between men are also determined by the laws of heredity.

In a healthy, naturally feeling community, for example in peasant life, the procreation of the sickly is avoided, and the healthy only pairs itself with the healthy. Only big city life, alienated from nature, or economic considerations unfortunately cause many healthy people to enter marriage with the sickly.

But then nature avenges the disregard for its laws: the offspring can become sick or they can be carriers of the sickness.

The peasant, who still lives bound to nature, has always known that different varieties and races exist in every species of animal and plant, and that one cannot randomly cross them. That would spoil the breed. There are also different races of men. Originally, our ancestors respected this barriers set by Providence. Certain spiritual and political movements later gradually suffocated the feeling for the natural differences between men. "Everything with a human face is the same," was the slogan at the time of the French Revolution. Liberalism, Marxist socialism and communism – those are the milestones in the decline of Europe misled by Jewry. For the Bolshevik, racial differences are only prejudices that must be overcome. All of that, however, is human deviation from the divine laws

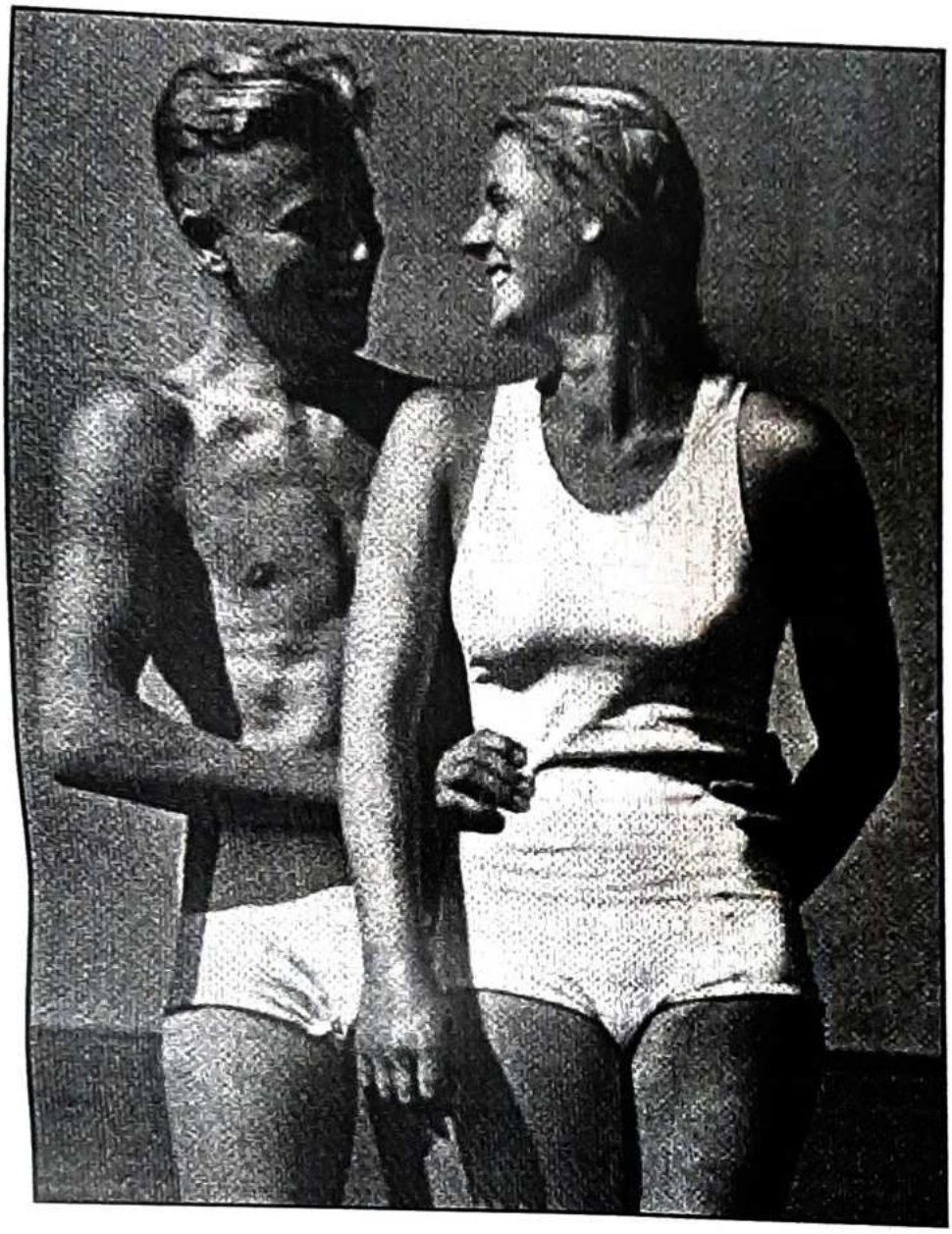
of nature. It is disloyalty toward the own blood that must have the most grievous consequences for folk health and culture. Often physical impairments (for example increased frequency of certain deformities), emotional imbalance and character deficiency are the scientifically proven consequences of unfavorable race-mixing.

These spiritual, or more accurately termed anti-spiritual, tendencies come from racially alien and deformed brains. These teachings do not stem from the laws of nature. In contrast to that National Socialism does not strive to construct another human teaching, rather it wishes to first clearly recognize the natural order created by God. Only this realization enables it to lead back misled people to a natural and hence healthy way of life. This is why National Socialism respects the natural difference of races. It recognizes the natural barriers.

So a National Socialist conceives of a future Europe totally differently than a liberal would. Each National Socialist would instinctually reject a Pan-Europe based on the American model. The USA are a mixture of ethnic and racial groups. In Europe, on the other hand, individual ethnic groups have taken on various distinct ethnic characteristics in the course of their development, because other European races have also mixed in different proportions in the various areas of Germany and its neighbors. They have in common a more or less high portion of Nordic blood.

This Nordic blood is hence what unites the European folks. This Nordic blood portion is especially high in the Germanic folks. A close union of Germanic folks is hence not only possible, rather also natural. The Nordic blood present to different degrees in other European folks is predominantly of Germanic origin.

If Europe does not wish to lose its uniqueness, the predomi-



I greet you, my ancestors.
Now give me blessing and right!
The old earth blossoms
and the old breed blossoms.

nance of Nordic blood must above all be secured. The Nordic race, however, has suffered the most by the development of civilization during the last centuries. In the large city the Nordic race has, in part, almost stop reproducing itself. This valuable race represented and still represents the leadership strata in not just the German folk, rather also in all the other European folks as well. This makes the fact even more significant that the portion of its blood is in steady decline.

In a similar fashion, so-called European civilization has in the past had a negative impact on the health of folks. The sick, the weak and the untalented are promoted with every means while the healthy must therefore often suffer from the most grave social injustice. In nature the sick and weak are automatically eliminated and only the strong and healthy can procreate. So-called civilized man, who has created an unnatural environment in his civilization, circumvents this "natural selection".

This is where the measures of National Socialism come in. At the last hour they prevent the White race from perishing in the foreseeable future. If one designates the racially good and physically and spiritual healthy portion of a folk with the comprehensive expression "healthy Germanic blood", then all measures of National Socialism that promote this portion are called "measures for the promotion of healthy Germanic blood". In National Socialist Germany, these measures follow two directions: first, they prevent the harmful and second, they promote the beneficial.

The National Socialist law for the protection of blood, for example, prevents marriage as well as sexual intercourse between Germans and members of non-European races.

The National Socialist law for the prevention of genetically deformed offspring, for example, also provides the possibility to prevent the passing along of misfortune to future generations

by means of sterilizing people whose serious congenial defect is clearly proven.

The National Socialist law for genetic health envisions certification of marital health before marriage. In this manner and for the benefit of the folk, marriage between the healthy and the congenitally ill as well as between the healthy and people with infectious diseases is prevented. On the other hand, very favorable marriage loans without interest make marriage between the healthy easier.

These importance measures of the National Socialist state were always proceeded by similar measures of the SS, often many years in advance.

The SS man is selected and trained so that he will not take up with racially alien or congenitally ill blood even without these laws.

In other areas as well, the SS takes new paths and sets an example. The SS promotes man's return to a natural environment through countless minor measures daily, for example: promotion of construction of one-family homes, physical education, physical exercise, return of valuable families to the countryside through promotion of new farmsteads etc.. Through the laws of its order and its example, the SS shows the path on which a *strengthening* of the Nordic blood portion can be achieved. Similar orders have already made individual attempts throughout history, for example the Toms Vikings of the Baltic Sea, the German knights in East and West Prussia and others. These orders, too, only enlisted valuable fighting men, and their accomplishments were correspondingly great. But they had a weakness: they limited their laws to the men. Their valuable blood was not consciously nurtured. But that is what counts in the final analysis, so that for all time a folk's supply of *valuable* blood is not only secured, rather also increased.

The Reichsführer SS hence gave the SS the significant "engagement and marriage law" already in 1931 during the hard period of struggle. It obligates the SS man to select his wife according to the same criteria with which he was accepted into the SS. The wife then joins the SS clan. She is obligated to the same requirements there as her husband. She hence enjoys the same honor and the same high esteem.

The SS stands at the lead in the struggle for the preservation and strengthening of Germanic blood and it shows the path into a future of healthy folk strength and cultural blossoming. The previous creative work of the SS for this blood idea has been recognized by the Führer. He has assigned to the Reichsführer SS the task of strengthening the German folk.

An *order* grows through the observance of the National Socialist law of blood and race, that will not only offer protection for the Reich for all time, rather in all important areas of human life will set an example. This order binds especially the Germanic folks through common blood. Our descendants should one day be able to say with pride:

"You have laid the foundation for the Reich of our race!

The River of Heredity

Johann Sebastian Bach, the great composer from Leipzig, masterfully played the organ in the Garnison church before Frederick the Great and many invited guests. Like a boundless sea, Bach poured out his soul.

"That is eternal, divine art, master! Whence do you have the grace?"

"My great, great grandfather was a backer and a musician, my great grandfather was a carpet maker and a musician, my grandfather was the city piper in Weimar, my father was the musical expert at the court in the city of Eisenach, my uncle was the city organist there. For almost 300 years musicians with the name Bach have lived in Thuringia and Saxony. So this trait was always passed on."

Europe – Peasant Land

"The Germany of the future can only be a peasant Reich or it will again perish like the Reichs of the Hohenstaufen and Hohenzollern have perished, because they forgot to place their folkish and economic concentration in themselves."

- Adolf Hitler, Harvest Festival 1933

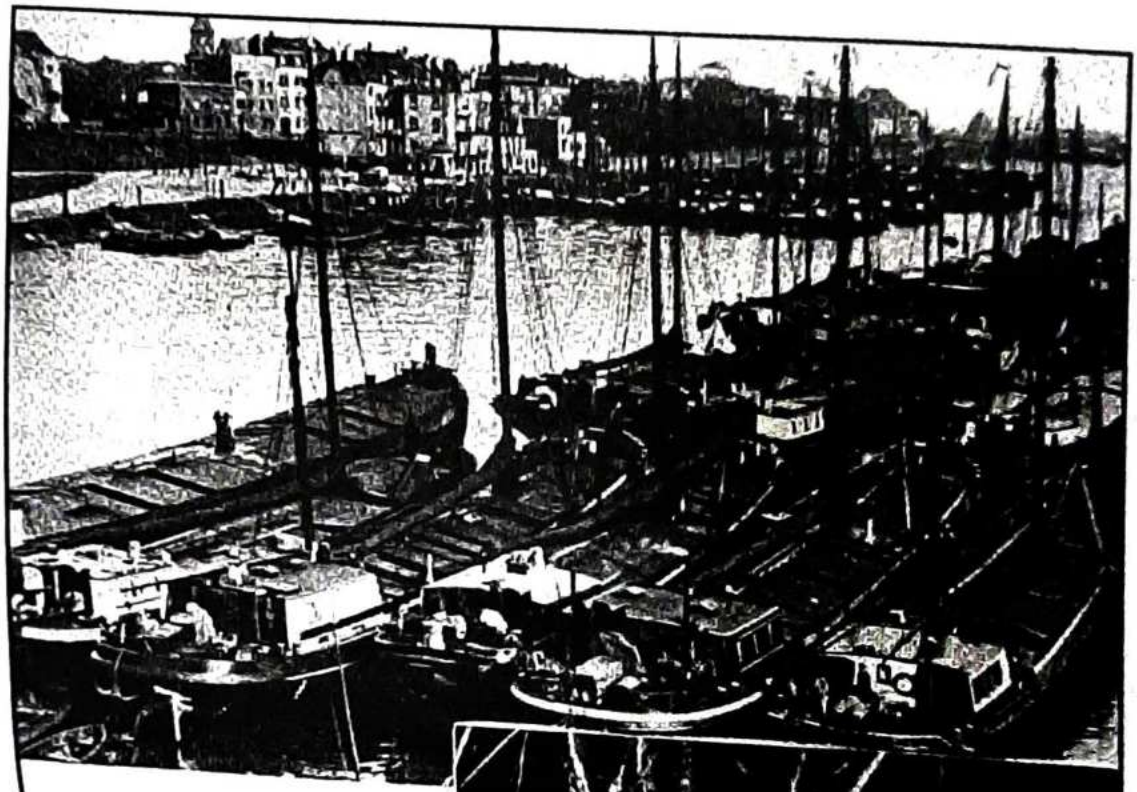
The Reich of the Peasants

In no other state is the peasantry given such decisive significance as in National Socialist Germany.

That was often misunderstood outside of the Reich. The hard taskmaster of nations, war, simplified understanding for the Reich's measures in the area of agriculture and the security of the peasantry. At least in Germany's neighboring states hard hit by the war one today realizes the necessity of an ample national food supply.

The bitter experiences that Germany once had with the liberal neglect of its agriculture and the National Socialist measures to restore its peasantry hence find special interest among Germany's neighbors. The German folk, too, once did not have enough to eat, namely during the British hunger blockade in the World War.

The same brutal fate would today again, sooner or later, befall all nations on the European continent, if the Reich had not made its best efforts to provide relief. The folks of the industrial nations would hunger and the people in the rural nations would suffer shortage of fodder or industrial goods. Even so, this lesson is still very bitter for our neighbors in the west. How



Wasted shipping capacity – millions of tonnage remain empty during Germany's time of need. Sailors and bargemen starved while overseas grain was burned.

Results of liberal economics.

Mortgage seals on the fields of German peasants. Interest slavery mortgaged grain while it was still on the stalk.

was it possible that these rich lands were compelled to so severely restrict the consumption of food and luxury items?

Germany's own economic development gives a clue. A hundred years ago German provinces still produced what they themselves consumed. Beyond that, they could even export grain and wool to England. A powerful industry emerged there. For the crowded masses in English cities, domestic food production no longer sufficed. Transport of foodstuffs from the possessions overseas was too slow and was only profitable for so-called colonial wares such as rice, raw sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate etc..

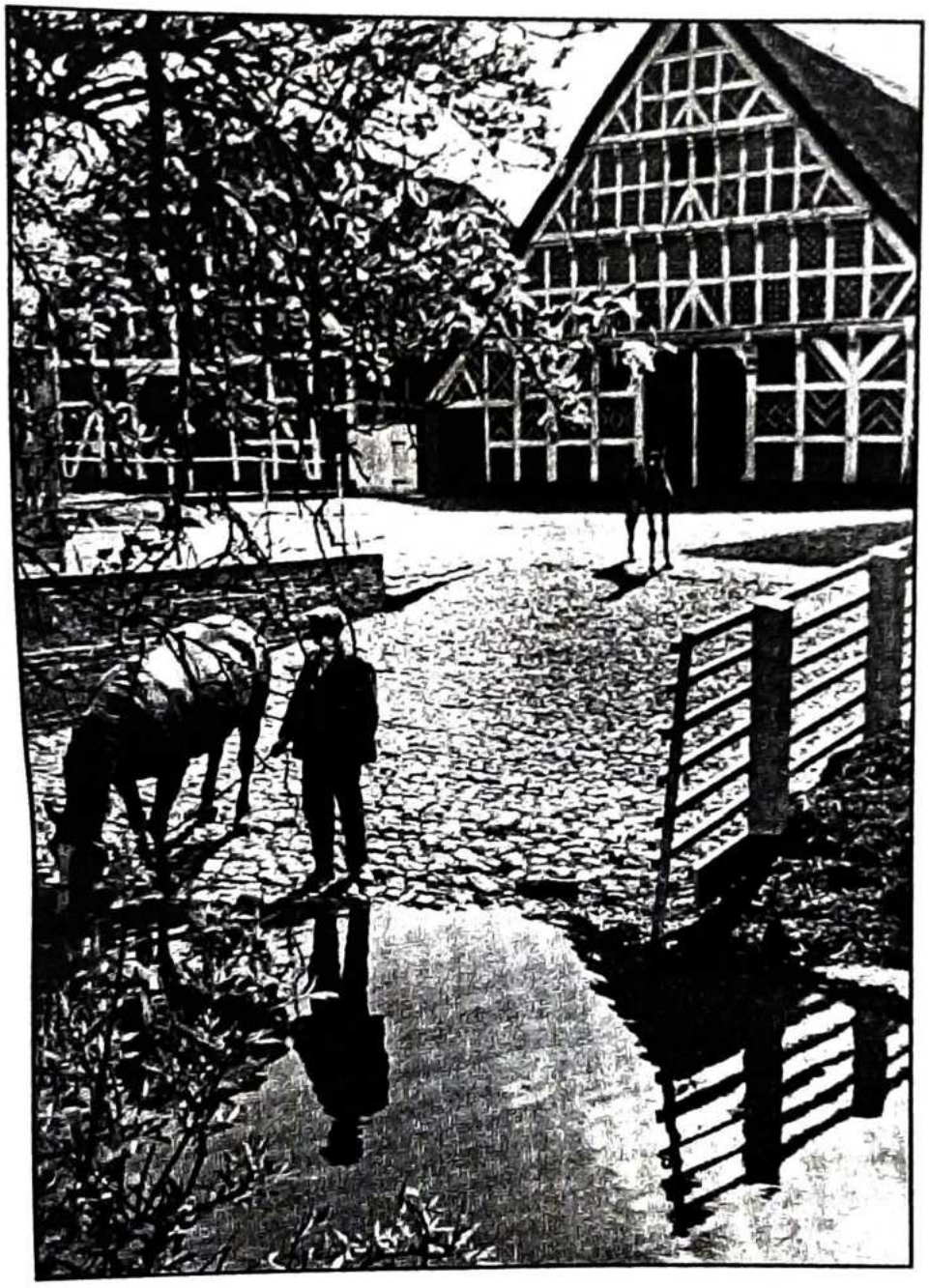
But during the second half of the previous century, the Reich developed into a first-rate industrial power. Its old, self-sufficient economy ceased. The populace in the old Reich territory increased by roughly 25 million within seven decades. This growth was concentrated in the large cities. While in 1882 42% of the populace worked in the agricultural field, today it is only 22%.

The rural populace hence had to feed an urban population that grew each year.

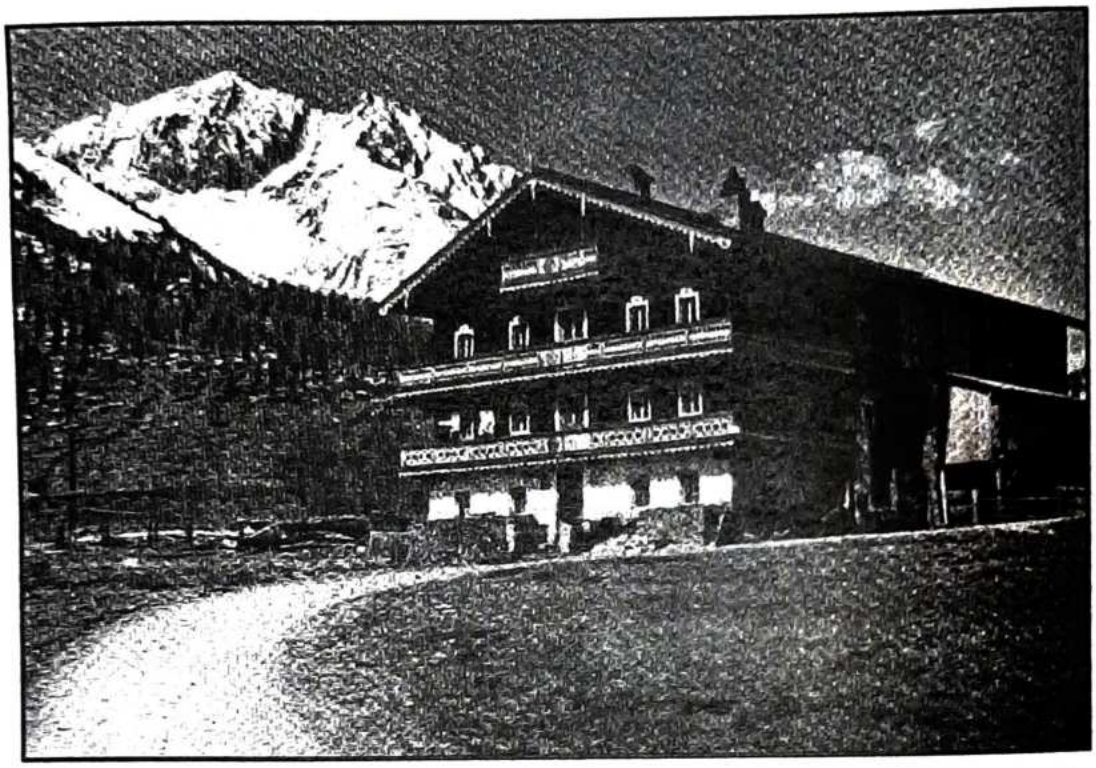
Strangely, this did *not* led to healthy and firm prices for agricultural products.

The much praised free trade imported foodstuffs from all parts of the world at such low prices that the European peasant, for various reasons, could not match regardless of his ingenuity.

Along with its industrialization, Germany's economy became enmeshed in *global* economic entanglements. Such an international cooperation becomes dangerous when the economic sense is selfish and the political security of a country is sacrificed for the goddess "profit". Tens of thousands of German peasants could no longer survive on their farmsteads against



On the lower Elbe



Large farmstead in the Austrian mountains

this game of the stock market and unhealthy pricing.

In the liberal Germany at the turn of the century all considerations of this kind were ruthlessly decided *against* the good of the whole. The most vital goods (foodstuffs, fabrics) were brought in from the cheapest producers. A strengthening of domestic agricultural production in the interest of agricultural self-sufficiency and hence also of national defense and the preservation of the peasant were rejected. This effort for a self-sufficient economy would have been too "unprofitable". One preferred to get the cheaper products from overseas. There was enough money, because industry had seemingly insatiable markets.

So the German worker finally ate wheat from La Plata or Canada; the fruit for the Reich grew in Africa or East Asia and

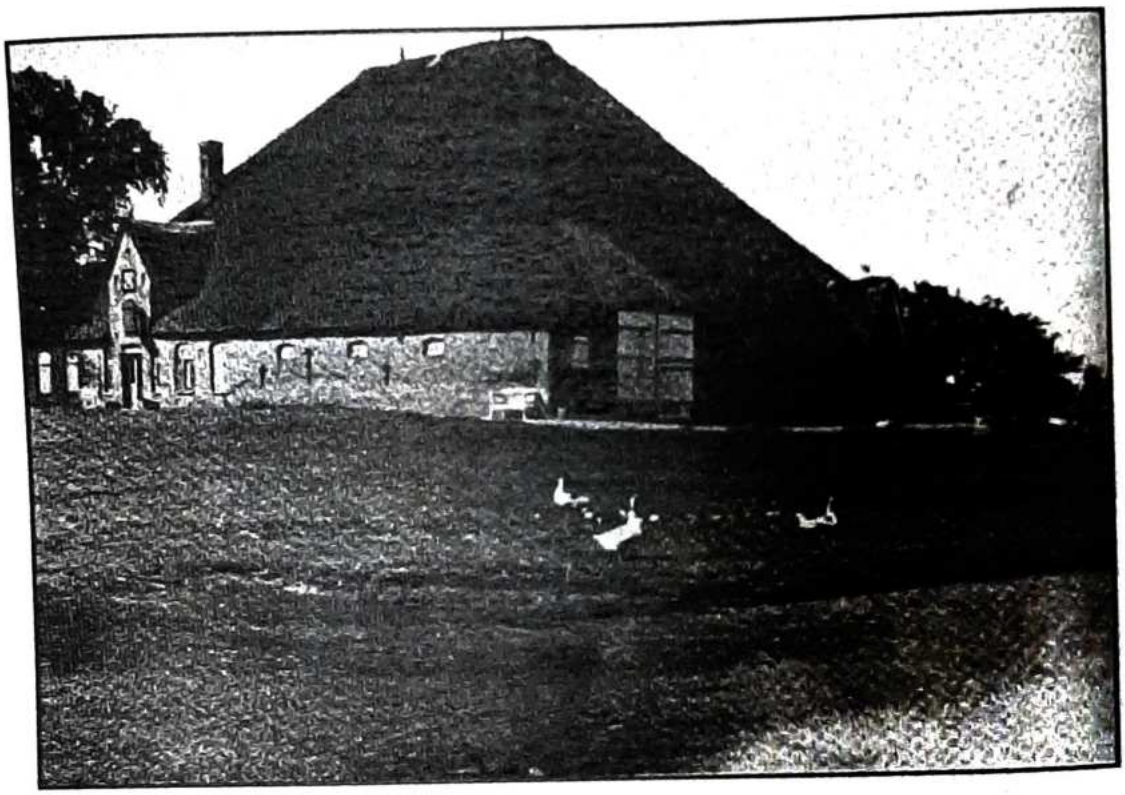
its flax in Eastern European. Wool was best purchased in Australia etc.. Not just German, rather all European peasants suffered from this very cheap overseas competition, because cattle breeding and meat production and the diary business (cheese, condensed milk, butter) boomed in these overseas lands with ideal climates for them.

It is certainly right that not *all* of these products could have been produced in Germany. The *living space* became smaller more crowded here year by year and the populace's need increased with the raising income. Even with the most intense cultivation, German agriculture could have never produced all of every life necessity. This fact is in itself tragic and dangerous. But in addition to this is the fact that the liberal large distributor imported life essential consumable goods and raw materials for his *personal* gain. So he will not limit himself to only import what the soil of his own fatherland cannot offer despite all effort. Quite the contrary – he will without restraint import much more than the country's requirements and try to sell it by means of massive advertising. Such businessmen will at the same time strive to suppress domestic production as bothersome competition.

The trader in agricultural products has the advantage of being able to sell cheaper. He is further advantaged by the fact that domestic industry seeks to keep wages as low as possible and many consumers are hence forced to buy as cheap as possible.

The consequence of this economic leadership in the old Reich was the sacrifice of peasantry in favor of the superior cheap competition abroad. As a result, people field the countryside and emigration increased, farm debt rose and the poverty of the rural populace increased in Germany and in the neighboring Germanic countries.

This development started the proletarianization of a valuable



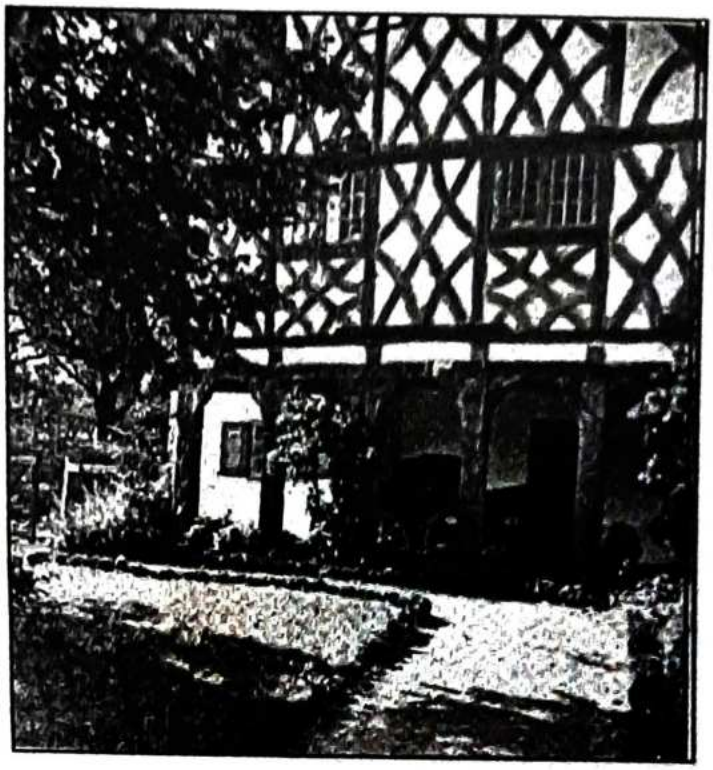
population segment. As the century ended, the peasant was less free than ever.

The incontestable prosperity of the Reich before the World War hence stood on feet of clay. The World War proved that itself.

It showed that the care or neglect of domestic peasantry is not a problem of economics, rather a problem of politics and folkish self-assertion. The prosperity of the German folk was purchased with the sacrifice of agricultural self-sufficiency and with the economic enslavement of the peasantry. Freedom and honor – who asked about them in the age of profitability!

The World War suddenly destroyed the free access to the cheapest markets of the world as well as the paths to the colonies. The British blockade around Germany could not be broken back then. After consuming the supplies in private hands –

Opposite page:
Weather-proof farm on the German North Sea coast



Right:
Farmstead in the order's land (East and West Prussia)

that become more and more expensive – came the fateful dip into the substance of cattle, partially because of lack of fodder and partially because of Jewish sabotage. Then hunger came! The German folk will never forget it. A million people fell victim to it. This, however, was "overlooked" by a large part of the rest of "humanity".

So it became terribly clear that the political freedom of a folk stands or falls with its agricultural self-sufficiency.

In addition to that came the Allied demand for reparations after the war, who demanded payment in gold and currency, but who at the same time refused the import of German wares.

The Reich was hence forced to fight for sales of its products in the remaining markets of the world against tough foreign competition, because it needed currency for the reparations. At the same time one neglected to place trade politics under firm,

government direction. Foreign trade largely remained in the hands of the individual entrepreneur. He tried to meet the sharp competition on the global market by the cheapest offer.

Whoever wishes to sell cheap, must produce cheap. So costs had to be further reduced. The lowest wages for workers still employed were the result. Lowest wages and unemployment support demand the cheapest food prices.

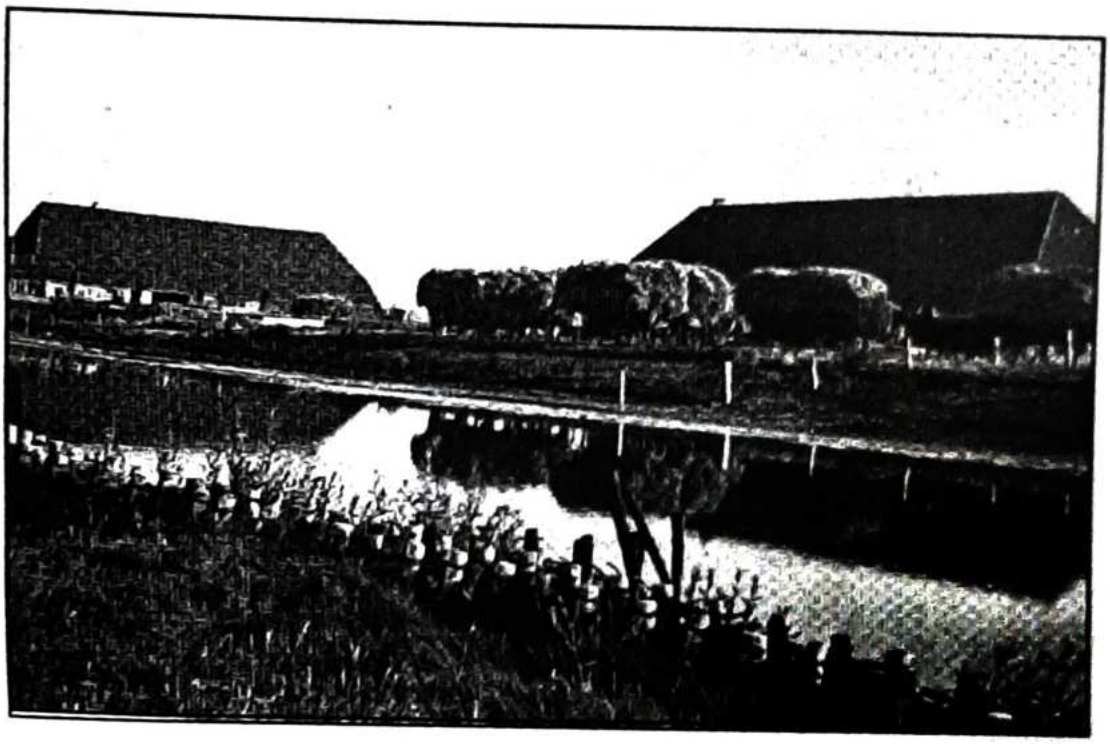
So the peasant again had to bear the main burden. In addition to this came burdens and taxes as a result of state aid for the unemployed.

So domestic agriculture was not only sacrificed to cheap foreign competition, rather it also suffered from heavy additional taxation.

When the number of unemployed reached seven million, when the purchasing power of the folk hard been ruined and both public and private debt reached astronomical heights, the man millions of desperate people looked to with hope took over the leadership: *Adolf Hitler!*

In the middle of National Socialist economics does not stand the well-being of individual classes or groups, rather the *whole* folk. The businessman of past, liberal times is, on the other hand, the representative of a selfish economy. Instability, risk, price swings and speculation are his element. He subjugates his country's politics to them, if possible; he sacrifices the physical and mental well-being of his folk to them.

The representative of consistency and obligation toward the entire folk, on the other had, is the peasant. The immovable ground is his work place. The fruits of his labor are the foodstuffs of the whole folk. Work on the soil and care of the forest demand thinking in generations. That is why protection of the peasantry is at the same time protection of the folk. The National Socialist state leadership protects the country people. Be-



New farmstead on the German North Sea coast

cause it is the guardian of the most valuable portion of the German folk fortune, of the earth itself. In protecting the peasantry it also protects that portion of the folk whose health and large families constantly give new, good blood to the German nation.

Through the possibility of loans and debt against agricultural property, the soil had largely been dragged into the liquidity of all values. No war and no failed harvest had ever driven so many peasants from their native threshold or turned them into subjugated renters as did the slavery of interest.

This is where the measures of the National Socialist leadership started. Land is no long an unworthy trade ware. Land cannot be used as security and hence mortgaged, nor can it be divided.

The first step toward protection of the peasantry was the

Family of a new peasant in front of their farmstead in Mecklenburg

creation of a new land law based on the ancient Germanic model. From now on a farmstead large enough for self-sufficient nourishment of a four-head peasant family up to a size of 125 hectares can only be passed along undivided – as an *"Odal"* - to the next male heir, provided he possesses professional ability, is genetically healthy and of good character. The other children's settlement claim is limited to the scope of what is possible for the farmstead. Debt and division of the farm - hence inability of economic survival - are hence eliminated. Marriage for money is also less likely. The young peasant will again look at the health and capability of his future wife. The value of the farmstead can no longer be reduced by inheritance

or debt. Hardships are avoided by tax and education insurance.

Prerequisite for an individual belonging to the peasantry is professional ability as well as character and overall worthiness.

These basic requirements create for the first time the foundation of a professional honor of the German peasantry. The peasantry hence purifies itself through gradual expulsion of useless elements. Admission to the peasantry is also dependent on worthiness and no longer on money. The SS watches over this. Thus emerges peasant honor just like officer honor develops through selection and elimination.

The removal of the farmstead from the "free" real estate market means, from the purely economic standpoint, the security of the peasant's work place. In reality it means much more, namely the preservation of the homeland and the prevention of being uprooted.

The security of agriculture production was achieved through departure from the world market and from selfish agricultural speculation.

The peasant receives the security of firm prices for his produces and the security of being able to sell them. The worry about surpluses has been taken from him. In liberal times, good harvests depressed prices. In the National Socialist state surplus production is absorbed by a systematic state supply economy and, if necessary, brought to market at appropriate prices.

Pricing is no longer arbitrary, rather authoritarian. In the future the businessman no longer needs to be a selfish speculator, rather he becomes a useful distributor in the folk economy.

Money acquisition and the military security of the German folk demanded limitations even on some of the genuinely necessary agricultural imports of foodstuffs and fodder.

It was hence necessary to quickly and energetically promote surplus domestic production and to thereby make the domestic

agricultural market more and more efficient.

However, the country people would have never heard such an appeal for increased production, if they did not now, after many centuries, again have a feeling of trust, security and systematic order of their life. Only that made it possible for German peasantry to increase the domestic supply of the German folk from about 65% to approximately 83% of the total need.

The German peasant is thus filled with pride and self-respect, because he has contributed such a substantial portion toward the achievement of the political and military freedom of action of his folk. The German peasant has in difficult times achieved what friendly and less unfriendly neighbors alike admire: The German folk has plenty to eat despite the English blockade.

Security of its daily bread did not only strengthen the German folk's confidence in its own strength: it has above all found understanding for the significance of the "treasure of the field" and its guardian and multiplier – the peasant.

One also knows today that the physical and psychological condition of the folk is secure for the future through the valuable gene pool of the peasantry's fertility. The SS has long been a champion for the restoration of an economically healthy and racially splendid peasantry. The Reichsführer SS himself is a trained farmer. The SS has made the preservation and increase of valuable blood in its ranks a fact by means of strict clan laws, for example through the engagement order of the Reichsführer SS of December 31, 1931. Among urban SS man as well it awakens understanding of the laws of nature they rule over the peasant's fields no less than they do over the generations of one's own clan. The SS man, whether peasant or city dweller, against learns to think in terms of generations, an important characteristic of any leadership strata.

Another characteristic is inner freedom. Whoever has his

own land under his feet, does not have to dance to another man's fiddle, rather he can act according to his own conscience. The Führer has given the Reichsführer the task of protecting the German folk. One day the farmsteads of Germanic warrior peasants will form the distant borders of a greater Europe.

Some of the first volunteers from the north, Danes who already came to the Waffen-SS in summer 1940.

It Starts!

One of the first volunteers from the Germanic lands writes on June 22, 1941:

What we have suspected for some time and hoped for so long finds fulfillment this night, namely the war against Russian bolshevism, the threatening, mortal enemy of European culture.

As National Socialist soldiers in the best army in the world – in terms of both fighting spirit and weapons – it seems to us as if a dream comes true. It is almost too noble to be true, but it is indeed reality.

I am in a division of the Waffen-SS. In it fight volunteers from all Scandinavian lands: Danes, Norwegians, Swedes and

the young sons of the capable Finnish warrior folk who have already proven in the war against Russia in 1939/1940 that they will defend our culture with their life. With their weapons they are ready to take on the Asiatic hordes, regardless of how many may come.

This morning when it became clear to each one of us what was at stake, namely that it was now the turn of Red Russia, wild enthusiasm broke out both among the Germans as well as among all the Scandinavian volunteers. At that moment they forgot their weariness from many days march from the west to the east and all the exertions.

The large, heavy German bombers, stukas and other giants of the sky thundered over our heads. The roads ahead rumbled under the panzers. As all kinds of motorized units raced past us, we prepared ourselves to follow as fast as possible. While we checked our weapons a final time and filled our pockets and packs with ammunition, the Führer's proclamation to the German folk and his soldiers was broadcast by our field radio. When the proclamation reached the point where Adolf Hitler announced that the Finnish folk fights alongside us, an endless jubilation among the SS-men of the entire company resounded. They pushed and patted each other in high spirits. One heard the German, Danish, Norwegian and Finnish languages mixed together. Then a sharp command was heard:

"Company, assemble in line!"

The Nordic volunteers assembled.

It was a proud moment as these Germanic warriors assembled here in their camouflaged jackets and helmet covers with hand-grenades on their belts. Rifle at the side, these young SS-soldiers stood ready to assault the Russian fortifications and to take up the battle in order to destroy anyone who participates in the attack by the Jewish-Bolshevik gang against the Germanic

race and its culture. The Führer's call to the Wehrmacht was read to them. After a three-fold "Sieg Heil!" they rushed to their vehicles. To the front! Now Danes, too, fight in the spirit of Holger Danskes* for the New Europe.

* Holger Dakse is the symbol of a knightly, heroic Denmark. They fight alongside the Reich German SS-men in the division: the Flemish and the Dutch from the Germanic west and the volunteers from the north and from other lands. All of them see the same goal before their eyes:

Europe's cleansing!

SS Culture

Volume Two :

Be Hard !

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Two: Be Hard! is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about being hard on oneself, being hard enough to withstand the war and, to a lesser extent, being hard against the enemy. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume five in 1939 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
October 2004

Duty

Death accompanied, invitingly, along the path the officers and soldiers carried their mortally wounded king from the ferry-house across the Oder bridge to the castle Reitwein. As he lied on the bed, completely alone in the dark room (the officers discussed the day's misfortune), death beckoned to the king: Follow me, leave the path of suffering and pain. Rest you should from the labors of life. See, I give you rest and peace.

The king's thoughts circled around the bloodbath of Kunersdorf. In his mind he heard the noise of battle, felt the combined strength of the Russians and Austrians, exhorted his army to fight, but had to recognize that the hounds were too many who wished to hunt the noble beast,

For a moment full consciousness returned. The trembling hand gripped a sheet of paper and put to paper the order to General Fink. When the general then stepped to the sickbed, the king's pale lips moved. He tried with his last strength to translate the paper:

"The unfortunate army that I turn over to you is no longer in condition to fight the Russians... If Laudon wants to go to Berlin, he could attack and beat it. Wherever possible, resist the peril and hold them up, for winning time is a lot under these desperate circumstances."

* * * * *

The king lies alone. Darkness fills the room, and in it the hours of the unholy battle come back to him anew: In the feverish dreams horses collapse, warriors die, in his ears the shrill noise of battle roars.

Then the eyelids lift and the gaze falls on the mirror on the wall: The king looks at a white face and glimmering eyes in the shadow of deep hollows. The king wants to scream. Death lays its hand on the king's shoulder and speaks softly, very softly,

kind words, in order to tempt him from painful life.

The heart beats tiredly. Since the lost battle the king has taken neither food nor fluid. So the appearance of death finds it easy to promote thoughts of death. An exhausted body is sooner ready to surrender life.

Behind the form of death suddenly steps the strict face of the father. "Did I think of death, son", he thinks he hears, "when all my limbs seemed to rip in pain when gout befell my body? My life was only work, worry and pain; there were countless hours when death would have been my salvation. But I was held by duty! Taking the path of duty is what makes a man a man. Only thus do you win the crown of struggle. And know, son, higher than you and I is Prussia!" – Frederick rises up: "Prussia!" passes loud through his lips.

The loyal servant holding watch in the next room peeks fearfully through the slightly opened door. He see the death sweat on the pale brow of his king and dares to pour a little wine over the trembling lips, and is happy, because the weary life accepts it. With soft steps, the servant leaves again.

Some time passes. The king pulls himself up and stares into the flickering light of the almost burned out candle.

"Life extinguishes like the light", he thinks behind his high forehead. "Only that light, as a lifeless thing, suffers no pain, no so unspeakable need of body and mind." Fever again shakes the king. His right arm reaches for the uniform on the chair and pulls out the small silver box. But as he feels the container with poison in his hand, the energies of life begin to give consciousness to the body. Again he thinks he hears his father's words: "Higher than you and I is Prussia." The sentence shoots through his brain and his heart. And now, as the king again regains consciousness, the royal soul is also awake. "Should I follow you, death? Will *you* lead the army from defeat to new victory? Dying is easy in these hours of unspeakable distress. Always choose the harder path, the path of hardness, of iron duty. Only so does a man win the crown of battles." Just as the king's mind again thinks such thoughts, does the will to life grow. Another hour passes as the energies converge.

"Prussia needs the will of the king, if the army lies on the battlefields, replacements are hardly trained and the officer corps largely consists of mere lads." The words he once wrote to Voltaire come to his memory: "I, however, threatened by shipwreck, must bravely and defiantly resist ruin and think, live as king..." He continues the thought, different than in the hour when he put it onto paper – "and may not die. No!" He shouts the last word loud and determined into the room. The chasseur enters the room as ordered. The king sits upright.

"Bring my breakfast!" the king orders the servant. Totally surprised by the utterly unexpected transformation of the king's condition, he swiftly carries out the command. The king then summons his adjutant. When the highly surprised officer enters the room, he finds the king ready to issue orders.

"So the situation is not hopeless?"

"Russians and Austrians are divided about the continuation of the conflict with Prussia. Even *after* Kunersdorf they shy away from Prussia's daring.

The king's fire-soul blazes brightly. "Where does the enemy stand?"

"He camps at this hour in the forests between the Oder and the Repener alley."

"Write to my brother!" the king instructs the officer.

"I proclaim the miracle of the House of Brandenburg. The enemy could have dared a second battle and ended the war. He did not dare it; our situation is less desperate than it was yesterday."

While the officer writes down these words, the king, the military uniform now already wrapped around his shoulders, steps next to him. The king taps him on the soldier:

"Imagine what my spirit suffered this night. The scope of my suffering was almost too great. Death seemed salvation. Listen! As death wanted to tempt me out of life in this night, although dying would have been easy, I refused to obey death. In the darkest moment my hand reached for the container that held the poison. Do you know what it means that I now stand here? Often it is easier to depart life than *not* to die. *The harder path in*

life is always the right one. I have chosen it so that my state will remain intact. That was what duty commanded!"

Sacred silence fills the room. The officer stands at attention in front of the king.

"May the nation's young note it for all time. There are moments, when death tempts from life before the time. Who then follows death and flees by poison or bullet, is a weakling and commits treason against life!"

The king's courage and his will to life saved Prussia. The defeat of Kunersdorf was followed by the victories of Liegnitz and Torgau. And Prussia won the Seven Years War.

The Prussian miracle was Frederick himself. The miracle was the idea of duty that was born in Prussia, and his most complete embodiment was the king.

SS-Ustuf. Gerhart Schinke

SS Leitheft, Year 5, Issue 2

The "Well-Meant" Push into Life

A Chapter about Hardness – Even in The Sphere of Living Beings

"Too good is the woman, I have often thought to myself..." Full of thought, yet with a clouded brow, Unterscharführer Heiner Pittmann gazed at the letter he had probably read three times before this moan. The others in the low room listened up. What strange things was he saying?

"Man, Heiner, how can a woman be too good to you? Nothing worse than that should happen to me!" Willem, the youngest, laughed a bit embarrassed. He is the softest of them all, full of sentimental feelings, but precisely for that reason he does not like to talk about such things, especially regarding women...

Heiner looks up. He notices that he had spoken too loud. He laughs.

"It is not about me, you milk face! I am just annoyed that my wife cannot handle the children. We already have three, but she still has not figured out the formula, the right middle between love and hardness."

"Heiner, why always such harsh words? Why shouldn't they have it good in life? And why shouldn't a mother be good to her children, for all I care even too good? Must there always be struggle and war in life? Just look around at the animal world, back home, when the mother animal cares for her offspring! How is all of that full of love and care, really an example for us humans!"

The Well-Meant Push into Life

"Yes, we should seek our examples in the animal kingdom."

Heiner nods robustly, but he smiles a bit. For all I care, even among animal mothers. There you find the right balance between love and hardness. How lovely does it look to us, a duck with flock of young ducks swimming around their mother. And yet – do you know that each of these ducklings has already had to look death in the eye and the mother herself puts her little ones to this test?...Let me explain: Many breeds of duck often make their nests in the stumps and holes of old trees. Ducks flee nests; nature gives them all the necessary equipment from the start, except that they cannot yet fly. Nonetheless, the old duck does not wait long. Hardly have the eggs hatched when she – coarse and heartless, it may seem to a tender heart – pushes her children down from the height. Spalt, the little ones lie in the grass, and not all of them remain uninjured. But the mother takes the others to the duck's life element, the water. How else is she supposed to do it? This hardness is in reality the only possible care. The birds, especially the auks, of the Nordic bird islands are even rougher with their young. Those cliffs are much higher than trees, often more than a hundred meters. But still, at the right time the young auks get their "well-meant" push into life, which after the long fall leads straight into the sea. Whoever does not survive it, would have perished anyway. And great mother nature concerns itself little with the individual, when the whole is at stake. We humans should learn from that, who out of pure "humanity" have become soft, cowardly and hence unnatural!"...

Raven Parents, those are the best parents!

The comrades are somewhat astonished. They ponder how nature reveals itself to be so "reasonable" in a small, dumb animal. But Willem offers an objection: "Certainly, I understand, for such water animals a forced 'take off' is sometimes necessary. But that is an exception. Such raven parents don't exist otherwise."

"You say it yourself, with ravens and storks. And with birds of prey, indeed with all the birds we esteem due to their great

'love of their young'."

"What, raven parents, who are downright infamous for their cruelty!" Willem is visibly excited, it's about his issue.

"Yes indeed, the ravens, as well as cranes, jackdaws and magpies do it right in terms of raising their young: they devoutly feed their young, who must huddle in the nest blind and naked until they can fly. Each tidbit is stuffed into their mouth. But only – and now comes the command of a higher authority – only so long and so soon as the young open their peaks when the parents arrive. But they can only do that when they are healthy, strong and eager for life. If a young animal becomes seriously ill, it lies exhausted in the nest and no longer seeks food. And it does not get anymore food, not among any species of bird. Among most, the sick little birds soon pushed out of the nest by the siblings or the parents. Sensitive souls with the sentimental love for all and even love for the enemy find such young ravens dead under the colony trees and furiously look up at the nests of the squawking "raven parents" and do not know that these animals had already died in the nest and could have never remained alive. Those were perhaps the same "noble people" who simply avoided their duty to have many children. Next to and around them they can see hundreds of good children from poor circles suffer and hunger, and they get indignant over any adjustment for family burdens."

"Yes, stop, Heiner", Willem has a new objection. "You speak of family adjustment. That is a welfare measure of the state. An act of love, one could call it. How does that fit with your affirmation of hardness?"

Not love alone, hardness, too, is wanted by life!

"It fits very well, for genuine life and above all human life must contain both: love and hardness. The mother and father would indeed be "raven parents", if they did not care for their suckling with all their might and in the event of its illness strive for its recovery with all medical means. But in the coarse of development come occasions where it must be shown whether

the strength, the care and the traits really suffice for the demands of existence.

Such a test is imposed, for example, on all the prairie animals, young horses, young gazelles, antelopes, giraffes and ostriches the first time a predator forces the herd and the mother to flee. The mother can lick the young so tenderly and suckle it, but at the moment of danger she joins the common flight and the young animal must come along, even if the thin legs are still so clumsy.

Parents and ever so concerned parents can not protect their children from such tests. These tests come, and they are always just so hard that a healthy human can pass them. What does not cast us down, as the saying goes, makes us stronger. That is why it is a false love by mothers and aunts, teachers and educators, to avoid such tests and to eliminate any hardness from the life field of children.

Children who grow up that way also later flee from the real face of life and its hardness, withdraw from all tests and would love most of all to believe in a kingdom of eternal love on this battle-torn earth. Every struggle is a horrible experience for them and every hard fate brings them to the edge of desperation.

"Tell me then, Heiner", Willem smiles a little embarrassed, "by that you probably mean me? After all, all of you know how hard it was for me - back in July and August of last year when we became acquainted with the first Bolshevist atrocities – to draw the necessary conclusions. I was also raised wrong. During the French campaign I did not feel as acutely how my upbringing would produce inner conflict with being a soldier. The fighting back then was more like a game of chess; the enemy would give up when he saw a superior force opposing and surrounding him. But when we moved east and experienced the sub-humanity here, then you saw yourselves, how everything in my body and soul churned when it came down to repaying hardness with hardness, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But today, and I have Heiner to thank for it, I have had a finalizing hour of instruction, which clarifies for me inside where

love and goodness have their place and where pitiless hardness is necessary".

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 10 b

You or I!

Thoughts about hardness in struggle and the will for victory

Force against force, that is the eternal character of life. But it is also the wisdom of the soldier, above all in war, for war is the father of all things.

In all of nature forces are continually struggling with one another. The sea again and again assaults the wall that the earth has erected against its onslaught. The storm rages again and again against the forest in order to break the tree that cannot resist its assault. Eternal conflict is the fate of life.

"Where I found life, I found the will to power", said Frederick Nietzsche, the will to self-assertion, to supremacy, to victory. "Who desires life, must fight, and who does not wish to fight in this world of eternal struggle does not deserve life", says the Führer.

That everywhere force stands against force and will against will, is proven above all in war. A million-fold stood force against force, energy against energy, the will to life against the will to life, and the superior, the faster in decision and in attack, the more clever and more capable in the usage of means and weapons holds the field and triumphs. And it depends on the individual, that he, in that he resists and defends to the last, in that he, if necessary, takes as many enemies as possible with him to death, through the employment of his strength and his life best serves the whole and its victory. The individual can fall through coincidence and through fate, but the community of the best will be victor, and in its victory the fighting and struggling of all who sacrificed their lives in battle finds its final fulfillment.

According to Germanic and National Socialist faith the highest and holiest purpose of all bearing, all life, all struggle is the life and well-being of the God-given life community of the folk

beyond the mortality of the individual. The life, the immortality and the victory of the life-community is hence also the holiest purpose of war, and victory in war is at the same time a revelation of a divine justice that rules in the order of the world. In that one fights for victory, one also fights for right and justice. Therefore, all hardness in struggle is holy and necessary, for each hardness that war demands is right and just.

The law of nature that gives right to the sea when in continuous pounding the coast is ripped away piece by piece, also gives right to the warrior when he triumphs in battle against his opponent. Therefore, the motto in all of nature as in the life struggle of folks is: "You or I". Hence not pity, rather just courage and hardness save life, because war is just the eternal character of life.

So spoke Frederick Nietzsche "of war and war folk":

"You should seek your enemy, you should wage your war and for your thoughts! –

You should love peace as a means to new wars. And the short peace more than the long.

I do not advise you for work, rather for struggle. I do not advise you to peace, rather to victory. Your work should be a struggle, your peace a victory!

One can only be silent and sit still, when one has bow and arrow.

You say, it is the good cause that sanctifies a war? I say: it is the good war that sanctifies any cause.

War and courage have done more good things than charity. Not your pity, rather your courage saved the unfortunates in the past.

'What is good?' you ask. Being brave is good".

Dr. Sch.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 10 b

"All That Must Be Struggled Through"

The hardness of the present war places the demands on the entire German folk that the National Socialist movement's period of struggle once placed on the individual fighters. For November 9 we publish here a letter by Dr. Hermann *Gmelin*, who as district leader of Landsberg and Weilheim died in an accident shortly after the rise to power in the year 1933. It is taken from the "Letters of a Fighter" and speaks for itself:

"On the Road, 2 April 1932.

You can't imagine my present life. Since Green Thursday I spoke again (except for Easter Sunday) each evening in closed assemblies. And that will go on every day until the provincial election day on 24 April.

On Palm Sunday Uli-Götz was confirmed. I could not even attend the blessing, because I had to go to Munich for a Führer conference, from which I did not return until 16:00.

Yesterday evening I spoke in P., spent the night at the home of a party comrade so simple that my bed was in the family bedroom (married couple with children). This morning purchases in Munich, afternoon business in Hersching and Diessen. This evening I speak in Issing and return home 01:00. Depart at 06:00, motorcycle to Munich, from there by train to Freilassing near Salzburg. There, between 15:00 and 20:00, I must speak thee to four hours in two different towns. That is how it goes on.

Ten days prison await me, because I supposedly violated the November emergency decrees – in the struggle for the freedom for my folk. Uli-Götz is supposed to return to school in a week. I do not know where I am supposed to get the 55 Reichsmark

each month. And despite all the worries one must keep one's wits, must convince thousands of opponents in assemblies, must give them hope and enthusiastic faith so they become fellow fighters, and must not burden them with how one struggle's desperately for oneself and one's own family.

Only rare are the hours of contemplation and reflection. Between them push the hours of worry for the family's existence. In the struggle my wife again has it harder than I, as I am myself active in the struggle. Just like back then in the great war. Sometimes I come home for just a short night. Then the bills and unpleasant letters lie there. And all of that must be gone through and struggled through. – If one is financially well off, then it is not hard to have a world-view. But to keep them despite the distress, to be able to believe, is a great gift!

Fight for Hitler, you, too! April 10th should find us ready."

Comrades, under those unspeakably hard circumstances the old fighters of the movement have struggled. Out of this poverty and distress, out of this idealism and out of this passionate love for our folk did the victory of the movement first become possible. So the apparent setback of November 9, 1923 became a beacon for the rising of the nation.

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 6, 1942

Strict Training

Just like Lieutenant von Katte was executed, so, too, according to the king's will, should the crown prince fall! The father has no opinion, because the king has passed judgment.

There is heated struggle between the king and the state's loyal servants. When the king stands by his decision to have the crown prince executed, Buttenbrock bares his breast and says: "If your majesty demands blood, take mine. But you will not get that of the crown prince as long as I may still speak."

The king awakens as if from a bad dream. One of his most trusted men who is even allowed to smoke tobacco at his sick bed threatens to end their friendship? And Dessauer and Natzmer as well?

Prussia needs hard and firm men. I will train him or he will break, the king thinks with determination and writes the instructions for the secret councilor von Wolden and the chamber junkers von Natzmer and von Rohwedel, who must watch over the son in Küstrin. Point after point is set down in writing:

"The crown prince is not allowed to correspond or to write to anyone in the world other than two letters in the German language every three months: namely one letter to his majesty the king and the other to her majesty the queen. On his oath he is not to write to his siblings..."

"...At mealtime no stranger should eat or be guest, rather just the three gentlemen who are with the prince should dine with him..."

"Around the prince no language except German and no French at all should be spoken. Also, nothing should be discussed with him except economics, the county's constitution, manufacturing, police affairs, land management, receipt of payments, contracts over leases and legal regulations and financial matters and records."

As soon as the prince starts to talk about war and peace and other political matters or any sort of useless sciences in the

world, it should be forbidden to him..."

"It is also forbidden to the crown prince to acquire or purchase or even just borrow books..."

"The crown prince is furthermore not allowed to listen to music of any kind or to practice music himself, or the mentioned three gentlemen will be accountable with their lives."

"Since the crown prince has much arrogance, but pride and arrogance are among the worst vices that are commonly hated by everyone, secret council von Wolden should make an extreme effort to remove that arrogance from his head..."

"On workdays the crown prince is to be awakened at 05:00, winters 06:00...At 07:00 the crown prince and one chamber junker are to go to the war and domain chambers; there he should be given a small table, chair, ink jar, paper and quill, and the chamber junker on duty should sit next to him..."

"When the bills are to be taken, the prince is to be present and endeavor to correctly recognize and understand the bookkeeping..."

"All regulations and orders made by the war and domain chamber should be signed by the crown prince; but not on the same line as the others, rather at the very bottom. Work ends at 7:00 in the evening."

"So that the crown prince accurately knows and does not disregard what these instructions oblige him to, he should often, at the least every four weeks, read through them and be made very precisely familiar with their contents, so that he does not forget this or that in time and act contrary..."

The king reflects whether he has forgotten something. He has written thirty chapters, thirty structured paragraphs with a curriculum for the school of the future regent. Whether in Potsdam or in

Wusterhausen, everywhere duty fills the hour.

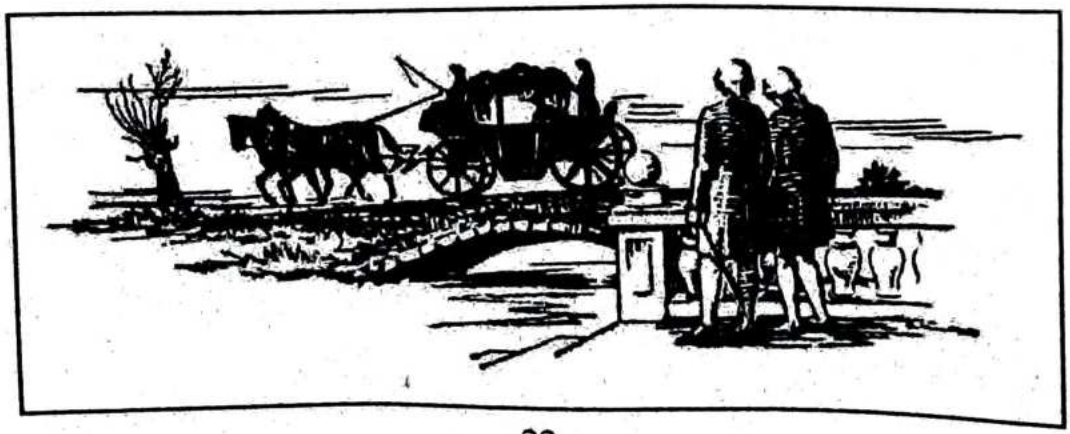
President von Münchow, Director Hille and a few officers stand with the king as the son appears at the door. Frederick approaches his fathers and falls to his feet.

"Stand up!" the kind commands. The blood freezes in the veins of the people standing around. "You still know what you have done and how godless your life was. You thought I would give in to your selfishness. But I tell you, fellow: even if you were sixty years old, you should not tell me what to do. And since I have had you with me since youth and know you well, I have done everything in the world, good and bad, to make a decent man out of you. Have I not meant well by you on every occasion? I wanted to utilize you in the war and civil commissions. But how are you to still show yourself after such an offense to my officers and my servants?"

There it is again, the punishment rod of Spartan strictness. No, the father still does not treat him today any differently than in the youngest childhood years. The examiner stands accusingly:

"You have hated everything that I love. You have rejected what is right and precious to me. Do not believe and think that everything good and evil in the world depends on a special fatalism that no one can escape...Man is not just a pure statue and God offers his mercy to all. But the evil who do not want to accept his mercy bring themselves to misfortune. With divine help you should spare neither effort nor sweat to perform something good. Do you understand me?..."

The king pulls himself together. His eyes are moist. But no-



body is supposed to see what moves him. With heavy steps he leaves the room. His entourage follows him. The son hurries after the father and in front of the carriage he falls to his father's feet for the third time. And the father embraces his son. The son sees the tears in his father's eyes. "Be industrious and become a decent fellow for me. That is all I want."

The horses pull. Frederick stands upright and follows the royal carriage with tear-moistened eyes until it disappears behind the bridge. Then he turns to Fouqué:

"I did not know that my father loves me."

From "Das friderizianische Beispiel" by Herman Hirsch, Verlag Truckenmüller, Stuttgart

SS Leitheft, Year 9, 1943, Issue 1

This has always been symbolized in German art, the dramatic defeat of darkness by the ordering power of light – a genuine symbol of our revolutionary will. Detail from the painting "The Alexander Battle" by Altdorfer.

Our Revolutionary Will

The second year of the struggle with the Bolshevik opponent now lies behind us. This winter, too, the almost constant assault of the Bolshevik masses has shattered on the resistance strength of the National Socialist army. What that means is understood only by the man who knows the war in the comfortless expanse of the east. The numeric superiority of the Bolshevik opponent and the employment of technical means make the moral accomplishment of the German army an unprecedented deed in history. We are today clear that only an army possessing a revolutionary will can endure the struggle against the Bolshevik masses. The old concepts of duty and military obedience do not suffice to produce that iron hardness and strength of spirit demanded by the conflict with the Russian opponent. There is no doubt that Bolshevism does not only work with mass and material. In the time of internal struggle against communism we have learned that a basically negative wold-view as is represented by communism can also produce fighting traits like hardness and courage. Just like during the period of internal conflict in the Reich, so too in the last two winters has the might of the Bolshevik attack only been broken by the *even greater revolutionary force, the even greater hardness and stronger fanaticism* of the German army. What the experience of this two year struggle with the Bolshevik opponent has brought, must now become the prerequisite for the coming decision: the world-view educational work for the army as well as the folk must lead to that uncompromising fanaticism of the entire nation, as a result of which each individual feels himself to be Adolf Hitler's soldier and fighter.

The time is past when a few individuals could believe they could save their own personal lives regardless of the outcome of events. Between the two fronts of National Socialism and Bolshevism there are no longer any islands for spectators and well-meaning observers. That is true for each individual in our

folk and for the totality of European folks. Either the whole ship and hence the whole crew will be saved or the ship goes down and with it the whole, valuable, blood substance of Europe sinks in the Bolshevik whirlpool. We SS-men had already clearly recognized the force and the gravity of the coming decision upon entrance into Russia and the first clashes with Bolshevik guards regiments. Our impression back then has only been confirmed by events. We are, however, determined to make this experience of the front soldier, this self-evident, wordless, fanatical loyalty to Adolf Hitler directed solely at the annihilation of the enemy, an unconditional demand for each individual folk comrade. The German folk once experienced the tragic drama of a front determined to the death and a defeatist homeland. That was in the years 1917 and 1918 and belongs to the past. The blame for that development fell on the folk's leadership back then. We will with pitiless severity watch that the spirit of the front is fully the spirit of the whole Reich. The Reich's west bleeds and in no way stands behind the front in the strength of endurance and the defense against the infernal attacks against our residential districts and cultural monuments. Only *an uncompromising leadership* can employ and direct the reserve strengths that are awakened precisely in this hard struggle for existence. It would be irresponsible and contrary to all experiences to in a war like the present one take any consideration of the shifting views of whatever know-it-alls. For that this struggle is too merciless and the prize too precious. The path of our politics and the fate of our folk will be determined by the Führer and the minority determined to lead, just as in the Seven Years War Prussia's fate and Prussia's victory were not produced by unsteady men and the shifting opinions of the representatives of individual provinces, rather solely by the king. In the world war 1914-1918 it was learned that the morale of the men is determined by their leader. The company commander is decisive for the performance and morale of his troop. A few men in each unit might be able to support him independently. What is true for the troop, is true for the folk. A determined minority leads. History judges it. The responsibility

of the future rests on it alone. A folk, however, wants to be led and more readily forgives individual mistakes that are unavailable than deficient decisiveness and lack of clarity of goal.

If at the start of this war there might have still existed any doubt in the necessary of the world-view education of our folk, it has long been overcome by the length and hardness of the struggle with the Bolshevik opponent. Prisoner interrogations confirm that the Bolsheviks continue to emphasize political education at the front, in the bunkers and trenches, even in pockets. We are determined to be an example in this area as well in the ranks of the Waffen-SS on the basis of the realization of the power of moral forces. Just as little as instruction in the use of an individual weapon can be overlooked, so too may the world-view education be neglected, which is conveyed by the example of the Führer, by occasional instruction as well as the actual world-view education. The methods of education are based on the military situation. Our whole armed forces and our whole German folk must be filled with the energy of the National Socialist world-view. Half-measures and compromises are doomed to failure, the more so as the struggle becomes harder. This war will only be won by a revolutionary nation and a revolutionary leadership. The use of technical weapons and military skill must be carried by a superior world-view. It bestows the stronger faith and despite all setbacks the hardness that alone defiantly wins victory. We are willing to draw all the consequences of this realization.

Gd.

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 5, Mai 1943

At the Last Moment

I.

The longer the war lasts, the more difficult and harder it becomes, the deeper become our insights into its essence, into its meaning and into its inner necessity.

How minor and coincidental does its origin appear compared to what has meanwhile become of it. For a long time it is no longer about individual cities, streets or regions. It is about world empires and continents, about world-views and about entire human races. The war has become an act of nature and has reached dimensions that were previously inconceivable. It has grown past the wills and fortunes of all individuals, even of the great, responsible leaders. All, especially the leaders of folks and races, of empires and continents, are tools in the context of a mighty, fateful happening. Although nobody can be released from his human responsibility, they are nonetheless first expression of the natural, fateful forces behind them, which clash and emerge. It comes down to the same thing, whether we speak of acts of nature, of fate, of Providence or of God. We know for example that among the ringleaders of our Bolshevik opponents natural drives and instinct play an especially big role. From our Führer we know that he sees himself especially selected by Providence for his task. Bismarck once called himself in his own words "God's soldier".

II.

Precisely in difficult times it is especially important that we again and again examine these facts anew. If the person peering deeper uses the language of earlier centuries, then he must recognize that many of the decisive figures of our present are no other kind of people than "scourges of God". In the sense of the same pious speech, however, we realize that our Führer has been sent to us by God for our salvation and for the deflection

of gigantic, lethal dangers.

In the appearance and in the character of their leaders, Providence shows the folks and races what it intends for them. Genuine and true leaders always rise from the same blood as they; for creative nature bears and creates at the right time for the preservation and protection of life necessary members and organs. Significant leader figures in folks and races are thus anything but coincidences; they are the deep expression of deep, organic growth and life necessities. As genuine leaders – in so far as they have not come over the folks as parasitical, foreign bodies and by pure force subjugated them – they are the most sublime and noblest organs thereof. Therefore, it makes no sense to make a difference between them and their folks or their race. Their virtue and their greatness are only the highest peak of the virtues as well as the greatness of the folks or races and visa versa.

Only in an already incurable sick and decaying organism would a separate and essential difference exist. It is the sign of a sick and degenerate thinking, when the fearful, the philistines and cowards in terms of threat, distress and danger want to hurriedly and preemptively excuse themselves by saying they are not the "responsible people". Each individual member of a folk organism has as living part of the entirety an equal, responsible share in the fortune and misfortune as the in the narrower sense "responsible" people of the upper strata. Guilt and credit always belong equally to the entirety as to the members, never solely to the leadership organ. Nature and fate are hence just, when they afterward always equally place and distribute reward or fault on the whole and on all members. It is pious self-deception, when cowardly souls believe they can set themselves apart, when they want to disavow shared responsibility, when with each threating failure they believe they can hurriedly wash their hands in innocence. As much as a high degree of responsibility indeed concentrates at the leadership, so little should anyone, even the very last, believe that he is free of shared responsibility. In each individual always appears again only the entirety with all its strengths and weaknesses. Nobody

can exclude himself unpunished and stand aside. Nobody may believe that is he there to "take a position" and can stay solely on the spectator side of the tribune of life. Nobody can be released from his personal, shared responsibility. Whoever wants to do that and excludes himself, is nothing else but a sick and withered member. The lively and healthy organism has the duty and must summon the strength to pitilessly cut off and annihilate such members, so they do no infect and do more harm.

III.

May the goals of all-creative nature and the intentions of Providence, which has given us the Führer, be ever so manifold, one thing is nonetheless today very clear to us: the Führer was given to us at the last moment, in the face of the most severe, mortal dangers that threatened and threaten us simultaneously from inside and outside. Our folk, and with it our whole race, yes the entire occident itself, wandered along an abyss and were just about to take the last, fatal step in order to for always and forever have its existence be extinguished before history. In this life-threatening crisis the still healthy portion of our blood created for itself a knowing and strong organ, which immediately began the purification, the rejuvenation and the salvation. God, Fate or Providence have sent us the Führer so that he shakes our conscience and at the same time makes us strong, courageous and faithful for the overcoming of the tremendous, doubled internal and external danger. This, however, happened at the last moment, as our crisis approached the most dangerous point. We do not have to list the great historical deeds of our Führer. Almost without exception they stand under the sign that they had to happen at the last possible moment. Let us think in this war for example on the launching of the Norwegian campaign, where it came down to a matter of hours! Let us think fully of June 22, 1941, where, expressed visibly in the sense of the great life history of our folk and of our race, it came down to mere minutes. The thoughts of our Führer were shared with our folk at the last moment, when it

was already in the process of surrendering its life through renunciation and resignation.

With a shudder we realize that the whole appearance of our Führer stands under this law of the last moment. Or were we not, through the defeat of 1918, according to all human reckoning, sent on the path of slow decline? With reverence and gratitude we should hence step before Providence. The appearance of the Führer at the last moment is its sign that it has not yet given us up, that nature still trusts us with rejuvenation and recovery through ourselves. Only gradually have we become seeing and conscious of the danger in its full extent and totality. We should hence at the same time become conscious what a merciful dispensation it was that the Führer came for us.

The Führer's arrival is the clearest proof that Providence has by no means decreed the decline or our folk, of our race and of the occident. It gave us the possibility of a final, great test. It places it on us to be able to prove ourselves in the final test at the decisive moment.

Providence has spoken in that it has given us the Führer.

It is up to us to prove ourselves worthy of this mercy. It will guide us more secure and strong, the more we know that he and we are an inseparable unity, the more we place our trust in him, they more we support him with our faith, the more we naturally make his decisions and his responsibility our own. But if our faith in the Führer is as strong as his faith in us was, when he in the darkest hour started his march for our salvation, then the passed test will at the last moment become at the same time a new beginning for a great, deep and rich life such we have never experienced in our previous history.

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SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 6, 1943

The commander's grave

"We Must Become Ever Harder"

At certain points on the eastern front there is fighting not mentioned in the armed forces report. The bridgehead P. is one of the countless, nameless places where German soldiers stand iron firm against the vast superiority of the enemy. For the few thousand SS panzer grenadiers who, as an insurmountable defensive wall, have for days opposed the furious assault of Soviet tanks and red army soldiers, who have experienced how the companies got smaller day by day, for this small band of Waffen-SS men who, hard and pitiless, strafed the ranks of the attacking Soviets with their machine-gun bursts, bridgehead P. is an unforgettable battleground and has become the symbol of defense against a vastly superior force. One infantry and one panzer regiment faced four Bolshevik rifle guard divisions, three tank brigades and a motorized Soviet rifle brigade.

Five days of combat were already behind us when we first heard the name P. Five days long the troop had beaten down one position after the other, smashed it, and pushed through heavily fortified Soviet defensive works. Then we stood in front of P. The night we took positions it was pitch black. A rain storm had suddenly set in and it took effort to move forward. Stubborn as glue, the clay stuck to our vehicles' wheels. The path through the gorge was so narrow that only one vehicle could fit. So if a vehicle got stuck in the slippery mud, it turned on its own axis and slid from the path down into the swampy meadow or the whole column behind it came to a standstill. Food could not be brought up, munitions trucks remained stuck along the way and gas supply columns got lost in the dark. Even the tractors could not always reliably overcome every obstacle. Only hours after the messengers had been sent out into the dark night could the battalion commander assemble with his officers in a hut and under the sparse light of a candle pres-

ent the attack plan. The new morning did not bring an improvement in the weather. It rained. Mist clouds floated over the gorge and the sun did not want to break through. There was nothing else to do but attack in the rain; for P. had to be taken, the bridgehead had to be established there, if all the further operations were not to be jeopardized.

The attack took place. The SS-grenadiers of the Death's Head division, who had not really slept in six days, swung their machine-guns across their backs, stuck hand-grenades in their belts, as many as they could, and dragged ammunition crates. They waded through mud and swamp and had to again and again push aside the branches of bushes. They were wet and their energy had already noticeably diminished after the past difficult days.

But they were not tired because of that. At the edge of the village they received the order to halt. The fire from Soviet artillery became ever more fierce, and finally a thick curtain of fire was in front of them, which could only be penetrated with heavy losses. The men took cover in a ravine. The rain still splashed down on them. They ripped grain stalks from the fields and grass from the swamp in order to cover themselves, but that didn't help much and they were soon soaked to the skin.

What would happen now? When would they attack again? They looked at the first village huts, almost close enough to grasp, the bushes and hedges along the river. They saw a few tall trees and knew the bridge had to be there, between the two villages. They saw the church's onion dome that jutted up strangely huge from the straw roofs. On the steep slope across the river muzzle bursts flashed, shells howled over them, and they pressed themselves even closer to the earth and breathed a sigh of relief when after the detonations none of their comrades had to shout for the medic.

The sole thought moving them in these hours was this: we must get across the river, establish the bridgehead and then throw the Bolsheviks out of their positions.

Meanwhile, behind them the exact war machinery had been

set into motion. The radios hummed and the telegraphs clicked. Assault guns advanced through the gorge, reconnaissance and fighter planes flew in, circled the river and spotted new targets. Light and heavy guns from the ready area moved forward into firing positions. All the weapons that could be brought up were used in order to enable the leap across the river.

That was the signal for a new effort, a new attack. The use of artillery and air power could only last a limited time. The decisive thrust must always be made by the grenadier, by the individual fighter. Technology can make his fight easier, it can open the way for him, but he and he alone must pass through that opening.

It was as if the whole fury of our grenadiers suddenly exploded, their fury at the Bolsheviks who had believed they could stop our advance by firing from the barrels of their guns everything they could fire. Our companies soon stood in the middle of the village. Flares shot up between the curve of the high birch trees. Our men fought their way through the bushes on the bank and waded through cloudy rain water. Soaking wet to the waist they worked their way along the other swamp bank and attacked the slopes. Close-range fighting of the most bitter intensity unfolded as they entered the Soviet positions on the steep slopes. The Soviets had to be driven from their foxholes man by man. Our armored battle vehicles already climbed up through the little forest and gorge onto the steep slopes. Our grenadiers followed them and drove the Bolsheviks back more and more, far past the peak, through cornfields, until the planned bridgehead border was reached.

The river crossing had succeeded; our bridgehead had been established.

Hardly had we advanced over the little river when our guns followed across makeshift bridges; hardly had the first foxholes been dug when the Soviet counterattacks started already.

They came in battalion and regiment strength. They even came with whole brigades and divisions. They brought up whole batteries of guns and hurled salvo after salvo at the river bank and the heights held by us. Tanks raced against our lines

in a number we had never before experienced in such a small area on the eastern front. They were shot up by our panzer cannons and anti-tank guns at distances of 1500 meters and more. But sometimes they also advanced against our lines and came within 40 or 50 meters and had to be repulsed and destroyed in intense fire duels at that range. Here and there they broke through our lines, but the men of the SS-men fortunately survived the tank terror of those days. They knew exactly that even a tank is vulnerable, and not just at one place. They calmly let the tanks roll past, snatched mines, waited for the right moment with determination and ran across corn fields in order to be set for the final dash, which usually brought the mortal blow to the tank.

But it was not just the tanks against which the defenders of the bridgehead had to defend. The enemy had in all haste brought up infantry forces and these rested troops pushed against our lines. It often came to bitter close combat, where our SS-grenadiers, only due to their exemplary calm and bravery, could win against the numerical superiority of the Bolsheviks.

A panzer rolled back. The hatch opened and the driver and loader carefully raised their dead commander from the panzer, then the radioman, who had lost both legs from a hit. Soon afterward they again raced back through the gorge to report to a new commander, because their panzer must not fall out. The lightly wounded incessantly asked the doctors not to send them to the rear; they wanted to remain with their comrades. When rain had again made the ground muddy and the tracked vehicles could no longer climb the slopes, there was not a single SS-man who would not have ran to the munition vehicles in order to carry shells and munition forward to the positions. In the bridgehead the foxholes got deeper each day. But with every centimeter our grenadiers dug in deeper, with each comrade they lost, grew their fighting spirit and will to resistance. Measured against the strength of enemy men and weapons that had been employed on all sides on Stalin's personal order in order to force the division to give up the bridgehead, the SS-men ac-

complished the inconceivable here, above all their commander, who was always in the foremost lines in his panzer and intervened wherever the situation appeared most dangerous. The calm and superiority that emanated from him embraced the whole troop, and with it the fighting spirit that was born from the mission of the political soldier. Leader and men merged there into a block of resistance.

Military history would hardly note the name of the bridgehead P.. It had been held against the enemy's overwhelming effort. The realization that only a hardness and ruthlessness toward one's own person shaken by nothing solves a military task, this realization is the principle of this war. We must become ever harder!

Based on a report by SS-war correspondent Zimmermann

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 1943

Soldier in the East. Charcoal drawing by SS-war correspondent Wilhelm Petersen.

War without Mercy

We have entered a stage of the struggle that is without mercy. The men who clash there are two types of human beings, are mortal enemies. War in a higher sense is being fought here, which is indeed the father of all things. Its outcome will decide the face of the future world. In the fury of this struggle the world must be transformed, the features of satanic hatred and barbarism must be erased, for they have no place in the new world. The sword alone decides in this struggle, in which all bridges are destroyed that could lead together.

How many times in this campaign has the soldier of the eastern front stood eye to eye with this opponent. Even in the rage and fury of modern battle, that is always the decisive, the most difficult moment, when man faces man with weapon in hand, seething rage in the eyes, will to destruction in the heart, and one must fall, in order to open the other's way to new battle. It will always remain the most terrible moment, when man collides with man and the final decision falls. Close combat is without pity! I or you, there is no longer anything else in the world. Who has never felt the enemy's hot breath in his face and seen the murderous lust in his eyes, does not know war's deepest secret which reveals itself in that moment. Man is the master of things; in his will, in his hands lie the strength of the world. Only who has felt it, who has passed through this merciless war and been purified, even stronger, knowing his own strength and the limitlessness of human will, passed through a hundred deaths and again stepped through the gate of life.

For a long time we no longer fight for victories and successes as we know them from other battles. The whole occident fights in us, in each individual, its final, decisive battle. Two worlds stand in conflict, one of which must break and will be broken, since world history would otherwise lose its meaning. With full consciousness each individual feels the might of this struggle and that of a battle in which everything fights with us that a

thousand year history has placed in us. And the good spirits of our comrades in Russian earth live day for day within us and admonish us so that we do not become weary. Bolshevism itself has taught us the lesson that there can be no half-measures in this conflict. We have become steel hard, now only will and decision. We know that fate is in our hands and we will master it.

Never again will men be allowed to experience and see what all of us have taken upon ourselves in this difficult test and bear until the final decision. An army of soldiers has grown in this war in which each is a fighter with clear consciousness, with deep faith and highest ability to sacrifice. Each individual has a hundred times passed through all tests and passed them.

The genuine soldier of a revolution has grown out of faith and knowledge. He fights for everything that was holy to previous generations, for the safety of the homeland in the fate-struggle of the nation, for the life of his children in a world whose first signs rise on the horizon of the occident. Nothing is death, are heat, cold and all deprivations of a difficult struggle compared to the mighty river of strength and confidence that daily flow into him from the soldier's devote knowledge and the hard realization of the higher necessity of this decisive battle. Ancestors and fathers fight in him, who is the knowing heir of a thousand year history. Its virtues are his. From the creative might of his time he adds new forces; for him the destructive powers of war are only necessary means in the conflict of the world, in order to one day reveal their deepest meaning in the formative, constructive form of a future Reich. In this faith, with these strengths the German soldier and his allies will win the decision, which he himself has made when he recognized the deep meaning of his struggle. The day of victory will be his highest fulfillment, because he knows that it is the beginning of a new time.

New battles will flare up. Hundreds of kilometers of Russian roads will pain our feet. We have already seen and experienced everything. We will no longer charge with the roaring elan of youths, which was still in us when we assembled for the great

judgment. We have become adepts – calm, modest and serious.

All the fires of hell have forged us, the searing sun and the icy breath of the snow steppe have hardened us. The images of the existence in the insanity of the most devilish idea mankind ever gave birth to live on within us as well as the knowledge of the gravity and pitilessness in which this struggle must end like it started.

The sun wheel rolls over the Soviet Union – in flames and blood a world will be born that should bring our sons space and peace for a happy future. We will be its molders. We have passed through hell and been forged in it for alert consciousness and highest hardness – our faith is firmer and stronger than ever. Death and the devil already lie behind us – new deaths and hells should not frighten us. Victory belongs to us!

Horst Slesina

***The genuine man's celebration is the deed!* - Goethe**

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 12, December 1943

One Must Overcome the Dead Point

What is expressed in the following company commander's field letter should be taken literally. It is about you and me, it affects all of us very personally:

...Despite the hardness of these days we look into the future with confidence. But one uncanny realization often plagues me, namely that the full, in the final sense absolute unconditionality of this war is still completely clear to far too few Europeans. Indeed, it gets around more and more. But the full hardness of the war grips only far too few.

The Bolshevik wants to move west, and with him strides death – for all of us, without exception. We fight over existence or non-existence – all of us, whether we live in the Reich or in Europe's lands. What threatens us from the east is total destruction of everything we are, however one may label it. And the Russian is strong, especially in the one thing that has previously always decided all conflicts: attitude. He is so fantastically healthy that even the Bolshevik poison could not hurt him. Rather it works like a fission-fungus, which sets the resting forces into motion, that now follow their law blind and unstoppable. Bolshevism, in the formerly poor Russian history, is a very great event, something that has moved the wide masses of this huge folk and still moves it. The Russians go into this war unencumbered. We carry a rich heritage with us, and it burdens us.

It is like the Führer once said: The last battalion triumphs; in other words, whoever fires the last shot, has won, regardless how the game otherwise looks and where this last German shot strikes. Who five minutes after twelve can still aim his rifle at the enemy ready to fire, has won, even if he stands as one against a thousand.

Bitter weeks lie behind me, weeks full of horrible experience. But we soldiers here in the east learn a tremendous self-consciousness and sobriety over ourselves. Here we become cleaner, better, harder, healthier. The soldiers who have already held out for over three years in Russia, those are the best men of our folk, by far the best. It is so: one should no longer train recruits in German barracks with shower rooms, beds, lockers etc., rather in filthy nests on the east. One should no longer assemble German divisions in Western Europe, rather in the occupied east.

Recently I picked up two men separated from their unit, who had been in the Hague just ten days before. It is completely clear to us here that at first not much can be expected from such people, regardless how well equipped they may be. It is really a shame about what all is lost in the first fighting. This view spreads more and more. Even troop units that have been in the homeland for a longer time for replenishment or training are no longer worth as much as if they had never been there. One must first overcome the "dead point"; one must unlearn looking back, one must learn that the path to a real and genuine life only follows the detour over the defeat of the opponent, that there is no going back.

The homeland is too beautiful for us; it makes us sick, slack, soft. That has nothing to do with the mood at home. Rather it is the safety, the measuredness of all life to our being, that is what makes us so sick when we return to the Russian misery, to the loneliness and desolation of pitiless demand, which has probably only been so absolutely imposed on the Athenians in their struggle against Sparta, or Caesar in his fight against Vereingetorix.

One must understand that, also purely emotionally, otherwise one succumbs to the tremendous pressure that rests on one spiritually. When one understands that, this pressure disappears immediately. In its place comes the ice-cold, active will to get at the enemy and to beat him at any price. During my various assignments I have become acquainted with very diverse divisions; some who have been in Russia without interruption since

1941, some in Germany during the war and some that were assembled in France. The last ones are the ones who find it the hardest to get used to the unconditionality of the Russian land in order to gain a clear view for the gigantic possibilities of these expanses, which wait there for European formative energy.

In each head haunts: "Back then in France - !", instead of saying: "Here I am, here I remain – and if it is not so nice here, then it will become nice, that is why I am who I am!" The last, unfortunately, is only said by far too few. If we would firmly bite into the Russian earth – the Soviets would never get rid of us. But, unfortunately, only a few firmly bite in here; others dream about the end of the war at home, but not the end of the war as a free man in the east. And that is a big shame. That is what must come. At that moment the Russian can try whatever he wants; he will not advance an inch…"

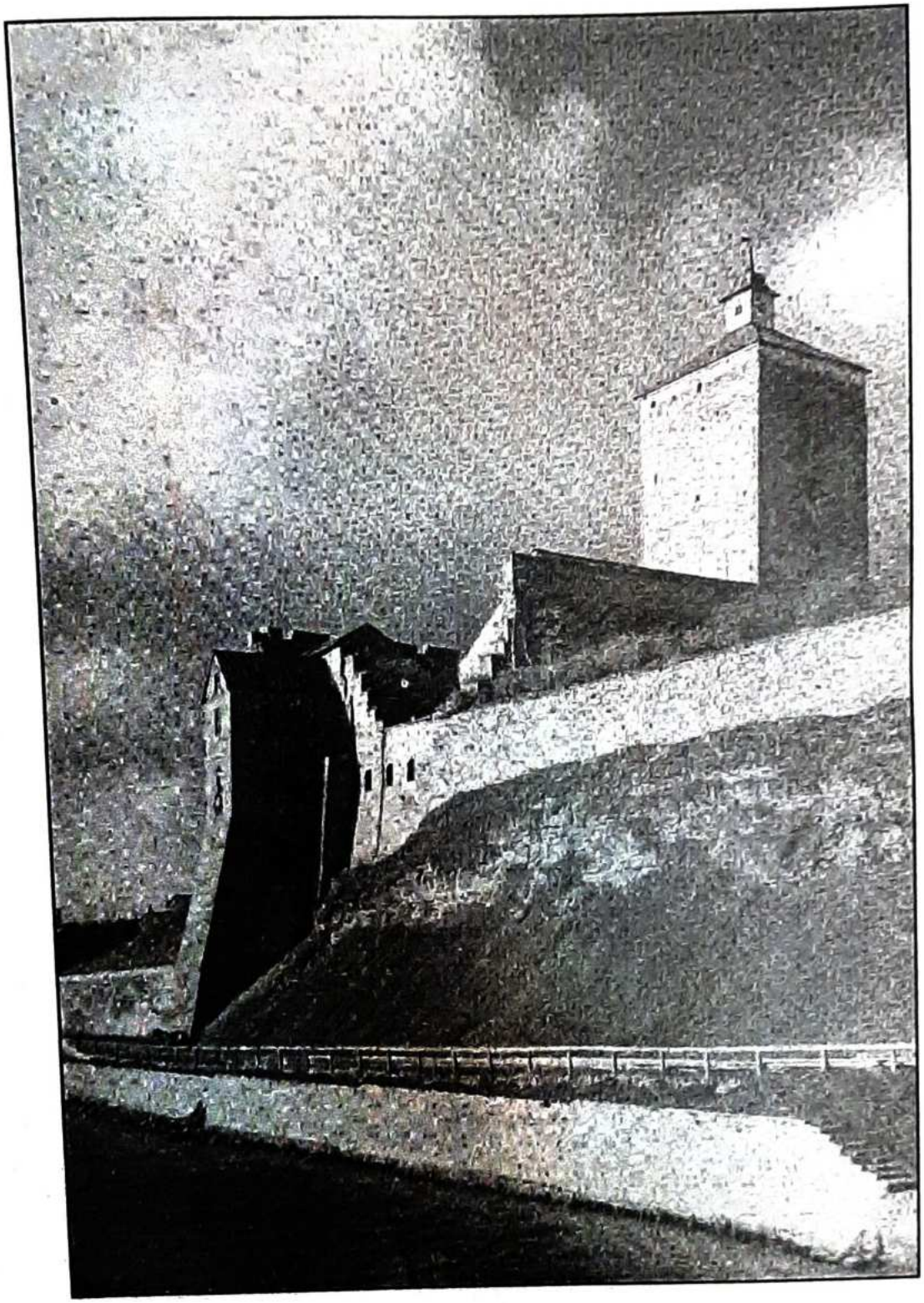
If we see the old world in ruins, we do not ask a lot whether much valuable and irreplaceable was lost! That makes sad and weakens the fighting strength. Let us ask ourselves instead whether we still feel within us a spark of that energy that enables us to erect the Reich from flesh and blood. If that is the case – and I know that the best of us possess this rock-hard faith -, then we will also have the strength to build anew the high works where no old wall will still hinders us – in the expanses of the east and over the ruins of the west. Cathedrals fall, their holy substance lives on indestructible in our blood. So we are free for the struggle and will later be free to, in accordance with the eternal substance, to build the new castles of a new time.

SS Leitheft, 1944, Issue 1 "S"

To be simple and natural,
is the highest and final goal.

Nietzsche

SS Leitheft, 1944, Issue 1 "S"



Ordensburg Narva, Symbol of German Strength and Clarity in the East

Faith and Hardness

"In such unholy times one must provide oneself with innards of iron and an iron heart."

Frederick the Great 1757

It is not hard to follow the Führer in hours of joy. What faith and loyalty are capable of, is proven only during setbacks and hours of stress. Precisely in these months as the fifth year of our folks' hard and glorious struggle of fate comes to an end, it should be said that for us SS-men faith was never the same as blind trust in a malevolent fate, which would one way or another make things work out alright anyway, rather that for our whole life long, since we decided for the Führer's cause, have never forgotten to look the enemy straight in the eye and to include the changes of fate in our calculations. We have had an idea that the Führer has more than once had a heart full of concern, perhaps precisely at the moment when our folk cheered him and had occasion to celebrate. Nothing, especially no victory, fell into the Führer's lap. He had to so to speak defiantly wrestle every success from fate step by step. After victories and successes one forgets the bitter path and the sleepless nights that led to them.

After defeats a folk in inclined to be thankless and short-sighted and to forget what has been accomplished. The path that lies behind us gives us cause enough to keep our faith and have the courage to not let ourselves be bent by any setbacks and to accept no defeat as final. Precisely in this historically important moment of our folk the history of the Seven Years War comes to mind, so near to the present. There is no span of German history that is more instructive and so full of most valuable experience for our whole folk. The struggle of the great king with his generals, officers and peasant sons against a vastly superior foe is an unprecedented example of the secret of a nation's victory due to superiority of will. For seven years the great king fought on four fronts. The Reich, based on its central

position in Europe, has so to speak since the cradle faced the continuous threat of its borders from great military powers. Little Prussia bore and fought through the same fate that later Bismarck and today Adolf Hitler had to take over as heir and task.

France, Austria, Russia and Sweden stood against the great king. Back then like today the Germanic middle had to draw two conclusions from its numeric inferiority: The first was the *strictest concentration of all forces*, an *unbreakable by anything loyalty* of officer and man to the king, *hardest fighting spirit* and an *iron faith* in the own cause. On the basis of these virtues Prussia and its great king withstood Kolin, Hochkirch and the most dangerous defeat of the Seven Years War, Kunersdorf. After each war year the situation was restored. Fate has a long breath and gives the crown of victory to the one whose bravery and spirit withstand greatest tests and stresses. The officers of the great king more than once during the war had to abandon homeland and family to the enemy, but nonetheless formed a *ring of following* around the king that no fate broke. *"One may plunder our lands, one may devastate and burn them, one may rob us of ground and earth, yes even life, we will happily make all these sacrifices for our great king."* That was the judgment of a Prussian officer in August of the year 1759.

The great king drew a second conclusion from the numeric inferiority of his armies: He tried to separate the enemy by lightning-like movements and beat them one after the other. Prussia could never be successful on all fronts simultaneously. But in the fateful struggle back then the god of war proved to be moody and made things hard for the king. Already after the defeat of Kolin in the second war year, the dice had fallen in such a way to make it foreseen that the plan to knock one main opponent out of the war through an annihilating battle had failed and that there would be a long-term war on four fronts, which would intensify over time. In this war the German army has to show a series of glorious campaigns in Poland, in Greece, in France and in Norway. Then came the long hesitation, the eighth month wait of our troops in France shortly be-

fore the invasion in England. The fourth opponent, the must imponderable of all, Russia, was closer to intervention than one could have expected. Its constantly escalating, blackmailing demands proven it. On June 21, 1941 it was decided that fate would not spare us a two-front war. And similarly like after Kolin in the Seven Years War, after the pitiless winter of 1941/1942, it was clear that the enemy in the east was not to be driven from the field through lightning-like operations. The west hence had time to catch up. We stand in the effects of this situation. It will be mastered. It will be mastered alone by unchangeable loyalty to the Führer, by unconditional obedience and by readiness to action to the last. May we in these hours remember what has been accomplished. The countless dead of the National Socialist army cover glorious battlefields. Now we must not beat an eyelash. We take blows, stubborn, but not desperate. More than once since 1918 fate has put the Führer and our folk to the test. Adolf Hitler, with a small and then ever growing number of loyal followers, year after year overcame each threat. Hours of the most extreme risk had to be mastered, from the introduction of universal military service to the march into Austria and the Sudetenland to that fateful decision of June 21, 1941. The Führer mastered these hours, because he knew the following of his movement, his loyal officers and soldiers to be behind him. The spirit of our soldiers is the same as that of the Prussian army. Faith, duty and loyalty lie anchored immortal in the heart of the common German man and of the German woman. Never have we realized more than today what importance precisely the virtues have that the Reichsführer-SS has again and again emphasized to his men, namely loyalty and obedience. The German soldier is at every time good, courageous, reliable, full of trust and ready to the extreme, when he is well led. That is how he was in the First World War, too. Let us close the ring tighter around the Führer, like the old Germanic following around their leader. The strength of the German folk is unbroken. It will show itself worthy of the fate that its Führer will once more give it in hard hour.

Faith and loyalty are stronger than death.
They are the unshakeable foundations of victory.

Lower kind of soul,
to sun itself in the pleasure of good fortune!
Well filed air! It was
only won by the mercy of chance.
Never in good fortune
does higher meaning rise,
if life is good to us,
we do not rise over the swarm.
But against misfortune and terror
to rise more proudly, to stretch,
truly, that is what I call: with honors
to prove manliness!

Frederick the Great

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 8, 1944

More Books Translated from the Third Reich Originals

#504 SS Man, Be Fruitful! ("Sieg der Waffe – Sieg des Kindes")
#505 Dr. Joseph Goebbels Total War Speech ("Wollt Ihr den totalen Krieg?")
#506 Aryan Portraits by famous SS Artist Wolfgang Willrich
#509 Race and Population: Pictures Speak!
#512 Adolf Hitler's Family Tree – The Untold Story of the Hitler Family (2nd edition) – *postwar book*
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#531 Selected Quotations from Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf
#542 Command and Obedience: SS Leadership Guide
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#579 Adolf Hitler: A Short Sketch of His Life
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SS Culture

Volume Three :

SS Faith

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Three: SS Faith is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about the "religiosity" - not the "religion" - of the Schutzstaffel. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume four in 1938 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
November 2004

Of the Eternal Laws of Life

According to the Führer's words, "National Socialism is a cool teaching of reality based on sharpest scientific knowledge and their logical expression". Our piety is "the unconditional bow to the divine laws of existence made known to us men. – Our prayer is: Courageous fulfillment of the resultant duties."

National Socialism wins its truth from the view of the world. It is a real world-view. Possessing a world-view, however, means behavior toward life and the values of life that is in harmony with the view one has of the world. Each person looks at the world through his eyes; he experiences the world according to the pulse of his blood. World-view is hence always bound to the kind, and each folk has - becomes it is bound by common blood – its special world-view.

How do we Germans view the world?

When a German strolls across a field on a bright summer day or on a white winter night, he looks in reverence at the beauty of the world: Overhead the sky's blue and the sun's light, or the army of ever shining stars, or the clouds of dark hunt; all around the ripening fields and wide meadows full of stalks and blooms, or the glistening sea, or the light snowflakes of snow. And when in autumn nights he experiences the whipping sound of rainfall, as the forest struggles with the force of storms or the dunes on the coast with the waves of the sea, he may understand that the world, a place of beauty, is at the same time a field of eternal struggle. The strong man affirms the world as it is.

Never would be born in a German heart the idea that the world is nothing by an "earthly valley of woe". The divine creative force, according to our faith, is too sublime and too rich to create an "earthly valley of woe".

The German man who talks a spring walk along forest paths

and listens to the pious song of a bird that has built its nest in a tree, in which five young now dream toward life, could never produce the idea the young birds hatched from their eggs burdened with original sin. However, when listening to the light bird song he feels the joy of nature that proclaims that conception and birth are fulfillment of divine law. Does not a mother of our folk also fulfill the divine law of existence, when she gives the folk children? Never could German parents believe that the joy of fatherhood or motherhood is bound to a curse or a sin. Never could German children enter the world with original sin!

Through conception and birth emerge the things of life, and through death they depart again. When the leaves fall in autumn, when the ancient tree falls in the wind, that is a necessary event. The death of the individual living being, however, is not the "wage of sin". The individual tree comes and departs according to natural laws: but the forests sing eternal! – So comes and departs the individual person: but the folks live eternal!

From the view of the world he thus wins the realization: The world in which we live is not an earthly valley of woe, rather blessed homeland earth; conception and birth are not sin and guilt, rather fulfillment of divine will; and death is not the wage of sin, rather life-law, necessity and fate. The Führer once explained:

"At the summit of the program does not stand secretive suspecting, rather clear realizing. – There were eras when half-darkness was the prerequisite for the effectiveness of certain teachings, and there is today an era where light is the basic prerequisite for our successful action."

In the sunlight of knowledge shine the eternal truths of the National Socialist world-view. It is the result of Germanic struggle for knowledge and at the same time the inner certainty of Germanic character.

The struggle for knowledge, for light and truth, was always

called heresy by obscurantists. So knowledge of the causality of the universe came under the curse of priests. And today the knowledge and the conscious observance of the eternal laws of life are also under the church's ban.

Giordano Bruno was burned as a heretic, because he dared to speak out with heroic passion, completely in our spirit: "We seek God in the unchanging, unbending law of nature, in the reverent disposition of a spirit directed according to this law; we seek him in the brilliance of the sun, in the beauty of things that emerge from the lap of this our mother earth, in the genuine reflection of his essence, the sight of countless stars that shine on the immeasurable fringe of the one sky..."

The Germanic soul experiences God from the start directly: in the law of the earth, in the rustling of forests, in the raging of seas and storms, and the observation of the star-filled heaven it speaks reverently and piously. In such reverence it bears responsibility before the laws of nature. Heeding the laws of nature means affirming God; violating them means to alienate from the divine.

Today we again know: the law of the earth is also the law of our human life. And as the earth lives as a result of the sun, so must we humans remain loyal to the laws of life. As our ancestors, following the healthy instinct of their race, lived in harmony with the laws of nature, so can we – having become knowing through view and knowledge – consciously bring our life in harmony with the causality of the world.

Reverence for life is always the basis for a living faith and genuine piety. The person for whom the world is divine, because it appears to be shaped by God's will, will never lose reverence for life and its laws. The separation of God and world springs from an alien way of thinking. The banishment of the divine from nature has as its result the contempt of earth and of earthly life. While original man – with the consciousness of being the bearer of earthly life – had reverence for himself as well as reverence for life itself, the man who only images a God beyond the world has neither reverence for himself nor reverence for what blossoms and prospers on earth. He

only has reverence for what he images above the world, and receives a feeling of reverence for himself only along the detour of the feeling of being a creature, that means God's creation.

We see eternal heaven in the beauty and thousand-fold blessed and holy earth. Heaven reveals itself to us in the millions of blooms in the young year, the waving gold of summer corn fields, the shine of the snow and the purity of falling snow flakes at Christmas, the birth of life from the motherly lap.

Here Rosenberg's words are valid: "If one labels this great reverence religion-hostile and atheistic, then the following decisive contradiction lies in this formless claim: if namely one teaches the existence of a creator and praises him in songs and prayers, then one can not in the long run present the acceptance and observance of the laws of this creation as religion-less and their violation as religious duty."

Observation of the history of all folks of the earth leads to the realization that each folk has the fate that it deserves. Since folks have emerged in accordance with the will of life, they themselves bear the responsibility for their fate. And the statement is valid: No God distributes right or injustice in history: the folks are responsible for themselves.

The decline of a folk is the natural result of the frivolous violation of the laws of nature. Only a reverent affirmation and the conscious observance of the divine laws of existence secure eternal life for a folk. The eternal life of our folk is the purpose of our work and all struggles. For "the victory of life is the purpose of the world".

Everywhere we see manifestations of life, we recognize the will to preserve and perpetuate the own kind. "The divine law of the individual is to preserve and defend its own kind" (Houston Stewart Chamberlain). So each organism struggles for its life. Through that the world becomes the place of continuous struggle. It secures "the great health" for the world. For what can not triumph in struggle, necessarily perishes.

Nature is the eternal teacher of the folks. It shows again and again the mortality of the individual, but also the endurance of

the whole and the eternity of life-connections, at it at the same time shows the way by which this eternity will be won.

Nature is endlessly manifold and offers one and the same thing in a million-fold variety. But each organism and each act of nature reveals certain laws. They are necessary, for without their necessity, hence without causality, there would be no order in the world. Order, however, belongs to the essence of life. It is the task of man to comprehend the order of nature and to affirm its causality.

Through National Socialism German reverence for life was reborn; and in the struggle for a true-to-kind world picture the consciousness within us has become awake, that we honor God only by observing the eternal laws that rule the world as God's eternal will.

SS-Hscha. Dr. Schinke

SS Leitheft, Year 4, Issue 8

The German Prayer

by Herybert Menzel

We are Germans. As Germans we also want to step before our God. We want to step before him upright as that, which we are, as soldiers.

Soldiers know their law. They have sworn to a leader and a flag. They await the call, they heed the order, they obey it.

Who has sworn to a leader, no longer doubts. He was gained a firm faith.

This faith gives him his security, his proud straightness, his silent readiness. Who is always so on the march to a great goal, who is so ready, to risk his life as well, has already won eternity in the earthly. When he then steps before his God, before the God of his folk, he will not ask him for what men can give and present him, he will not ask for what he is always ready to risk in this great struggle; God is not a trader, God is not a kind old man who is smilingly inclined to childish wishes.

We feel him as the strength that allows us to give ourselves strength.

Lord, do not let me become cowardly, called the unknown soldier of the World War when he demanded the hardest from himself.

That we do not lose our courage, that we not over-esteem all joy, that we gain new strength from suffering, that is what we ask for.

The peasant's harvest may be destroyed by hail, his hard labour may be annihilated by drought, can he just go there and complain and want to do nothing more? No, he should step before his God and ask for what alone can help him to overcome this blow, he should ask for the strength that pulls him up again, that again gives him light in the eyes, defiance in the fists and the courage to try it again.

One may have given everything to people whom he valued and whom he loved, and now one disappoints and deceives him; should his heart be allowed to turn to stone, to mock loyalty and disavow the noble? No, he should step before his God and ask him for what alone can still help him, he should ask for the strength that shows him that loyalty is stronger than betrayal, that faith conquers doubt, that courage is more compelling than distress. Has he not recognized everything that threatens him? Has he not nonetheless dared the path and the struggle?

We have sought comrades who can still laugh in distress, who in death still believe in victory. And so many died, and they believed in victory, because they believed in us. Because we remember them, we are already stronger; because we remember them, the path has already been shown to us.

So for all of us the order is valid to anew look for people, who believe in us, for their sake and for our sake.

As the peasant again draws his plough, so must our love again be active and our loyalty.

Not according to those should we orient, who are smaller than we, rather according to those who provide us with an example.

We are Germans, and if we ask for help, he directs us to those who once stood great in our folk.

They are not dead, we feel that in such an hour. They are not dead, because their faith, their courage, their will was greater than everything that stood against them, even greater than dying.

And so they today still speak to us, and God speaks through them. For as he had us awaken to this life as Germans, so do we feel his command when we strive to think and to act as the best Germans managed.

Although we cannot make for ourselves a picture or image of God, we nonetheless sense his presence in everything, and we sense it most deeply where we approach the high and noble. In the great Germans he has spoken to us. There will probably come hours when we slip away from ourselves. There is no suf-

fering that is greater than what we inflict on ourselves. We do not want to then doubt ourselves. A person who gives up on himself cannot be saved by another. But in these hours God is there for us. Each person has God alone with himself that hour. He will remain silent about that hour, but he will emerge from it with new strength.

We believe as Germans in our folk's eternity, and so we also believe in God, to whom each gives himself in the need of his heart and conscience, in order to as a genuine German fill his place in his folk's space.

When we pray, we pray for strength.

SS Leitheft, 1939, Issue 9

This is what Meister Eckehart, who lived around the year 1300 AD lived, spoke to us from his soul:

I state categorically, as long as you create your works for the sake of heaven, of God or of your blessedness, hence from the outside, you are not really on the right path... Whoever thinks he has more of God in absorption, devotion, painful feelings and special snuggling than at the hearth fire or in the stall: there you do nothing else than as if you took God and wrapped a coat around his head and stuck him under a bench. Ask a true man, one who works for its own reason: "Why do you create your works?" If he answers correctly, he would only say: "I work, in order to work!"

SS Leitheft, 1942, Issue 4

Germanic Piety

In their religion our ancestors honored supernatural powers, whose working and administering they believed to feel – certainly also in the field and forest, in the sky and on earth, but above all in their own life. And this has always been the first and most important thing. Man is indeed also a child of nature, but he is – as a being endowed with speech and intellect – bound to the community in an entirely different way than the animal. The original ties to family, clan and folk, into which he born, determine his life to a much higher degree that his ties to "nature", which is the field of his activity. From the folk community he also receives his religion – like his language! It conveys, in culture and myth – which he learns from it – his relationship to the deity. But more than that: in the working and striving of this community, in the laws that rule them, in the order that binds them, in the moral values they hold, the will of the deity itself confronts him. Here in the community it first encounters him; for the order and bonds have their holy and binding strength, because they are set according to the old faith of the gods itself and stand under their supervision and their protection.

Especially insightful in this regard are the messages of the Icelandic sagas about the sacrifice-festivals of the Norwegians. At the great annual festivals, we learn there, one sacrificed on one side "for the harvest" (or for a "good year") and "peace", on the other side for "victory" and the king's rule. This shows that the sacrifice made by the cult community representing the folk community was also directed at the life and fate of this community. Good harvest and peace on the one side, victory and rule on the other side: that denotes both poles around which the life of the folk moved: the biological-natural and the political-historical. Here peace which encompasses the work of the peasant and culminates in the harvest, there war, which, crowned by victory, produces honor and power. When one ap-

proaches the gods about these things at the sacrifice-festival, that shows that one saw in them givers and keepers of these goods, that means of everything that formed the foundation, content and purpose of the folk community. Germanic man believed that both the prospering of his peaceful work – cultivation – as well as the achievement of victory in war, upon which the conditions of existence or non-existence of the folk depended, was in the hand of the gods.

In the formula "til árs ok fridar" lies, however, still more than the translation "for (good) year and peace" says to us; for the word "peace" designates not just the state of peace as opposed to war, rather also the moral and just order upon which the peaceful communal life of human community rests. One can hardly better express the religious meaning of that old formula than with Schiller's words: "Holy order, blessed daughter of heaven, who binds the whole free and light and joyous". As the gods are the givers of the good, the life goods, as they are the directors of war, administrators of victory and hence masters over the fate of folks, so also are they the guardians of holy peace, which is anchored in right and law.

It is more difficult to get a picture of the inner religious attitude of Germanic man, of the piety unique to his kind, than of the forms of religious service and religion's effect on public life. The holiness and might of the deity produce among the believers the feeling of dependence. But this feeling of dependence on his god was, for Germanic man, free of slavish servility. Quite the opposite, it was carried by a strong, courageous trust. In the north "trua" ("trust") is the term for religious belief, and the god the Icelander relied upon above all in the distresses and difficulties of life, he called his "Fulltrui". That means the one who deserves full trust. Like the Norwegian Thorolf Mosterbart, many Germanic men have in the face of difficult decisions sought their well-being from their god and gotten his advice. If one knew himself under the protection of the mighty god, it was only natural that one saw in him the reliable "friend". And we have much evidence that especially Thor enjoyed this appreciation. Astvinr ("gracious friend") he is

named in one saga. Such a beautiful and worthy relationship does not diminish the distance between man and god, upon which all piety rests; but a piety flowed from him that bestowed security and strength on the man; it is the noblest feature in the picture of Germanic religion.

Walter Baetke

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 4, 1942

God

GOD is all things:

Heaven and earth,
Passing and becoming,
Essence and appearance.
That the stone is heavy – that is GOD!
That it is hard – that is GOD!
That it is grey – that is GOD!
There is nothing about the stone that would not be GOD.

That waters flows – that is GOD!
That it rises as mist
Passes as cloud,
Falls down as rain – that is GOD!
That it refreshes us – that is GOD!
There is nothing about water that would not be GOD.

That fire warms – that is GOD!
That it shines – that is GOD!
That it severs old bonds and creates new ones – that it GOD!
There is nothing about fire that would not be GOD.

That the grass turns green – that is GOD!
That the roses blooms – that is GOD!
That the grape ripens – that is GOD!
That the worm crawls – that is GOD!
That the sparrow flies – that is GOD!
That the steed gallops – that is GOD!

That the child plays.
That the bride loves,
That the man ponders –
That is GOD!

That we create,
That we have morals
That we are courageous.
That a Führer arises for us,
That we want a Reich,
That folks measure themselves
In peace and in war –
That is GOD!

That the globe spins,
That the moon accompanies it,
That the sun warms it,
That the stars shine,
That man researches them
And that he suspects GOD therein –
That and all is GOD!

And that is not GOD,
Which does *not* exist:

Emptiness, darkness, cold,
Gaps, lacking and weakness
Mistakes, ugliness, foolishness.
But to us they appear to be something.

Emptiness is non-existence of content,
Darkness is non-existence of light,
Cold is missing warmth
Mistake means something that is missing,
Weakness is lacking strength,
Ugliness lack of beauty.

Evil is lack of good.
But what the evil man does,
What is really existent in it,
Strength and will and cleverness,

This good within evil is GOD!

No evil man is totally without good!
The little he still has,
That is GOD!
No fool is totally without sense!
The little sense that still enables him to error,
That is GOD!

See still, therefore, in the evil man GOD!
And GOD does within the evil man,
What HE wants to do in there:
Give him, was he is missing,
If he can absorb it!
But take from him, what ruins him,
And administer it in his place!
Pull him up,
When strength leaves him!
But throw him down,
When his blind strength causes ill!
Set him again on the course of life,
When he is shoved off!
But sentence him to death,
When he blocks betters from the path of life!

For He wishes to do that to himself:
To judge
Toward the goal,
That he bears within himself as essence.

He wants to leave figures
In which his path is blocked.
Hard he is against himself,
For he wants to rise eternally!

And still GOD is at the same time
The GOD of live!

That is his goal
And the fulfillment of his essence.
From the law it rises up,
That he is himself:

Like to like
Gives one!

We he encounters himself in like
he laughingly addresses himself,
And they feel love.
It is still but a pale blaze
and just a warm ray.
But the light essence
stems from it:
Fire and light.
Procreation and realization!

Lovingly
God achieves the highest power:
Creator he becomes and child,
In which the father recognizes himself.
But even for him is
From his essence
Eternal law:

Only where two resemble each other,
Can there be genuine love!

Where two do not resemble each other,
Love bears hate,
Loyalty bears betrayal,
Talent bears poison!
Where two do not resemble each other,
They must part
Or will destroy each other.

Wherein two resemble each other,
therein they love each other;
Wherein two do not resemble each other,
therein they hate each other.
This is the law.
We are only executors.

The sentence has been passed,
even before we saw ourselves.
We have no choice.
Here there is no free will.

Where like find each other,
love is a must.
They must want each other
in innermost distress.

Where dissimilar meet,
hate is compulsion.
Here no good will helps.
Here GOD wants no love.

GOD is love *and* hate!
In both he units parts
Toward the more similar.

Where we recognize,
That parts unit into a new whole,
GOD appears to us as creator and a GOD of life.
Where we do not see,
Whither parts from whole depart,
GOD appears to us as destroyer and a GOD of death.

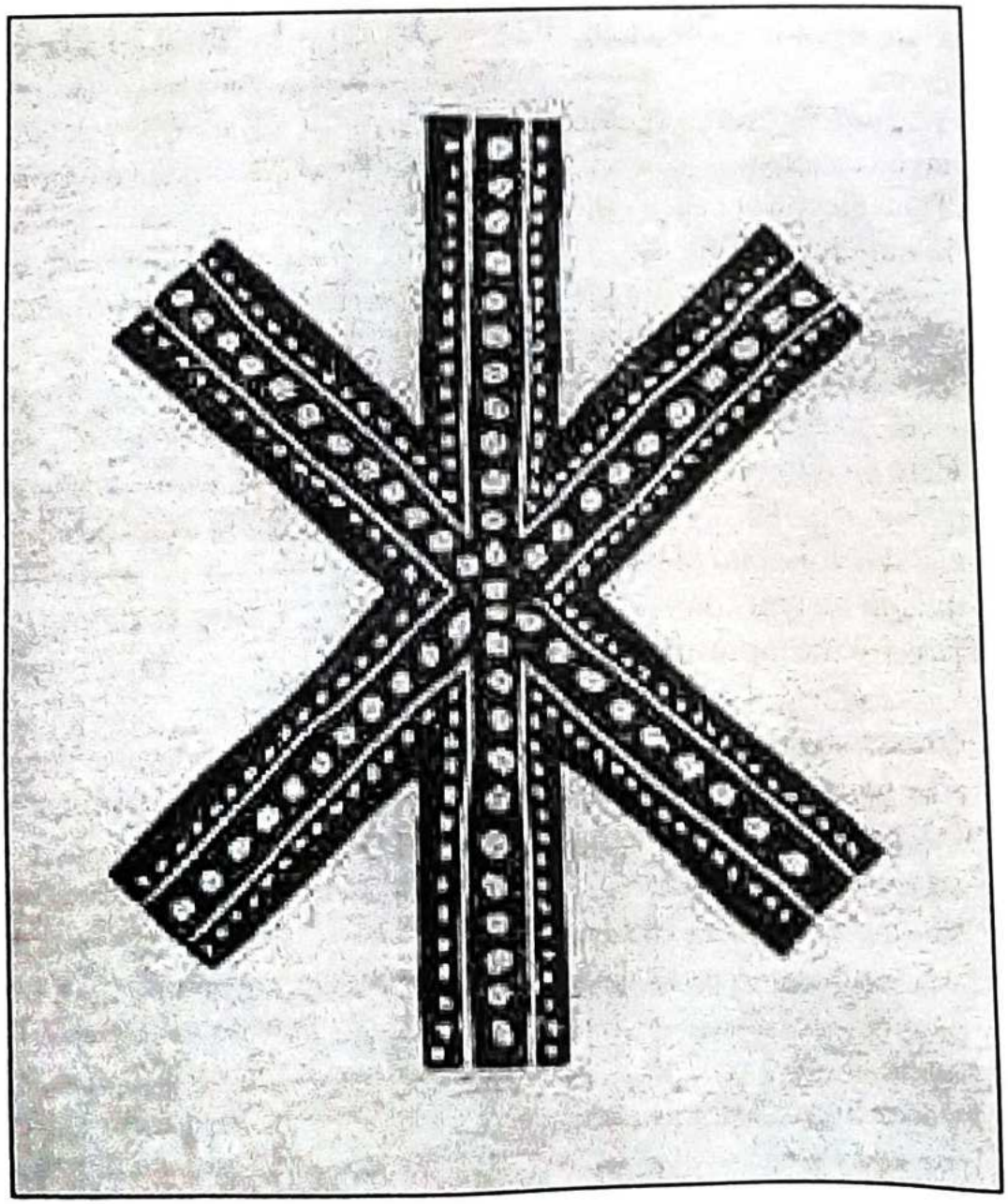
But he is *all*,
he sees himself not as two,
love and hate,

life and death,
creator and destroyer,
rather as

ONE!

- Oskar Winter

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 4, 1942



Be More than Appear

A Word about Our World-View Style

We deem it a good sign that the enemy scatters leaflets over air-threatened regions that are directed against the Waffen-SS. The opponent has always jabbed where he presumes the strongest clamps of the Reich idea, and we consider it an honor to be viewed as the most passionate representatives of an uncompromising and clear National Socialist line. After all, no one has in seriousness come up with the idea that over there in the east the fight is about the greater honor and expansion of any religious institution. Everybody knows the Waffen-SS is deployed at the foremost front precisely because there Germandom defends Europe's culture ground and with the military victory the decision will also be made over Europe's reconstruction and rejuvenation from the Germanic world-view.

Clarity and Responsibility

This consciousness, however, includes a high responsibility. Whatever groups or individuals in our folk may have serious thoughts about the world-view or religious rejuvenation, they do not bear the leadership and the responsibility for the employment of the spiritual weapons, rather the Führer and the movement's leading men. The SS, as the order of German men sworn to the Führer, shares a substantial portion of this responsibility and is proud to be recognized by friend and foe as the bearer of a clear political and ideological line.

The German claim to Europe's leadership has as a prerequisite a *complete clarity of world-view thought*. We are aware that a folk cannot be really led by divided and unclear men, rather only by uncompromisingly clear thinking, courageous and at the same time real-politically acting men. No one may surpass us in clarity and goal-orientation of will, and if any-

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body may confuse an occasional restraint with inner insecurity, then he makes the same mistake that part of the German public once made in complete underestimation of the real power relationships of the movement.

The Soldierly Style

The style of our world-view is first and foremost determined by *Prussian-German soldierdom*. It is disciplined, simple, clear and simply not transferrable to people who are not deeply serious by what they say. Our world-view is above all not lofty. The soldier like the political soldier of the movement experiences danger with open eyes. His senses are sharpened. He does not speak of his deeds. When necessary, he suffers death without word and without complaint. His inner relationship to the creator of all things is simple and clear – and requires no intermediary. From him he receives life, and he gives his life back into his great order. He knows no one will help him, not even God, if he does not fight his own way out of distress and death. The German trust relationship between man and God has always remained the same through the centuries despite clouding through alien motifs of reverence and fear and shines bright and clear especially in difficult moments. That makes the German man so calm, so fearless and so unconcerned. *The soldierly virtues are the main part of our world-view.* Who has not passed through the school of the movement and of the army, through this self-evident fulfillment of duty, discipline and hardness against himself, is not authorized to take spiritual responsibility for our folk. There are no moral norms without deep, faith-based background. An army that without clear world-view just outwardly affirms these norms could at best present a well-drilled troop, which must however fail in a modern war where clarity and independence are demanded.

A second thing is hence decided: The relationship of the German to his Lord God has its *main point* in the *spiritual* and not in external forms. That is very decisive for the whole spiritual

work within the SS, for our communal hours and especially for our celebrations. One should not forget that the great Germanic protest that arose from the ground of Central Europe against the church came not in the least from the different kind of Nordic style-feeling, which rejects any cult that is not the expression of a simple and natural religiosity. The protest has to rise again, if somewhere in the movement unclear men unburdened with responsibility would attempt to shift the emphasis in the sense of what was once overcome for always. The life of the Germanic man in his creative world, in his family and his folk, is so full of deep relationships that it requires no spiritual compulsion and no magic to peel out the simple religious core of his world-view.

A Good Core in a Rough Shell

It is a fundamental mistake to believe that the soldierly bearing, which in contrast to other European folks has a downright mythical significance in our folk, is not compatible with inner fineness and sensitivity, which are necessary for the faith-related leadership of our folk. In the Prussiandom of Frederick the Great the harshness and dryness of the external form entered into a downright unique connection with the inner richness and musicality of the German soul. One should read the letters and essays of Prussian statesmen and soldiers in order to recognize what loftiness and what fine feeling can hide behind a harsh and bare eternal form. On Germanic soil the final inner things downright require a certain covering through external reserve and sparseness of expression. German man cannot daily hawk his most valuable possession. Precisely in this sphere the slogan is true: "Be more than appear." He knows that which one may designate *chastity toward religious things*. The less he speaks of it, the more they determine his action. One should not deceive himself; this external reserve has nothing to do with artistic emptiness. On the contrary: The intellectual and artistic history of our folk has given evidence of that inexhaustible

richness that slumbers in Europe's most soldierly nation and has again and again become the source of rejuvenation of other folks.

The inside, that so closes off itself, does not age so easily. An eternal youthfulness, light and clarity shine out to us from our folk's history. It enables ever new resurrection after the most difficult catastrophes. What is presented to us as hardness and bareness is in reality the eternal youthful strength of a folk that surrounds itself with a rough and hard shell, through which dew-fresh, green twigs and leaves break again and again.

Cleanliness and Self-Criticism

Fundamentally, no kind of fantasy world is compatible with the purity and cleanliness of this bearing. Our time is too serious and too hard for us to again revive long overcome mistakes. Many so-called faith-teachings of the present have failed because they jumbled up fantastic, utopian images and scientific knowledge. Primitiveness of thought is no proof for religious and world-view leadership. Primitiveness should also not be confused with naturalness and with a thinking that is directed by natural instincts. For our scientific work is an indispensable component of the cleanliness and clarity of spiritual bearing. We affirm scientific knowledge and see no other way that with our senses and the categories of our thought to penetrate ever deeper into nature. Whoever denies this Faustian drive of German man is a romantic or utopist and is filled with deep mistrust of the created world, to which our senses and our knowing also belong. We are, however, of the view that every fertile work stems from the belief in a natural world order, confirms it with its knowledge and again flows into it.

That is the light, courageous and disciplined spirit with which we approach the research of the Germanic roots of our folk. May it determine the style of our political and religious life.

Wilhelm Gschwend

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 7, Christmas 1942

Nothing is more suited to silence the small complainer than the eternal language of great art. Before its expressions bow the millennia in reverent silence. Always, however, the measure for the judgment of the beautiful lies in the perceived clearest purposefulness. To find this is the task of the artist.

Adolf Hitler at the Culture Convention of the Reich Party Day 1935

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 7, Christmas 1942

The Great Law

Who can prevent a tree
that it roots, grows, stretches
and in autumn with swollen, heavy
branches bears its blessing?
What God wanted,
who in him lively,
it matures so necessarily
as a star rolls along.

Who can murder our eternalness,
force us out of the course of blood?
As the needle strives toward the north,
it must struggle out of the night.
Mighty element,
light, from which we stem,
free yet in the flames,
wherein the heretic burns.

Who can bind you, my folk,
who can frighten your high heart?
Radiant, you will burst free
and rise your bleeding head.
Like the oak tree,
defying the elements,
you will develop,
God's greatest dream.

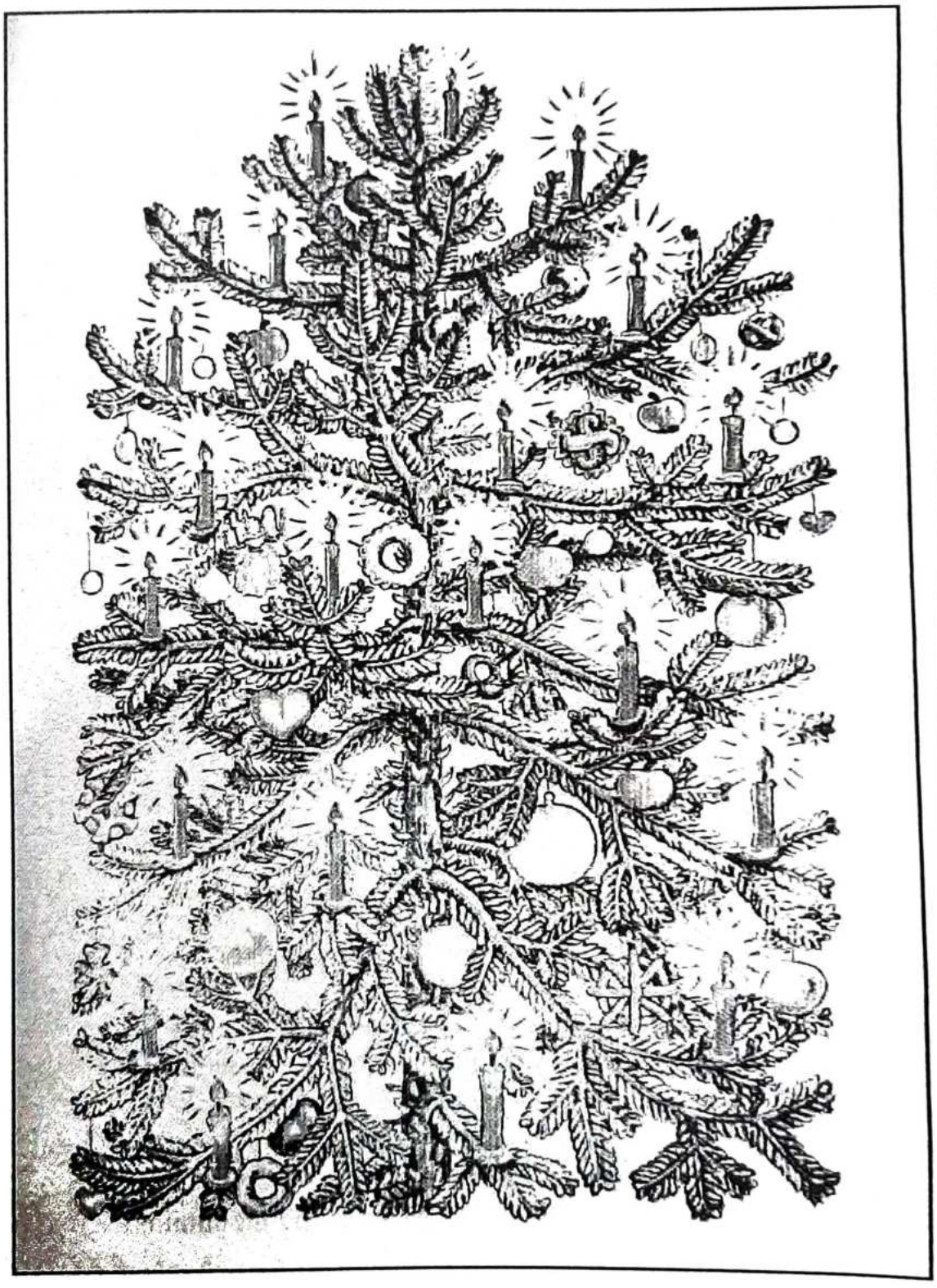
Otto Bangert

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 7, Christmas 1942

World Tree

There binds a tree from the beginning
To the end of time
Earth and sky.
It stretches its high trunk
Through growing and dying of the year.
It is its strong branch-works
That reaches to the eaves of light,
It carries the ashen pillars,
The world-arch:
But no one sees the trunk.

Mighty runs its root-web
In wide mountains around our earth,
Penetrates into the ground where it sucks full of fire,
And stretches its veins as hills
To the wells of the sea.
With sweat and tears and blood
The world tree waters itself.
Incessantly its earth fertilizes itself
With ashes and bodies.
Which it transforms in growth
And through rings and bark high
Into the waving tree-tops lifts.
At the hour of morning dawn
And late, when the work day wanes,
The crown radiates and fills itself with blossoms,
Shows off in blazing and glows
Until dark cloud foliage hangs the buds,
Overshadows the thirsty root soil
And leaf-dew awakens the spring in the mountains.
Nights, when the sober sunlight
Extinguishes over the land
The softly beaming fruits become



The Christmas Tree – color drawing by Wolfgang Zeller

Visible in the outworks.

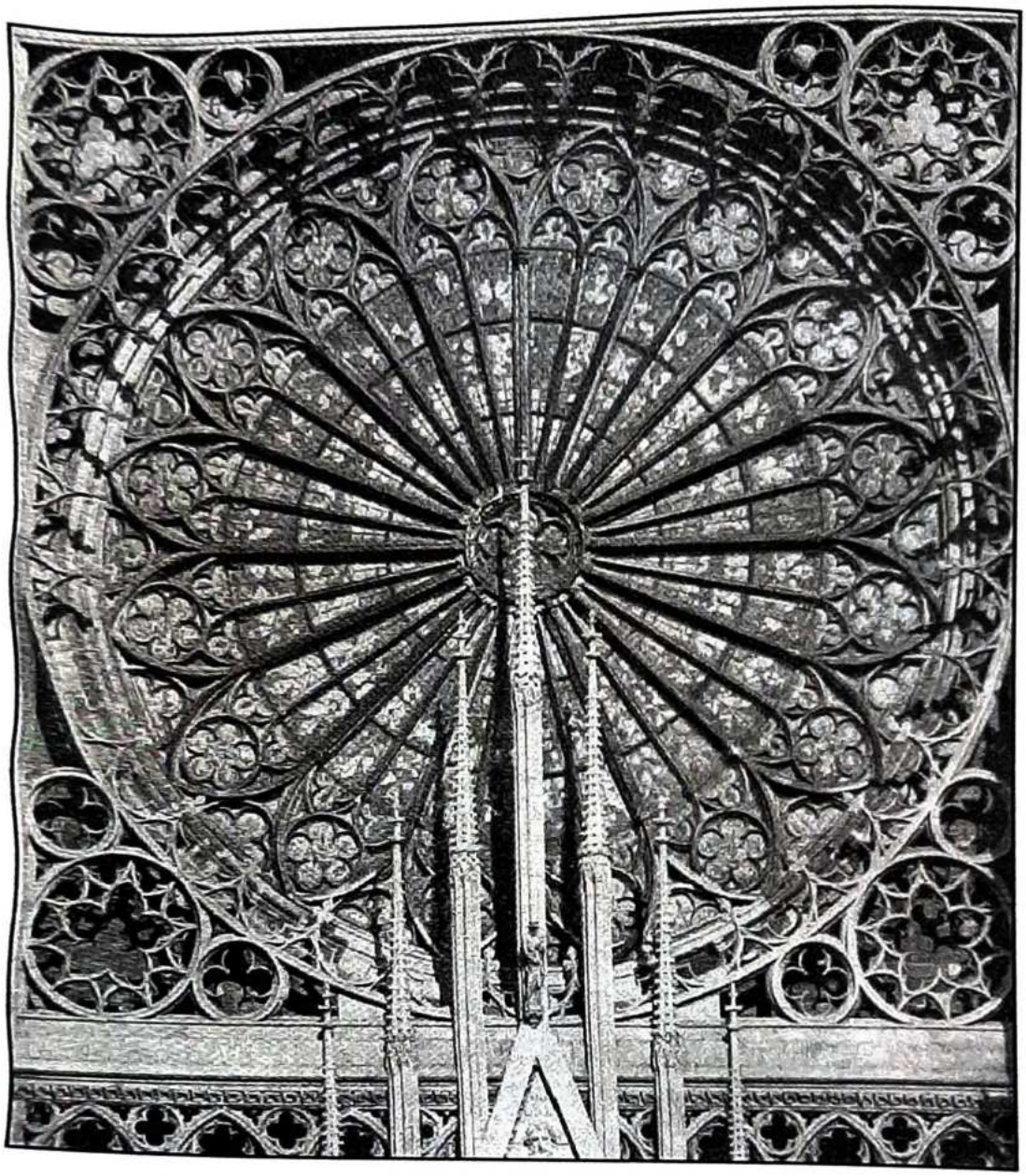
Softly fall the ripe
In hot summer night or mid-winter
From their branches.
Always in juice, endless in bloom and fruit
Stands the eternal tree
Mighty in the world structure –
Contented in the tree-tops
Breathe the ancestors,
Laboriously amid the root maze
Work the grandchildren.

Johannes Linke

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 7, Christmas 1942

Always the last thing one discovers is great reverence.
- Johannes Linke

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 6, 1943



The Rose of the Strassburg Cathedral

Reverence before the eternal,
is the best about man.
That makes the soul free,
quiet and proud.

Gustav Frenssen

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 6, 1943

DIE UNSTERBLICHKEIT DARF KEIN WUNSCH SEIN, WENN SIE NICHT ERST EINE AUFGABE GEWESEN IST, DIE IHR GELÖST HABT. MITTEN IN DER ENDLICHKEIT EINS WERDEN MIT DEM UNENDLICHEN UND EWIG SEIN IN JEDEM AUGENBLICK DAS IST DIE UNSTERBLICHKEIT. SCHLEIERMACHER

Immortality may be no wish, if it has not first been a task. In the middle of eternity, to be one with endlessness and to be eternal in each moment, that is immortality. – Schleiermacher

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 1943

That, oh Mortal One, is Your Immortality

From the Veda dialogue prose of the beginning of the first millennium BC, which again and again with splendid manifoldness revolves around the ideas of death and immortality that also moved Indo-Aryan man, are excerpted here three text sources in the version of K. F. Geldner, because they, like few others in the Indo-Germanic early period, directly attest to the indestructible connection with our present: In being one with the universe, in the affirmation of the child, in the renunciation of monkhood, in the devotion to work.

"What does one gain through the son, wanted by all, the wise and the fools?"

"In him he has his debt and gains immortality, when the father gazes on the countenance of his new born son.

As many pleasures as the earth has for the living, as much fire, as much water, even more joy does the father have from his son.

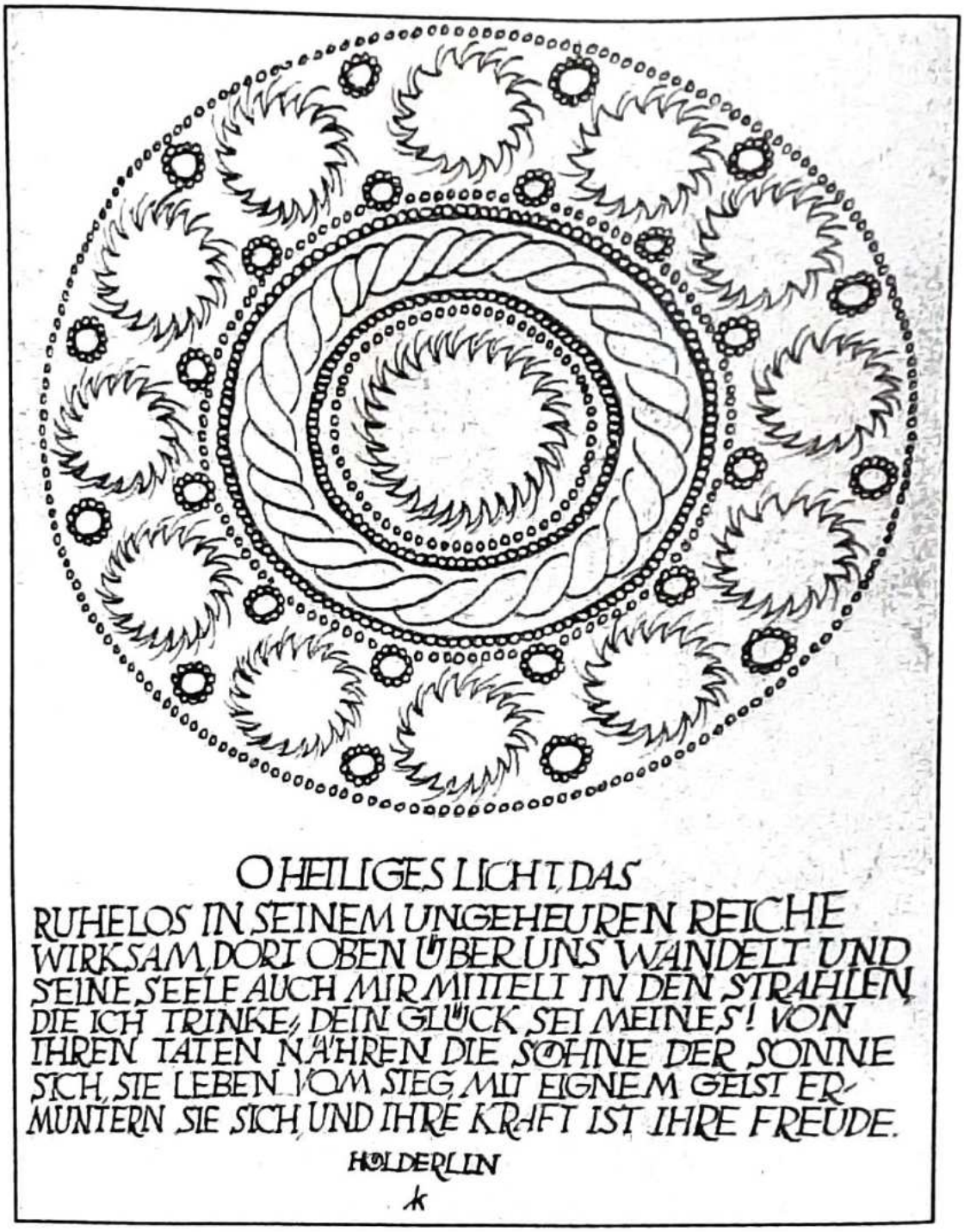
Always have the fathers escaped the thick darkness through a son, for as his self he was born from his self. He is the ship carried over the river.

What means the filth, the animal felt, the stubble beard, the penance? Strive for a son, you Brahmans, he is the uncontested world!"

"In the children you propagate yourself, that is, oh mortal one, your immortality!"

Provided by Prof.-Dr. Wüst-München

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 1943


O HEILIGES LICHT, DAS
RUHELOS IN SEINEM UNGEHEUREN REICHE
WIRKSAM, DORT OBEN ÜBER UNS WANDELT UND
SEINE SEELE AUCH MIR MITTELT IN DEN STRAHLEN
DIE ICH TRINKE, DEIN GLÜCK SEI MEINES! VON
IHREN TATEN NÄHREN DIE SÖHNE DER SONNE
SICH, SIE LEBEN VOM SIEG, MIT EIGNEM GEIST ER-
MUNTERN SIE SICH, UND IHRE KRAFT IST IHRE FREUDE.
HÖLDERLIN

Oh holy light, that in its vast Reich up there is active, and wanders above us and tells me, too, its soul, in the beams that I drink, your joy be mine! From your deeds the sons of the sun nourish themselves, they live from the victory, with their own spirit they encourage themselves, and their strength is their joy. – Hölderlin

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 12, December 1943

Old Aryan Sun Worship

The fiftieth song of the Rgveda Book celebrates – in a language of direct naturalness requiring no explanation – the Aryan, and beyond that the Indo-Germanic, manifestation of the Surya-Helios, that means the light, whose mythos comes to us from countless individual passages as well as from whole hymns from this text with ancient background, whose final continuations visibly live on in many places in German-Germanic custom, so for example in the Jul Fest and in the consecrated nights of New Year:

"Up there lead the first rays of the all-knowing God, so that each gets to see the sun.

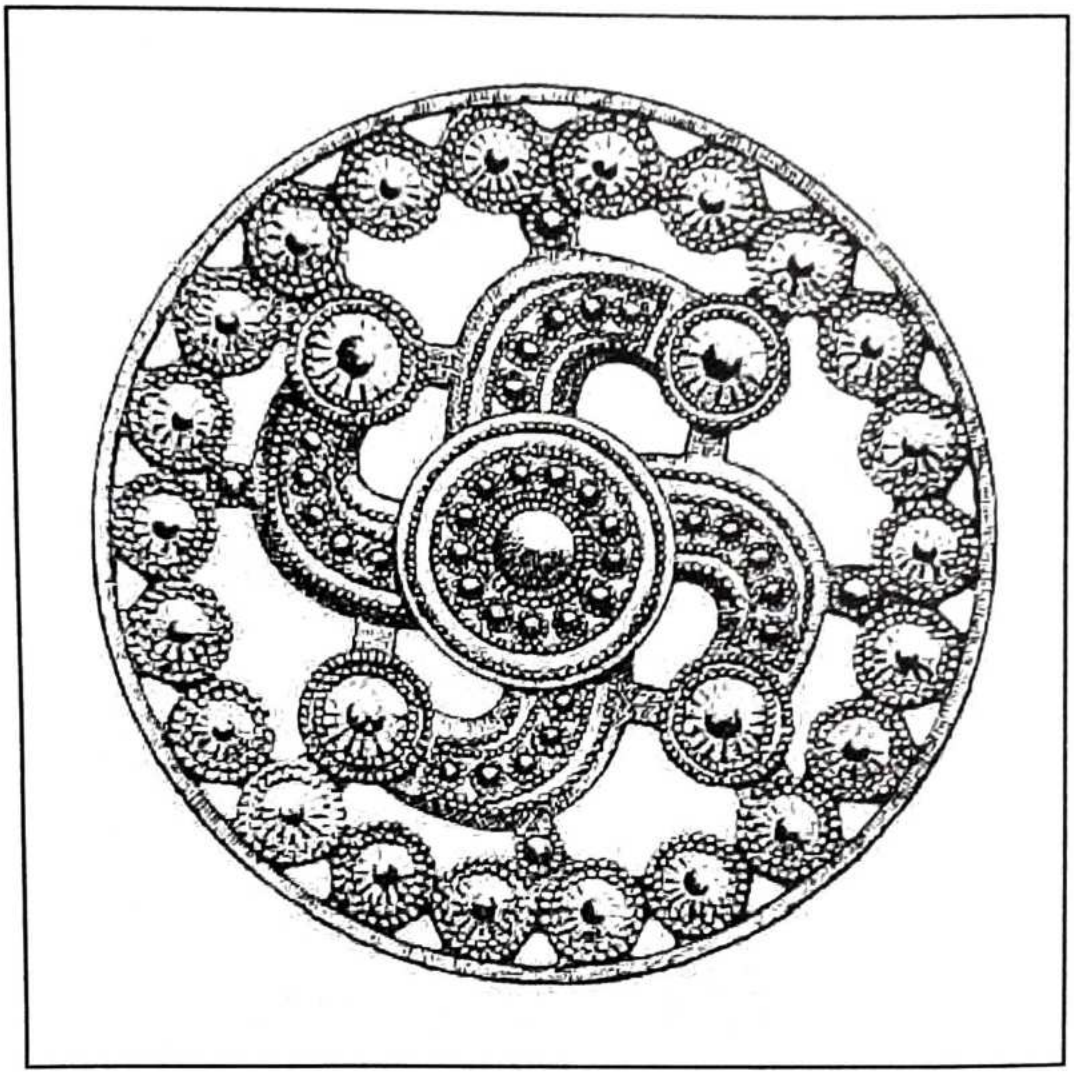
There the stars with the nightly dark recede before the all-seeing sun god.

His omen, the rays, have become far visible among men, shining like fire.

Turned toward the god, generations you go up, turned toward man, toward the whole world, so that they see the sun."

Provided by Prof. Dr. Wüst

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 12, December 1943



Art is the Language of God

From a Field Letter

Perhaps Pentecost, the day of the descent of the holy ghost, is the appropriate day for an answer to your letter of Easter. The teachings of Pentecost are indeed full of mighty symbolic content, but there was already an earlier saga whose wisdom seems to me to be no less. According to it the hearts' flame – or that holy ghost – that alone elevates man above the animals, was

once robbed from the gods by a Titan, Prometheus. Note well: robbed, because the gods did want to give this most direct component of their being to any other of their creatures out of mercy, rather because it was only supposed to be go to the best, the most daring and strongest, the victor in the struggle for existence who dared the most incredible, to penetrate into the divine regions by his own strength, to accomplish the decisive deed of mankind and to sacrifice himself for this deed for its own sake. Thereby he would win man's right to be the carrier of the divine flame on earth.

Where is the essential difference between this and that fable? It is always that same schism that runs like a red thread through the history of Germanic Christianity and made out of us the folk of eternal seekers, doubters, fighters and "protestants".

For this is the main pillar of Christian teachings, with which it stands or falls through all reforms and interpretations. They declare love to be the sole and innermost law of "genuine" life, thus a concept which is diametrically opposed to the one dominating earthly life, which is called the "struggle for existence" and the victory of the stronger over the weaker. Indeed, we also find here another, earthly love, but it is not the dominant center of existence, rather only the female opposite of manly struggle.

Since it is obvious that life on earth does not follow the creator's Christian basic law, logically "genuine" life must be moved to the beyond, and earthly life must be valued as a hollow image, a valley of woe, full of original sin, short, merely a transitional, preparatory phase for actual being. Christianity must hence, in accordance with its intellectual structure, always be other-worldly and basically life-rejecting, and no interpretation, no sophistry are able to solve this contradiction that exists between the revealed will of God and the actual being of his entire creation, starting with the struggle of gravitational forces in space down to the pitiless, consequential and gapless process of selection in the natural world. All of our folk's religious thinkers from Meister Ekkehard to Lagarde have struggled with this contradiction.

We have now entered an epoch in which this contraction be-

comes especially crassly apparent due to the escalating intensity of this struggle for existence, in which we as Europeans – that means as the prerequisite for any occidental religion – will only survive, if we affirm this struggle for existence as the genuine meaning of life and not as earthly imperfection. Otherwise we must in the long run succumb against beings for whom – lacking any spiritual problematics – it is the only conceivable form of existence.

What is defended here in the east, is after all far more than this or that religious conviction and also more then the cross of Golgatha. Here it is about the human itself, about that holy flame that, stemming from a divine source, since the time of Prometheus has first created the difference between man and animal, and we must today protect it from the reach of a race in whose heart it has gone out.

I do not know whether one can put that which happens and will yet happen in the course of this struggle under a Christian commandment. At any rate, I could not and can do so even less today. For it is about more than this, whether one can with sophistry of interpretation and generosity of view still somehow remain a Christian or not. It is about our life again being based on an obligating, religious center, that religion does not just mean a traditional habit or cult construction, rather innermost, necessary main spring for each act, for life itself.

In the Middle Ages Christianity was such a center and perhaps still in the age of the reformation. It was simultaneously life's core and main spring, even if the reformation, as a result of humanism and renaissance, meant a first, suspecting rebellion against a never completely comprehended world-image. As this center was lost more and more in more recent times, it coincided with a conspicuous decline of our artistic creative energy, with a growing insecurity toward the basic questions of life and with a dangerous weakening of our physical life-will, in short, with a general deformation of the German soul and German man.

To win back a religious center as a genuine, active center, hence happens as an unconditional life necessity. This so much

the more so as we enter an era where we must defend our physical and spiritual existence not only against the nihilism of the east, rather in which we through the general technological and political development will come into increasingly close contact with the races of the far east, who possess such a life-determining center.

Do you believe in all seriousness, that among men of the twentieth century Christianity can still be this center? Even if one would come in order to interpret for us the teachings of Nazareth in a totally new, revolutionary sense, historical experience still speaks against a world-moving idea that has once lost its obligating effect on men winning it back. But why, may you ask, should it no longer suffice for us, that which was content of life for our fathers for almost 1000 years? To that the following explanation: The people of the German Middle Ages and yet to the middle of the nineteenth century were in their life attitude and peasant origin so non-falsified and close to nature that they could survive a world-rejecting, purely other-worldly religion without running the risk to lose the foundation of the natural world or to even seriously violate the life-laws of this world. However, when man started to increasingly change his life through technology and to distance himself from simple and clear nature in life style and origin, grew at the same time the compulsion and drive to in his faith again think of the eternal laws of earthly nature, to seek God in this world and to hence base his highest ethical values on the commandants of this world and not the beyond. This development seems to me to be a necessary reaction to the technology in our life, which in union with a purely other-worldly religion must lead to a complete loss of any natural bond and to a lethal misrecognition of natural values, on which we men are one way or other dependent.

But even if you do not agree with this line of thought, a question must be asked: "Are you yourself still a Christian?" A Christian in the sense that the salvation teachings of Golgatha, that charity as the sole supreme value, that the equality of all before God, that these ideas, which actually mock the actual

world order on earth, are for you the obligating center and driving force of your action? Is not precisely your work determined by completely different forces?

You can hardly deny that, at the latest in the classical period and to an increased extent in the romantic period, the work of even the church-oriented, pious artists drank from other springs than from those of Christian teachings. Like all works of our folk, it comes from a religiosity that stands beyond all denominations, comes from the divine fire of the incomparable German soul.

Was Christianity really the foundation of their wonderful creative strength? I believe that cause and affect are switched here. That what our Nordic soul has given to mankind could not have been placed in it by any ever so holy teaching. It was inborn from the start like any great talent. It proved its creative strength already millenia before Christ in culture-works that range from mankind's first plough among our Germanic ancestors to the Nordic pillars of the Parthenon and the Aryan wisdom of Old India. But like each creative talent, it requires a push, a vibration, which first makes it fully active. Christianity became a fertilizing force, its proclamation and its Germanization, but even very early the passionate conflict with an alien God became driving force and characteristic of German spiritual creativity and so became inseparable components of the German soul and German life itself.

But does the recognition of a spiritual condition and value also mean the acceptance of its immutability? That would mean to sentence the creative force to death, for its most essential trait is its ever rejuvenating fertility, is Goethe's "Die and become!" Indeed, everything that was, remains preserved forever, and a spiritual phase of development always remains a permanent possession.

German art began its journey home from the other-worldly regions of the orient when it became aware of the legacy of the spiritual ancestors of Greece in the classical period and when in the romantic period the most secret springs of their own folk-soul broke open in fables and songs. It was just the first

presentiment long before the time, yet already proclamation of new life, for whom titans like Nietzsche cleared the way.

Is it then so old and used-up, the German soul, that it cannot, under the blows of fate, walk new paths, in order to become fertile from a new center and to so fulfill its divine task? Only if we answer no to this question, can we affirm our present and future, in short, our life. And if we do that, then we also do not want to and we cannot reject our own past as part of this life and everything from which our soul has become rich. We do not want to reject anything at all, not the cathedrals and not the altar images, not Luther and not the Matthew Passion. But also not the new paths, which lead to the future. All of them only represent steps of development and forms of expression of the one divine force, the German soul, in which the fire of Prometheus burns. Precisely this German soul now searches for a new faith, creates for itself a new obligating religious center. Perhaps it is today still more presentiment than form, and hence I cannot formulate it with universal validity, rather just affirm the basic characteristics, which glow to me personally from the mists of the beginning.

This, then, is its first statement, that God is of this world and that his commandments are the natural commandments of this life. That the researching intellect of men hence simultaneously means the divine task to recognize the will of creation in its laws, which reveal themselves to human intellect. That we must therefore be victor in the struggle for existence in order to remain capable and worthy to carry the flame in our hearts that is the purest expression of the divine. That this divine flame, which distinguishes us from animals, is the eternal will for formation, for the creative deed, to the deed that in itself becomes proclamation of divine will.

And this is its second statement, that in the bodily as in the spiritual, confirmation only grows out of struggle, perfection only out of victory, life only from death. Sacrifice is the purest expression of this basic law of all life.

And this is its third statement, that all life is eternal. For we today know the law of the preservation of energy which knows

no passing, rather only transformation. So do we presume the law of the preservation of physical life in itself, which likewise presents itself to us in an eternal process of transformation, most beautifully and insightfully in the genetic rivers of our own blood, that is simultaneously the bearer of all our spiritual traits. And therefore I also believe in the immortality of everything spiritual that, conceived by the flame of our hearts, has made the world rich and man the proclaimer of the divine. For spirit is at the same time energy and life.

I believe that thoughts and deeds are eternal and that God's visibility in this world depends on their perpetuating number, energy and purity. So, too, can the evil, that means the part that contradicts the God-given life-laws, never be atoned through the individual's regret or by sacrifice of life to God, rather only through an appropriate, morally good deed. A man's sole salvation lies in the moral deed. Whether he or others perform them, is meaningless for the eternity of life, but that the saving and elevating deed is performed at all, that decides over existence and growth of the divine in the world and is the moral call that goes out to each one of us.

Here, too, lies the religious justification for folk-life as the highest value, for it is the unconditional prerequisite for the rise of men who are capable of the moral deed.

So I believe in the great unity of body, soul and mind, in active life and religious task, in passing world and eternal God, in that lofty harmony that enabled the Greeks their God-proclaiming deeds, in that harmony whose consciousness was lost under the influence of Christianity, but nonetheless deeply remained the fertile secret of German creative energy and that, once won back, will enable the German soul its most lofty expression.

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Edition S, Issue 1

Real Religion Permeates All of Life

Whoever thinks he can limit religion to the holiness of mood – the holy relics in which this comfortable religion dwells are really hardly holy relics – has never, neither in himself nor in others, experienced religion. Real religion always allows itself the freedom to permeate all of life. It is not to be found just Sundays from nine to eleven, at baptisms and burials, rather everywhere or nowhere. For it is not a temporary excitement of the nervous system. It is the pupil's listening to the only whispered, but never silent voice of God, which speaks in everything, in the smallest and the largest, and whose speech is not drawn from the paragraphs of a grammar valid for all, but which can be heard and understood by each who wants to hear and understand it. It is the still, but unstoppable, harmonious growth of the own essence, that, because it is created by God, certainly, is also convinced, that precisely fullest and most unique development always just finds the right accord with the fullest and most unique development of the next one also thought by God. It is home-sickness, the bitter-sweat, like the rise and fall of breath, restlessly through the soul floating, yearning of the child to go home.

Paul de Lagarde
(1827-1891)

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Edition S, Issue 1

God Lives Only in Proud Hearts

A poet of our time whose work has achieved highest recognition wrote as his belief the pitiless words: "Only the people who need God, seek him. Whoever does not need him, does not seek him. Even whoever calculates about him, needs him." Only the people who need God, seek him... Is that so? Is God, however one perceives him, a God of the burdened and of those despairing of life, a deception that we ourselves cleverly invented in order to deal with a world that, as it is, does not satisfy us? Is prayer always just a requesting, an act of comfort or of our impotence? Many pray in order to request, many pray in order to be comforted – but the God of comfort is not ours.

When we affirm the statement: "God lives only in proud hearts", then we mean a different God than the comforting one, or at least a different way of association with him: we mean that God and courage and strength seriously belong together, and that hence even those men pursue God who do not need him, leastwise not out of fear.

It would be conceivable that a young man, after he has, together with a handful of men, bravely defended himself against a superior enemy force and in a manly manner held out in the most bitter hours between life and death, that such a man, after he had survived the danger, would squeeze his feeling into some kind of shout, yes, that he would curse! It is nonetheless to be presumed that he prays. And indeed in a very ardent and passionate manner. We are not so much moved by whether or what the man might be able to say – we are moved because the man, in the highest moments, is amazed at life as an ever greater, yet inscrutable, totality, and that this amazement, far removed from weakening or lowering the man, only then actually confirms him as part of a final, mighty fate. The man elevates himself beyond all that is only visible, tangible, practical;

he elevates himself beyond all individual things and advances to the consciousness of the world, that secretive experience into we find ourselves born and from which we are torn by death, unasked, when the time comes. It is the might and greatness of man, however, that he, born without will, does not live through his existence arbitrarily, rather since the earliest years already and then ever more daringly faces this his existence as a seeker, what thirty, sixty, ninety years of life actually want and what this is: loyalty, love, comradeship, courage.

It is mankind's mercy and curse, that to this hour nobody has found a concise answer for such thoughts and nobody may find it. God is not an "x" that could be precisely calculated with full certainly from some kind of equations; for us humans he is not a fact, rather a question, and to again and again pose this question, to again and again become aware of the conditionality of our existence, without tiring from it, that appears to us to be for the intellect the most beautiful and most fertile courage that can be imaged.

It does not mean much, to live. Everything born passes the short span until death and struggles for food and drink. But to step out from the spell of life, to freely affirm or reject it, that is the pride and nobility of our humanity; through this nobility and through this pride we first become true men. No point is set for thought where it must forever end; wonderfully fit and firm remains each person who carries within his heart the daring for a healthy, joyful world-feeling and god-feeling. How should he ever become bourgeois, small, low? There is a measure of things to which he must again and again stretch up and fight up: It is not him, rather the all of creation, as wide and as deep as it only appears to men.

We require an elevation and admit it straight out, that we require it, namely the elevation out of the all too stubborn and the all too prejudiced. We want to be uneasy and we want to be dissatisfied, as if we would indeed someday learn the secret of the clouds and seas, the secret of life, manifold a hundred-thousand times and a million-times. We ask the stars who placed them in the wonderful game of their fall and rise, and

we ask the water to what distance and depth it wishes wants to escape us. We are stout-hearted enough not to flee from the eternal whence and wither, and we accept no ever so thorough account of nature as a sufficient interpretation of its foundation.

No amazement at the depth of the world should alienate us from the facts, not even from the struggle for bare existence; we want to become neither contemplative natures nor divided men, rather take up life with a free voice, the daily and often so bitter life as well as the transfiguring and purpose-giving. The God in whom we have trust corresponds to our hearts; he is our own heart in its world-open and world-affirming hours.

God lives in us, because we have set out to penetrate his world with the spirit of strength and to usurp it. Does it not, however, require a wonderful pride and an upright courage to set about such a conquest of world and God; does it not require also a noble steadfastness and reflection, to hold one's own as a man before tremendous God?

We praise God and his world-creation more believably, the more proud, the more confident we appear in it. The laughing eye, the quickness of stride, a soul that can genuinely enjoy and elevate itself, genuine youth, genuine manliness, perseverance, love, comradeship, those are God's banner-bearers. And here we join again with the spirit of the poet from which we started, who concluded the affirmation of his poet-faith with the words that bind us all: "Man, however, should carry the divine into the world!"

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 6, 1944

The Almighty will be the just judge. It is our task, however, to so fulfill our duty that we can stand before him as the creator of all worlds according to the law of struggle for existence given by him. – Adolf Hitler

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 6, 1944

SS Culture

Volume Four :

SS Woman

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Four: SS Woman is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about the Schutzstaffel's ideal woman: wife and mother! They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume seven in 1941 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
November 2004

Beauty of our Kind.
Chalk drawing by Wilhelm Petersen

Eternal German Love Song

Under the lindens
On the heath.
Where both our bed stood.
There you can find,
Where we both
Pressed the flowers into the sand.
Before the forest in a valley,
Tandaradeil!
Glorious sang the nightingale.

I had come
Through the pastures:
My friend already arrived before me.
I was received
Right like women.
Now I must always be blessed.
Thousand kisses he offered me:
Tanadarei!
See, how my mouth is red!

Then I had him make,
Miracle Reich
Out of flowers a bed,
That one can heartily laugh
That comes right away

Comes somebody along the same path.
On the roses he probably likes,
Tandaradei!
Notice where my head lies.

If somebody knew it,
That he next
To me lied, God, how I am ashamed of myself
But how he kissed me,
Just nobody,
Knows it except he and I
And a little bird:
Tandaralei!
That will probably be kept secret.

Walter von der Vogelweide

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 2a

If You Want the Daughter – Look at the Mother

A Correspondence about the Right Mate Selection

A young SS-soldier wrote to an older comrade:

Dear Günther! From the northern front I send greetings to you down on the south of our endless battle line. Everything is fine with us, even though the dirt flies around our ears just like it certainly does by you. But we manage, and when we get home leave we will certainly have a lot to tell and to compare. But today I must again ask for your advice about a matter that already stirred me since the last weeks before this action. I wish to get your opinion as an older man; I am already somewhat confused in this matter. As so often, my heart stands against my head, feeling against reason.

You probably already suspect it is about a woman. Yes, it is about a woman, my betrothed. I got engaged to Berta before we left the garrison, but precisely since the day of the engagement I cannot escape my thoughts and reservations, whether I acted right. It is not that my inclination, my love is wavering. Berta, too, holds me in her heart, I know that. She is a splendid girl, 19 years old, happy, fresh as a fish and slender as a fir-tree, the ideal woman for me. I was – and am – completely happy.

Only one think worries me – that is the engagement. Less the thing itself, rather the ceremony, when I was in the home of Berta's parents for the first time. They were very nice to me and seemed happy with whole heart that their only child can marry an SS-man. But some things happened that will not let

me rest. First, the father drank a lot, and I heard that he often does that. And in the conversations he revealed a pronounced greed for money. He also does not seem particularly well-liked among his work colleagues; he continually curses the "envious ducks" and "snoopers". Even the mother does not seem to think much of him. She sends him off to bed, when it gets too much for her. Berta laughed about it – and drank a lot herself. That made me a little startled. – But I was even more amazed at the mother. She is barely twenty years older than Berta, but looks fifty, completely used up, swollen and, despite all pronounced friendliness, quite embittered and scolding. During the day there was continuous gossiping and shrieking. When I think of my parent's home, where both parents are older and have gone through a lot of difficulties – Günther, then I feel strange. One thing is sure, I will not get good in-laws, and not good grandparents for our children. But, after all, I want the daughter, and she is in all ways the direct opposite of her parents. – When I come home, we will marry, move far away and live for ourselves.

I send you here a picture of Berta, write me your opinion.
Karl-Ulrich

The older comrade answers:

Dear Karl-Ullrich! I am very happy to know you are at the front, and also at the front – toward marriage! Yes, love! It magically turns the girl into an ideal figure, the woman into the goddess of happiness. Rightly so – genuine love must believe and trust without reservation. But you say yourself – that is lacking by you. And indeed after the visit to the parents.

Yes, comrade, listen to an older man, whose wife is also already older, more than 19... I tell you clear and hard: What you have seen in the parents, that is your girl after a few years! A similar exterior, similar habits, similar life view and similar behaviour – that is what you will probably see in her in ten, twenty and more years; the older, the more so! And no love

from you, no moving away, no dear home, no advancement, and certainly no words, admonishment or scolding will change it much. For your girl also stands under the law of heredity! She is a human being like any other, even if still young and fresh, full of life and (through love) believing and optimistic for the future. Do not let yourself be deceived by that, friend! – Our ancestors, based on the experience of a thousand years, created the admonishment:

If you want the daughter – look at the mother!

As the mother is, so will your wife be after years and aging. To be fresh and pretty at 19, is no great trick. But how a woman works on herself, how she preserves her bearing, how she also disciplines herself spiritually and does not let worries get her down, that is hereditary, that is shown by the generations before her, shown by mother and father. Take at least this advice from me: Think about it again, fresh!

Then have that family's genealogy sent to you. Look at the clan's origin. Then ask how old the individual ancestors got, and which occupations they had. I presume Berta is an only child. Why didn't the family have more children? Is that because of the mother or the father? And then consider whether your betrothed's little weakness for alcohol is not already the inclination toward the father's drinking problem? And whether the mother's disorderliness, the parent's quarreling is not also slightly evident in Berta. Perhaps you must decide to take the difficult measure and observe your betrothed a little more soberly, to test her, to put her in circumstances where she must show what is inside of her. I know that a person who loves calls that mean. But the future mother of your children must be in order, and marriage is longer than the marriage night and honeymoon.

And if you must then say no – many good girls grow up in the German homeland – good in body and soul – and in gene

pool. When you soon look around in the parental home, then you see better than in coffee house or dance hall, what your girl is made of and what will last a life-time. It is alright to call me a fear-maker and tormenting spirit. I know, what I know, and remain your friend.

Günther

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 7b

"Wife, I am Proud of You!"

An upper office informs us the roughly 2000 fallen soldiers of the Wehrmacht and Waffen-SS have left behind only a little over 400 children. Although many of the fallen were not yet married, such figures are nonetheless serious. The question of the replacement of each individual by new life cannot be postponed until after the war. Decisive are not the difficulties, rather the courage of our wives and mothers, on whom, despite victory of arms, the final decision depends. We hence publish today the letter of a comrade on the eastern front to his wife:

My Dear Wife!

Perhaps you did not expect to hear from me again so soon, but I feel strange: I wish to continue with you a conversation that we had started at home, but which – you will remember – did not really flow. But it is so that out here things show themselves in a strange way; they get a different face, become clearer – and more concrete.

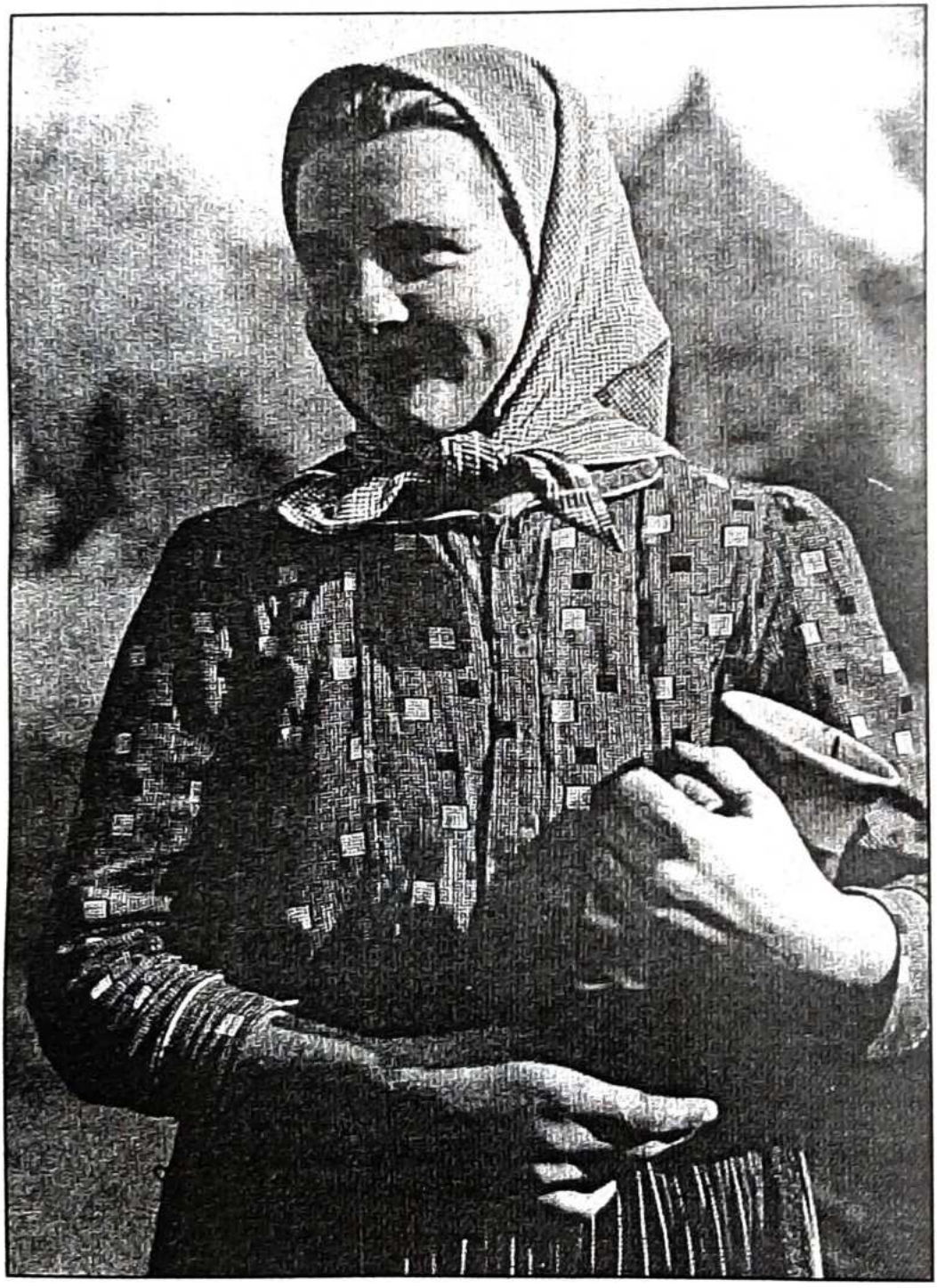
But wait, my love! First I must thank you! No, do not resist; it is now about the eternal. The front shows everything, even the most intimate, in a new light. I could again be with you, with you and the children, and spring blossoms around us. It was so rarely beautiful. Fancy words are not valued much out here, and between the two of us – how do they belong there? Nonetheless: I have never known the meaning of our struggle more deeply and more bindingly. You and the children and our common home: Is it not a small part, a cell of our greater, beautiful, German fatherland? I want to thank you above all for your still and self-evident courage, of which I know well that it weighs no less than the courage of the soldier. My thoughts are often with you, my love, with you and with our shared past. Oh, I could always be proud of you! Remember that day in the year of struggle 1932. You then carried our first child under

Comrades! This issue is accompanied by a request to send in field letters for an especially beautiful booklet: "Praise of the Mother". Do not postpone doing it! The more you participate, the more beautiful will the book be that is intended for you and your clans. And the faster you act, the sooner we can send it to you.

From a Field Letter:

"...You are mother in everything you do and think and care for and love. Because you so fully and completely fulfill this your nature, so are you also, as is the meaning of nature and the will of Providence, such a good wife for your husband and his tender beloved. With you the one without the other is not conceivable, the loving without the being mother and the being mother without the loving."

***To eat! - To eat!* - Drawing by Ludwig Richter**



The nobility of healthy race outshines the most modest clothing.

your heart, and you certainly had reason to spare yourself. But when had you ever spared yourself when it was about me or the children? Back then it was about me. The Reds were always after me, and this time it looked like they would get me. I was just able to reach out house-door, and there they were, a whole pack. I was already getting ready for the defense, and then the door quietly opened behind me and you pulled me into the house. You had, as so often already, my good angel, stood by me; your worry would have not let you rest.

It also does not let you rest now; I know that well. So much more do I respect your brave, self-evident fulfillment of duty. It is after all so in this war, that all the sacrifices, even the most difficult, are to be born by front and homeland in common. And when you take our four children to the cellar during the Tommy's frequent night bombing attacks, then we out here can best judge, what that means. How often haven we spoken of these things in comrade circle, and I have also – not without pride, as I want to confess to you – described how "militarily exact" you have organized this nocturnal "taking cover".

But I begin to diverse, and it is probably time that I come to the actual subject. Although all of that, the sacrifices, the action, the loyalty and the silent courage, although all of that already belongs to it, for without these things there would be no future. About the future, however, that is what I wanted to talk about with you. Has our Ingeborg told you that shortly before my departure she was with me in her little garden? Oh, she was indeed so proud to be able to show me her work, above all the little radish plants that she had herself planted. Just a little piece of earth, nurtured by child's hand, but with what love and with what enthusiasm! To me, at any rate, became clear at that moment where our future and our deepest obligation are to be sought. The child hand's of our Ingeborg dug in the earth; somewhere a weed probably showed itself, that she has previously overlooked; but I had to immediately make comparisons. I saw the loose, almost white sand run through the girl's hands and then saw in my mind's eye the thick, black earth out here. A gift from God that hardly anybody uses. What is accustomed

is so easily taken for granted.

But we, my love, will one day with many other Germans find a new homeland. This beautiful, wide land, drenched with the blood of so many comrades, holds future for Germany and hence for us as well. Fertile land for people who cultivate it and pass it along to children and their children, over endless generations – there you have life's final and deepest meaning!

It is not new to you, of course, what I say here; we have often talked about it, and our four children are the living witnesses of our affirmation of life and of the future.

But now, dearest wife, you want to give me a fifth child. Do you understand that at first I did not understand, when you shyly spoke of it? There is the war with all of its worries and efforts. From early until late our four soldiers keep you on your feet, and the bomb nights in the cellar dig into your already meager rest. No, I did understand right away, and it required the return to the front and the new view that the struggle out here bestows. But now you know, why I spoke to you about life and future in this letter, why I had to again and again thank you, for it should be said once: I am endlessly proud of you!, and I am happy, that I may be so! We will have a fifth child, and it will live and prosper like the others. And one day our children will as free Germans cultivate the land that their father was allowed to help to win. So will our life be blessed.

For I will come again, my love; you should not worry about me. Faith and trust have helped us this far; they will continue to help us. One day a new morning will stand before our life, too. I am always with you and the children in love.

And now dear greetings from *your Hein*.

Heinrich Sternberg

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2, 1942

Whoever lives without children,
He knows no pain.

Whoever dies without children,
He knows no joy.

Old Peasant Saying

A Field Letter to a Mother

The field letters we have received in response to our request to help with our booklet "Praise of the Mother", sent by front and homeland, are a deep affirmation of German morale. Again and again the senders write us they only reluctantly pull these letters out of the drawer, because they touch the holiest regions of the soul, but they feel obligated to make this sacrifice for our soldiers who stand on the fronts so far from the homeland. – What strength could grew from such hidden treasures. Daily we receive inquiries whether it is still not too late to send them in. – No, it is still not too late!

In the field, on ...

My Dear Little Mother,

That is what I must call you again, since you have written me that our third little child has announced the start of his life. For in the little one who grows in your womb, I have also remained with you and again become child within you. So you are my mother as well. But is that already the end of it? Are you not the mother of all generations who were before both of us? Are not - in the tiny one that now grows inside you - all our ancestors and their ancestors alive, back to the last, most distant member?

Do you know what that means? – You carry in your womb all of eternity. What grows within you has its roots in eternity and stretches with its lops into eternity.

In reverence I stand before you. A high office has fallen to you, an office that has nothing like it. Holy mother – your high office allows me to call you that. With double justification may

I call you that. For we can hope that our marriage is one wanted by Providence and hence also your motherhood.

With happy heart I think back on the past years of our marriage. You know why I selected you as my wife, I have often enough told you. But I must tell you again and again. I knew that there are many women who can ignite a man's passion. I had also met many a girl. But I do not know what gave it to me, healthy instinct or a higher will – it makes no difference what name it wears - , at the decisive moment stood again and again the question before me: Do you want to have a child from this woman? That protected me the best against unrestrained action.

Then I met you. You know that we did not met in sensuously exciting hours. You came into the house of ..., with whom I then lived. A sick woman, a newborn child and all the housework waited for you and your hands. I could have wished for no more beautiful test of love for both of us. Furthermore, I had just returned from summer vacation and had met a girl who kept be very busy. So at the beginning I was rather indifferent to you.

Certainly, I noticed how fast order returned to the somewhat unkept house of the ill woman, and that good-tasting food always came to the table. But that was so easy and incidental to you that one had soon gotten accustomed to it, taken it for granted. On the other hand, day after day I experienced something else like a miracle, that it was always the same every day. It was the way you took care of the child time after time. Your total devotion to the child, who was not even yours, that was what made you so beautiful.

I must be thankful to fate that it put you and me in that situation. So did I learn to love you. I learned to love your most genuine womanliness, your being one with the child. For the first in my life I realized the true meaning of love. For the first time I became conscious why I had earlier always asked myself the question, if I wanted a child by this or that woman. Now, at the moment, when this question no longer was a question for me, I knew the meaning of the question. Now I knew what love is. It is the wanting to become a child in the man. The woman

in whom he thinks he can most beautifully become a child again, she is the dearest to him. He falls deeply in love with her so that she will become all his own.

You will gladly still remember the beautiful time in which we grew together more and more and felt ever more strongly that we had been made for each other. The brief hours we could enjoy together became blessed. But it would have never come to it, had there not also been the moments when I encountered you with the child. Only there, where I experienced you so as mother with child, did you ignite my purest passion. There first did you become my loved one.

Now you write me that our will, to which we gave ourselves in the short vacation days, will be fulfilled, that our third child will come. How happy do you make me with this news. It will be a little child like the first two, desired with deepest heart. You will receive it painless like with ... and ... , as I had likewise predicted. With joy, you will give the child the sun. For procreation is not a sin, rather the fulfillment of the highest will, the will that wants man and woman to unite in the child, become one.

Holy mother, that I call you! Not proud and arrogant will that make you, rather reverent and modest. The highest that can happen on earth, happens inside you, the birth of the endlessly great out of the endlessly small. Within yourself you tie the threads of past eternity with the coming eternity. Within you the universe is determined. Think about that each moment you now carry the child, through the summer, the autumn and the winter, until it in spring greets the young sun. Grant yourself rest so the child may prosper, and hold conversations with it in reflective hours.

I have almost forgotten something else very important. ... will soon be five years old. Next year he goes to school. Today it is still you who can answer his curious questions. As you wrote me, he has already asked where children come from. How beautiful that you can now allow him to experience whence they really come, and he can take along that most beautiful experience to school. Carefully, step by step, you can present to

him during the nine months the most beautiful and greatest knowledge, that children come when father and mother love each other the most and are very close together. I do not have to tell you the words for that. You will find them yourself much better.

We are in the middle of war, in the hardest of all wars that have ever been. Things are in short supply with you at home and many people thing they are smart when they postpone having children until "afterward". We are of a different opinion, aren't we, dear ... ? When it is about performing an act of eternity, to spin on the band that bounds us with the endless, then nothing matters, whether war or peace, then matters only the one most high will that wants life to be unending.

I greet and kiss you and the children in joyous love, your ...

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 5, 1942

The Meaning of Life

Bound in parchment, a book wanders for a long time through our family. I open it up and write on a yellowed page for my boy:

"You are not today and not tomorrow. You are a thousand years before you and are a thousand years after you.

Thousand years before you they safeguarded their blood, so that you became as you are.

Safeguard you your blood, so that the succession of generations of the thousand years after you are thankful to you."

That is the meaning of life, that God becomes awake in the blood; But God is only in pure blood.

Wisdom from a thousand generations slumbers within you.

Wulf Sörsensen

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 5, 1942

Young Mothers

With joys received,
birthing in pain
worrying about the little child
with hoping hearts.
you smile and wait and bear it well,
and love prepares the home for the little child.

The winter covers
the world and its snowing.
but you, fulfilled one,
are growing and maying
you measure by other time and listen,
as spring already rustles in your blood.

Now the fields melt,
and the birds waken,
the messengers of spring
the seeds and the hedges:
Up to the blossoming trees you look in reflection,
there swings already the cradle and fragrant linen.

Oh mid-summer wind
full of singing and laughing,
now for the child
to make his little bed!
How beautiful is the mother, how dear is the child!
Oh happy father, who wins both!

Adolf Beiss

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 7, 1942

"My Husband is not Dead. He Lives on in My Children."

We publish the following letter, which the wife of a fallen SS-man sent us, in its original form. That best fulfills the sender's intention:

Today I received an *SS-Leitheft*. I have already read your request to send in letters for the booklet "Praise of the Mother". At the moment, I find no such letter, which I would have gladly placed at your disposal. But perhaps I, as the happy mother of unfortunately only three children, may say something to these mothers and brides. Already as a young girl I had the wish to have seven children. We were not even married a year yet and the first child was already there, then came the second and, after the war had lasted almost a year, the third. All the objections by other women to enjoy marital bliss without children for long time, I fortunately did not follow, for although I was very full of life, my joy of motherhood meant much more to me. All the joys, for example, that I can share with my children, are doubled joys. I feel sorry for any woman who *consciously* wants to be without children. What do these women know at all about the joy of motherhood. My husband volunteered for the field in 1939 and lost his life in 1940 in the fulfillment of a special assignment. Who could have comforted? When I received the news of my husband's soldier's death, life seemed grey at the moment, but when the children came to me and hugged me, I suddenly received strength, the strength to bear the unavoidable. That night I took both girls to me, one right and one left. The boy, then eight weeks old, came in a wagon next to my bed. All of them, who are life of his life, have made me so strong, that I only regret that there are only

She is held to be the most excellent woman, the one who is able to replace the children's father, if he passes away.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

three children. I have now taken up a very beautiful life task, to educate my children to be capable Germans, in my husband's sense and to his honor. What else would have otherwise remained of my husband, whom I have loved. Only the memory. But now I see something of my husband every day, today the boy looks at me with the eyes of the father, there is the girl who has the laughter of the father, and there again is the nature from the father, and so it goes on every day. Each day I experience the father through the children, and that is what I wish to shout to each mother or wife before it is too late. My husband is not dead for me, he lives on in my children.

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 2, February 1943

For Wife and Child

Serious are these years, when our folk struggles for its Reich. But the mothers, Lord, worry, and women who keep the hearth warm, wait for the men, who stand watch.

Comfort them, God, for their hearts beat with worry for their loved ones.

Protect the children, too, for whom our smiling is intended and all the tenderness in our breast, and send your helpers to them, when the fathers are far away. They teach each other to think of the future day when, in place of the cries of the subjugated, friendship will reign on our continent and a neighborliness that protects the minors and guards them against death.

When will the great peace come, that you gave to the folks, so pray the women and listen to the battle noise out there before our borders. When will our fathers return home, ask the boys and spy along the streets or at the pennants of the ships. When will we win our right and assume our office, inquire the men.

You, Lord, know when the hour comes, and still conceal it from us. We, however, join the women and children and reverently ask: Protect the folks of Mittgart and make them mighty and honorable. But since there are war and war cry without end out there, we also ask you: Preserve peace, for we are strong in peace. If, however, you send us the struggle that confirms the hero, then send us victory in enemy land. So that the women are not right with their worry, rather the children with their joy, and thus the rightness that you gave us will soon unfold again in arts and in the high pride of peace.

From: *"The Prayer Booklet"* by Hans Friedrich Blunck / Eugen Dieterichs Publishing House, Jena

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 2, February 1943

A Simple Event

In our *SS Leitheft* issues stand many a story of heroic action by comrades at the front. Today a sheet falls onto our table that contains a story of everyday life in the homeland, seemingly a little story, but still an event that is so unique and typical, that we want to preserve it in these pages for the comrades out there to fortify their hearts and to be an example for the homeland to prudently copy.

The story happened like this:

In a cable plant a mother works day in, day out as a cleaning woman. It may well be that she for years earned the daily bread for herself and her children through this apparently so insignificant work, for her son perhaps even more than the daily bread. But she can be very proud of her son. He stands as a Major on the eastern front, and the Führer has presented him with the Knight's Cross. And there, a while later, an officer appears in the factory in order to congratulate the mother and to inform her of the honorarium that the Führer, and for every Knight's Cross holder, has set for her son as well. Now she will certainly no longer have to work so hard. Now she will not have to go to the factory everyday; she can devote herself to her family and household. That is what each person might think who has read the story to this point.

But no, now comes the special part, which motivates us to tell this story.

The woman and mother hardly finds words over the pride and joy. But when she is urged to give up her activity in the factory, she pulls herself together. No, that would not be in her son's spirit, to now give up her work, rather she wants to do her work even as a cleaning woman no longer for the sake of the wages, rather for Germany's sake.

That is the course of events of this story. It is a simple event from everyday life, and we have told it as it has happened. It should also speak for itself.

What the woman and mother of the Knight's Cross holder has done, stems from that inner bearing that makes the impossible possible and forges our folk together into the invincible block of working and fighting people. She has thus proven herself as mother worthy of her son. He may be proud of her.

May this way of thinking fulfill all of working Germany.

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 3, March 1943

The Dear Trouble

Why trouble is called dear,
That was long unknown to me.
Until I learned it from a woman,
She was surrounded by children.
And one figured, much effort
Must she have with the little band.
"Yes", she said, and her features
brightened, "yes, it is true,
I have my dear trouble with them."

Johannes Trojan

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 3, March 1943

In such hard times as now lie over us Germans, the men need women at their side who can also supplement the originality of their essence and the warmth of their heart with the clear and reflective broadness of view. We need women who can raise that new, healthy generation that we hope for; who from the start educate their children as members of their folk and know of the evolution of this folk and the spiritual task that determines the fate and history of this folk.

Gertrud Scholtz-Klink

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 1943

Children are the Future of Your Folk

The nurse had just made her last round, and now the three "starving artists" were again alone in their room. The doctor had put them together for the duration of a fruit treatment; but the three of them called that – less fancy sounding, but more in agreement with the growling in their intestines – a hunger treatment. For as carefully as the four stretched out the four little glasses of fruit glasses that were the day's only nourishment, the hunger would not go away and sleep was impossible. So one pulled up the window curtains so that the bright moon shined into the room and planned to "gab" for a while.

In front of the window lied the youngest, Aigner Friedel, who wanted to become an illustrator, who came from the Salzburg area. He spoke with the "professor" – they called him that, since it recently came out during a visit that he was indeed one – about the mountains of his homeland, which they both loved so, even though the "professor" came from Pomerania. "Papa Knuth" the third in the group, by his account swimming master in a big Berlin swimming hall, tried to take a nap despite rheumatism pains and the feeling of hunger; but he failed to do that, and through his interjections the conversation took a different direction. "Man, professor," he said, "I still cannot get over how much your boy looks like you. When he sat at your bed today during visiting time, I thought again and again: the lad looks just like his father. You have four such fine ones?"

"Yes", the professor replied, "but the second is a girl."

"Well, you can afford that. I have enough to handle with my one boy."

"Well, well", Friedel commented, "now don't pretend, papa Knuth. Who always complains most over the food? Based on that, you don't seem to be so bad off. Besides, I believe it does not depend on that at all. At home we were four siblings, and

my father was certainly no Croesus."

"Friedel is quite right there", the professor added, "my grandfather even had ten children; he was admittedly director at a gymnasium, but the salaries were much lower back then. There was no additional pay for children and no tax deductions and so, in order to keep his children fed, he always took in renters. Nonetheless, that still didn't suffice to eat bread with butter and honey at breakfast or get a large portion of meat each noon. But the children turned out alright. Even today an official cannot make any great leaps. You know yourself that the state's starting wages forces one to be very damned thrifty. But when one is married and has four children, one gets a very nice children's supplement, and the rent allowance is higher and the taxes are very minimal. That is a big help, and all this aid is always being expanded, for, thank God, we live under a leadership that knows exactly what children mean for our folk's future."

"Man, you talk like you're paid for it. Well, you are, after all, also a 'race sheik' in the General SS, and for all I care you can be right; but now, in the fifth war year, where bombs fall everywhere, one simply cannot responsibly put children into the children. Just think what our wives already have to deal with. Mine is at least now out of the big city; but if she now in her emergency quarters in the village, where everything is already much too crowded, had to take care of another little one, no, I wouldn't want to expect that from her."

Aigner Friedel thought about his girl, to whom he recently got engaged, and sighed: "Yes, I also continually run that through my head. One actually can't justify it; however, a marriage without children is also nothing. And that children must come, if our folk is supposed to live on, that is, of course, clear. But why do we have a professor among us. Fire away, hold a lecture about having children."

The professor took one last little swig of his fruit juice, and after he now "had something in his stomach", he felt strong enough and spoke into the moon-lit hospital room: "I would rather not hold a lecture; but if something comes to me about

the subject, I will gladly tell you. You are right, papa Knuth, it is damn hard for our women, and more is expected from them than all of us had thought at the start of the war. And yet – image, no more children at all would be born, what would that mean? After all, one must not think about the present. All the children not born today would be missing to us in 15 to 20 years, as apprentices, as workers, peasants, technicians, scientists and – mothers for new children. Production Minister Speer can produce everybody: machines, panzers, airplanes, u-boats etc.; but there is one thing his organizations cannot produce: people cannot be manufactured on a production line and above all such people who are intelligent and capable enough to correctly operate all these machines, airplanes etc and effectively use them. They can only be born to such people. There, the supply of capable families and clans, who are alone able to again give us capable people, are the most valuable treasure that a folk can call its own. All material things that are destroyed can sooner or later be replaced again, that is not so bad; but where the last member of a capable family departs life, without leaving behind children, a valuable blood line is for always and eternally cut off, and no ever so cleverly setup organization can awaken it to new life. A portion of the valuable treasure is lost again.

Now reflect on what we did with this valuable treasure before the rise to power. Year by year the birth rate sank more and more, and especially in those families who should have passed along their genes for special ability in their children. I do not want to bore you with numbers and statistics – you can, if you wish, look them up in our educational publications, for example "SS Man and Blood Question". Furthermore, the fact the birth rate decline started precisely in the so-called better off circles shows that it was not primarily dependent on the economic situation, when one decided for too few or too many children, rather on an inner attitude. And that had gotten so shabby in our folk, that the German family on an average only still had barely over two children, but that means that this number of children was far too low to even maintain the population,

let alone increase it. For two children – on the condition that they really grow up, marry and again have children – always replace only two parents. But about 10% of all marriages remain without any children. These pairs are hence not replaced as well as not the sworn bachelors and all the girls who for whatever reason do not get a husband. Unfortunately, these often belong to the genetically most valuable, because they don't throw themselves at just anybody. And the number of people who never reach marrying age is also not small. So you see what danger for the future of our folk lies in these low numbers of children. We were already a dying folk."

"Man, that is nonsense!" papa Knuth interrupted. "The population in Germany has not declined. On the contrary, each year is has gotten bigger."

"That is just want I wanted to say myself", the professor would not let himself be diverted, " and nonetheless, we were a dying folk. It is somewhat difficult to explain that in a few words, without numbers and charts; but two facts come together: through the improvement of medicine people today live longer than before, especially more of the very little children survive than in the past. That means the people from the last two, still strong birth generations still live in much larger number than was the case earlier. Only because of that has the ever declining birth rate not yet reduced the total population. But it would, and hence the whole age structure of our folk shifted. By that I mean: the portion of the young within the whole became ever smaller percent-wise, and the portion of older people, since they now live longer, became abnormally large. But these people were temporarily still at an age where they could have children, and so even our birth numbers were still abnormally large despite the low number of children per mother, because the portion of child-bearing age women was bigger than before.

But now image that in several years the recently still numerous people of that age class reach the age where they die off. Then a terrible dying will set in for our folk, and the generations that reach marrying age are still numerically very weak.

Then it will become clear to all, that our folk still only..."

"Lived from postponed death", Aigner Friedel interjected. "Now it is finally clear to me, what these words, that I had always thought to be just a catch-word, actually want to say."

"If you want to convince yourselves of this fact, you just have to go to our villages, where the reduced birth rate has unfortunately already become 'modern', and inquire how many children used to go to school there and how many there are today. I have often had my students research that, and the results were terrifying enough. We were indeed actually well on the way to the same conditions that you have seen in France and of which you recently told me: villages almost without children, but with very many very old people; the farmsteads where the old people had died were already abandoned, because there was nobody left to take them over; the fields that belonged to them were not cultivated and were full of weeds; the farmsteads still in business were worked primarily by foreigners who had originally come as Polish or whatever agricultural workers and had gotten hold of the land. A folk that has reached that point no longer has the strength to survive times of crisis. After France's collapse, Marshal Pétain said as well: 'We have lost the war, because we had too few weapons, too few allies and too few children.' I think we should learn from that bad example."

"Man, stop it", papa Knuth spoke up, who had already become quite uneasy. "It's high time that mess changes."

"It has already come. You know yourselves about the fortunate increase of the birth rate immediately after the rise to power due to all the measures and institutions that have been created for that purpose, but especially due to the changed inner attitude to which Germans returned under the National Socialist world-view. The latter, however, is the decisive thing. It depends on us ourselves. Everything that is done by the state, starting with marriage loans to the Honor Cross of the German Mother and the manifold care for mother and child, is only a preparation of the path. The state with its measures shows us signposts, say to speak, on which is to be read: Here leads the

path upon which one can – with substantially reduced difficulties compared to earlier – achieved the joy of bountiful children and hence to secured, eternal life – for through one's children alone does one gain real, eternal life - , but now each must follow this path from his own decision."

"And to here, courageously and confident in the future, to come to the right decision, that is what it comes down to, naturally precisely right down in the war. Every war is a double biological threat for the future of a folk through the loss of most valuable blood lines and through the fewer children born due to family separation. At the beginning everything still went well. The number of marriages even increased substantially, and as long as there were still longer rest breaks between the first campaigns, the birth rate also did not decline. But with the ever growing difficulty of the struggle, that has changed, admittedly by a long shot not as bad as during the First World War, but still: we must clearly see the great danger in order to not succumb to it, even if it is not possible to send the fathers on vacation as often as before and or to care for the mothers and children in a homeland untouched by the terrors of war. Everything that is possible, it nonetheless done. Just compare how our children are today supplied with food, vitamins etc. and how it looked in this regard during the First World War. Whole assistance efforts had to be launched back then after the war, just to somewhat lessen the tremendous need. Think about the relocation of children to rural areas, about the regulations for expectant mothers in the Work Service etc. But all of this assistance must fail, if we do not through our own decision create the prerequisites so they can be applied. One can twist it as one wants, everything depends on us taking the National Socialist world-view seriously in our own personal life conduct, that means that we affirm the eternal laws of life and act accordingly, even if our reason must tell us that there will be difficulties and inconveniences.

"And one more thing do I want to impress on you, because a lot of nonsense is said about it, naturally also on the basis of malicious enemy propaganda: We don't need children regard-

less of where they come from, rather we need families that are rich in children, whereby we naturally only apply the honorable term 'rich in children' to genetically healthy families. Our population politics will always remain family politics, even after victory, when the special problems arising from the long war period must be solved. – So, I have spoken. I believe I have talked myself tired. More another time."

It became quiet in the room and only Aigner Friedel said yet: "I will insist that we marry right after my release from the hospital."

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Issue 1, Version S

The Eternal Heart

The path back – that is what we called the path of the mothers and fathers, the parents, who had lost the son, often the only one; that path that was supposed to lead them back from despair and loneliness to life. Frau Marianne Harnitz from Stettin portrays to us the encounter with a front soldier that reports of such a return by a mother:

It was in a train. Among the travellers sat a young soldier, his hair turned grey, scarred wounds on face and lines that can only be chiseled by great shock. He was on leave for six weeks, as he said, and since one asked how such a long leave was possible, he gradually got to talking.

From Stalingrad, where he had experienced the difficult fighting almost to the bitter end, he came severely wounded by airplane to the homeland and a Viennese hospital. A reception that brought tears to the eyes of us hardened men. Incredible love, care, flowers, sympathy. My friend and comrade in the next bed. At his side, heroically silent and without complaint, a mother who watches her only child set off along the path to the vast, unknown land. Across from me comrade H., who had lost an arm and both feet.

He is alone in life. Never does one see a relative at his bed. Laboriously and with silent sympathy, his eyes rest on the mother's face. She feels it, and an invisible bond of understanding embraces their hearts.

"Who is this young man?" she suddenly asks me.

"A flawless man and comrade", I reply.

"Single?"

"Unfortunately, yes, and poor."

She is silent. I ponder what these questions at this hour have to mean. I know that she owns a large farm, that the husband is dead, and there, next to her, the son, the heir, the bearer of the family name is about to pass away. His life ebbs more and

continued on page 44

Soul of the Woman

None of the warriors, none, whom you loved;
is now close to you. You feel it inside: now
they go into battle. Hearts separate
from you and only silence remains to you.

Hoping and pleading. The battle forces them
under its iron law. Who knows of the men now
other than fighting and victory and perhaps already
dying? Only then, when the day ends.

Return home and hearts and close to you, too,
what is yours, even before sleep falls
over the foreheads, still bright from the fight
or already shadowed dark by death.

You feel something mightier then. And your heart is fearful.
More gloomy you become, quieter, the future is
mighty within you. You know what happened,
without one telling you, and full

becomes your heart, full of joy, full of grief: this
the gods send. Yours the knowing, to you
the beloved is near – and it fills itself
slowly again the empty soul.

Wilfrid Bade

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Issue 1, Version S

***Portrait of Woman* by Schick**

more. She holds his hand, which gets heavier and heavier; one feels that for her, the mother, the heart's blood drains, feels that her life wanes with that of the son, who was her life's content and her first and final fulfillment. Silently, she still holds the hand when it is already cold. All of us lie quietly and do not dare to breathe.

Then she gets up and goes to our comrade, who looks at her with wide eyes. They extend their hands. She feels what the warm pressure means: his devout sympathy.

"Now I have a request of you, dear fellow. You were the friend of my son; may I now take you to me to be my son? Everything should belong to you, everything...!" It is like a sob.

Clumsily, he tries to kiss her hand. And mutters his thanks. "That", so ends the soldier's report, "is what I have experienced, and I know for what I go out again, when my leave is over."

He had seen Germany's eternal heart: the German mother. He saw her overcome death at her greatest moment.

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Issue 1, Version S

What Should be Our Child's Name?

Already many weeks before the birth of a son or little daughter, the parents occupy themselves with the question what name they should call their child. In the past, the task of name selection was usually solved by the expectant mother holding a Christian calendar and selecting a few boy's and girl's names whose sound appealed to her. She would take care that these names were used in the area or among the relatives, and so perhaps a list like this might emerge: Fritz, Hans, Klaus, Karl-Heinz, Peter for a boy and Ursel, Gisela, Annemarie, Bärbel or Gerda for a girl. Then she discussed this with the father. He might also look at a calendar and add his list to that of the wife, and then they agreed on two or four names, each according to whether the expected children were blond or dark or resembled this or that side of the family. The remaining names were not discarded, rather just postponed.

Yes, most of the parents meant well, but nonetheless did not think enough. Above all, they did not consider the name's historical origin and its special meaning.

On the list of the mother, which we here discuss, there are indeed nothing but common names, but they have diverse origin and meaning. Fritz, as a short form of Friedrich, is an old German name and is formed from two Germanic vocal syllables: "frid" and "richi". "frid is related to "froh" [happy] and "frei" [free]. "Fro" is the old word for free man, master. "Frowe" means the free woman, the mistress. "Friedrich" is one who is rich in peace of well-founded power. When our ancestors in the pre-Christian period could form such splendid names, we can directly deduce from that the high standard of their life-feeling, their life-order. So when the parents with full consciousness intended to give a son the name Friedrich, that is really a name-giving, a reference to essence, a designation of

kind. Ernst Wasserzieher writes in his booklet "Hans und Grete": "The name Friedrich has been extremely popular since the Hohenstaufen period due to the saga-surrounded figures of Friedrich Barbarossa and Friedrich II, and more recently since Friedrich der Grosse [Frederick the Great], the 'Old Fritz'."

Usually, however, when the German name Fritz is conferred, as little thought is given to origin and meaning as for example with the name Hans and others. Very few people know that "Hans" is only a Germanized short form of the Hebraic "Johannes" [Joseph]. Johannes means "Jehova is merciful". All biblical names that start with "Je" and "Jo" like Jeremias, Joachim, Job, Jonas and Joseph contain in this syllable in shortened form both names of the Jewish god Jehova and Jahwe. What about Klaus? Klaus is the short form of Nikolaus; this name, as a Greek name, is also brought from afar. Karl-Heinz? Both Karl as well as Heinz are oldest German names. Karl designates a capable "Kerl" [fellow], a free man not of the knightly class, the free peasant on his hereditary farmstead. Heinrich comes from Hagenreich, the master of enclosed grounds.

Peter is a widespread Christian standard name; popular songs further spread it. Peter stems from Petrus, the rock, a Roman name that was added to the apostle Simon as the first pope.

At present the Hebrew name Michael pops up very frequently. Many an upright citizen believes he names his son after an incredibly powerful arch-angel, and gives him a very timely name. But like all parents who today still give their children foreign names, they do not do well; for their children grow in a period of the final return to their own kind and will later ask their parents the painful question: How could you, in 1944, eleven years after the National Socialist revolution, still give us Jewish names?

To the five girl's names on our mother's list ,this is to be said: Ursula is Latin and means "little bear". The name has become popular due to its pleasant sound. Bärbel, a pet name version of Barbara, is of Greek origin and means "the strange one" ("the barbarian"). Annemarie is in both parts Jewish.

Given the great number of beautiful, native names, we no longer have to put our poverty on display by calling the girls of our folk by these and similar names and their hundred-fold pet name versions like Micke, Mia, Maja, Ria, Mimi, Miezel, Anke, Änne, Antje, Annchen etc. The same goes for the widespread oriental names Margarete and its short forms from Marga to Grete.

Our name-selecting mother has chosen six foreign, mostly Jewish, names out of ten and only four native ones.

After this critical examination of a careless name selection, that is still common, we want to set these maxims for a native, racially-conscious name selection:

First, first and nick names are affirmation of one's own racial and folkish kind, are wish and task for coming generations. Knowledge of character values and consciousness of clan, of folk and of God are expressed in them.

Second, we have the task to give our children native names and to finally end the tradition of foreign names that still exists here and there.

Third, each first name has a distinct racial origin and meaning. We distinguish primarily between: North Germanic first names (Harald, Sigurd, Astrid, Thora), German ones (Albert, Heinrich, Gertrud, Irmgard), Roman ones (Anton-ius, Martin-us, Paul-us, Pet(e)er-us; Agnes, Klara), Greek ones (Georg, Eugen; Lydia, Monika) and Jewish ones (Jakob, Joachim, Johann, Joseph, Matthias, Michael, Thomas; Anna, Elisabeth, Eva, Edith, Gabriele, Magdalena, Martha, Maria, Susanne).

Fourth, the name should be taken from the treasure of names of the parent's homeland. In Frisia different names are common than in Bavaria. The name must correspond to the kind. Thus it is obvious to us to first inquire about the significance of the name, before we give it to our child. (A special publication, "Native First Names", has been published by the SS-Main Office. Information can also be provided by the NSDAP local branches and local teachers.)

Fifth, the first name should fit with the last name and together with it form as much as possible an organic whole. But

since many family names are poor in meaning, this cannot always be achieved. The meaning should not be subordinated to the sound.

Sixth, the custom to again give children the native names of their ancestors (grandparents and great-grandparents) is natural. The name is an obligation to the child to be a young monument to the ancestor. If father and son have the same name, confusion is possible. The son will, however, proudly bears the name of his fallen father. If names of side relatives are selected, this expresses the wish for clan ties. While family names and clan names designate and mark the closest blood kinship and close community, first names give us the opportunity to observe and mark the *becoming*, the development of the blood legacy. This is the most difficult aspect of bestowment of name. It preconditions an experienced view for hereditary signs as well as knowledge of one's own clan and has as a result, that we must also again create new names, if the bestowment of name is not to conservatively remain behind the life development.

Seventh, instead of the short forms that have become common, in the future the full name should again be selected and, aside from so-called pet names in the family circle, also be used as much a possible.

Eighth, double-names (Karl Heinz, Ernst Dieter) are only meaningful if based on the clan designation or the connection to the name of the godfather. Such connections should again and again be brought to the attention of the children later on their birthdays.

The use of several first names is, due to the great frequency of certain family names like Bauer, Müller, Schmidt etc., desirable. The integration of several names into one (Karlheinz among others) is to be rejected.

In the age of the racial re-ordering of the folk and its clans, name selection is no longer an arbitrary act. The bestowment of name must contain an affirmation of our view that the individual is a link in his clan's chain of generations and a branch on the life-tree of his folk. He name is both an admonishment in

this direction and a band of the same blood. The bestowment of name poses a measuring stick for the continuous folk-awakening, and when all Germans will again only have German names, then one can to a good extent also conclude from that that both mate selection as well as clan hygiene will again be taken seriously and respected as a holy duty.

The name should be expression of kind!

SS Leitheft. Year 10, Issue 7, 1944

"...and many times, when the front falls silent for an instant, when a slight relaxation passes through the body and the thoughts race to the loved ones, then I take out the little letter from my oldest. Then the peace of the homeland surrounds my heart, and the awkward child's writing then always reveals to me anew, why I stand, fight and stubbornly persevere in these hard years, days and nights here in the Russian expanse. As so often already, again and again, I am made happy by the heart-felt-childish news from my daughter: '...and my little doll, daddy, sends you kind regards!'"

From a Field Letter

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 7, 1944

SS Culture

Volume Five :

Germanic First Millennium

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Five: Germanic First Millennium is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about the Germanic History of (roughly) the first millennium, starting at the late Roman Empire and ending during the early part of the First German Reich (aka "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation") founded by "Karl the Great", (aka "Charlemagne") in 800 AD. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume three in 1937 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
November 2004

The World-View Struggle

Behind us, in the dread of nights,
Lies the shame, lies the disgrace,
Lies the frivolity of foreign servants.
That broke the German oak.

Our freedom was violated,
Our language became mean,
Our honor was mortgaged
German brothers, redeem them!

Theodor Körner

We must free ourselves from many passed own views and perceptions. Even if they are still often in print in textbooks of the old period, they have not thereby become more correct. They have, on the other hand, caused a lot of ill and put weapons in the hand of our world-view opponents, which they still use against us today. We can beat them, if we have the necessary *knowledge. It is not about individual, historical dates, rather the view of the great connections.*

We must especially refute two false perceptions: *first, that Germanic-German history only started when Germanic man came into contact with the mediterranean culture of the Romans. Second, that most of the Germanic tribes voluntarily converted to Christianity, and that this faith was quite suited to their nature!*

Regarding the first, earlier educational material has taught us that there was Germanic history long before they had contact with the Romans and later with Christianity. *We can trace back*

the cultural history of our ancestors more than four thousand years before Christ, hence more than six thousand years before our own time. That we know less about the actual history, is only because we lack the earlier, written accounts, and we are hence solely dependent on finds and excavations and what other folks report about Germanic man. But that alone suffices for the proof, that they were, for example, at least equal to the Romans in terms of real culture, but were superior to them especially in terms of concepts of honor and morals. We truly do not have to be ashamed of our ancestors – they were not "wild men"! They also did not adopt Christianity for the sake of allegedly higher "moral values".

We thus come to the second point. *Many Germanic tribes did indeed voluntarily convert to Christianity.* But why did they adopt the new teachings, if they did not completely correspond to their views? The correct answer was in the past prudently not given.

More or less always, the leaders and high ranking were the first to convert! For them there were many reasons, which had little to do with the faith. Only so did they, alone or with their followers, enter the Roman Reich and its service. It was simply a step of political cleverness to then adopt the state religion, especially since it was presented to Germanic man in a significantly modifed form, adapted to their nature. These reasons became more important when Germanic man no longer entered Roman service individually or in small groups, rather formed his own states on the basis of Roman law and hence come into close contact with the Christian-Roman populace. *The followers, however, were obligated to the leaders by unconditional loyalty – for them it was self-evidence, to accept baptism at the same time as the leader.* The rest of the people then followed them; the church then had the opportunity to step-to-step take back the concessions to German folk-feeling and to take up the struggle against the remnants of "pagan superstition".

In the previous issue, we learned of the Germanic treks and their first collisions with the mighty, organized state of the Roman world empire. In order to survive against this power, they

had to give themselves a firm, state organization. However, alien institutions and views were thereby brought into the Germanic tribes, which indeed enabled them to create states too, but at the cost of the folk substance. That meant that the folk that had to bear the state was weakened and soon the state, too, collapsed as a consequence. We already learn this from the example of the Roman world empire, which was composed of a mixture of folks, infiltrated by Germanic man, and soon had to capitulate as a state. We then learn it as well from the example of the Germanic states of the so-called folk-wandering period, which collapsed from the same causes. *We see it especially in the Frankish state, which could nonetheless, before its fall, perform educational work on the Germanic tribes of today's Germany, that later enabled the formation of a German state.* The struggle for the preservation of a healthy folk and at the same time a strong state, which can secure the life foundations of the folk, is something we will be able to follow through the whole subsequent course of German history.

Here we will see how the Germanic states, and especially the Frankish state, used foreign, Roman-Christian concepts in order to above all strengthen their own power, but later fell victim to precisely these forces. *More* than from the *successes*, we learn from the *mistakes* of the past!

Germanic Man = Barbarian?!

The bear hide...

Countless times has the claim of the "lack of culture" of our ancestors been refuted; prehistory and history provide more evidence for the opposite almost daily. Nonetheless, certain views appear impossible to weed out, because they are too comfortable for the opponent of our world-view inside and outside Germany. *Now we have not solemnly buried the images of "theatrical Germanic people" with mead horn and bear hide,*

just to calmly watch their resurrection in somewhat different clothing in different spheres!

In this area, prehistory especially – the "science of the spade" – has the word. But it is worthwhile to check *where* these claims about the barbarism of our ancestors actually come from and *who* has an interest in again and again bringing them up, so that they are even found in scientific textbooks. Germans themselves are, after all, also responsible themselves, who even in our own affairs prefer foreign judgments, namely that of other folks. Our opponents prefer to refer to precisely these German voices. It is really not uninteresting to penetrate into this ring and follow the trail to the source of those perceptions.

Folk Treason!

For the sources from which the news in the old culture world about the "atrocities" of the Germanic tribes and their overall barbarism stem are always the same: *hostile folks and the Roman church.* The men who reported about the Germanic people at the time of the folk wandering were usually opponents for both reasons: as Romans against the "barbarians" and as devote Catholic Christians against "Aryan heretics". The Germanic tribes, as a young folk, have *shaped* history, not written about it! The writers sat as good as always in the enemy camp: Jordanes, who reported about the Goths, Prokop, who portrays the Vandal wars, and many others. The wider populace – even many Romans – probably thought differently, more justly, about the mild Germanic rule that again brought peace and order into the land. But the Germanic "heretics" were finally annihilated and only song and saga proclaimed their working and their deeds. *The Roman church of the Middle Ages, however, which fully felt itself as the heir of the old Roman world, had turned these sagas into the opposite – insofar as it could not annihilate them.* Theoderich, the great Goth King, who lives on in Germanic saga under the name Dietrich von Bern as war

hero and just ruler in peace, was portrayed by Christian tradition as the messenger of the devil who finally rides a fiery steed to hell! The Hun king Etzel, who in the Nibelungenlied appears as brave and just, is "the scourge of God" and the "firebrand of the world" in Christian legend!

Ludwig "the Pious", Kaiser Karl's [Charlemagne] weak son, had in Christian eagerness had all the old Germanic heroic songs he could get his hands on burned as "heathen". *From then on, only the Roman-Christian view of history was valid.* And to that belonged as iron piling the "fact" of Germanic barbarism, multiplied by the experiences the Roman envoys had had with Germans not eager to convert. For example, Saint Bonifazius, "Germany's apostle", asks an Abbot friend for prayer assistance, because he "endeavors among the *wild* and *ignorant* tribes of Germania and plants the seed of the evangelism [his letter to Abbot Huetberht in England from the years 746-747]. In another letter [December 722] of Pope Gregory II to Karlmann he speaks of the "Germanic tribes caught in errors and ignorance". Just how decisive the Roman-Christian view became for the evaluation of people and their actions, and how far they could dare to step forward, is proven no more clearly than the fact that, hardly ten years after the death of Kaiser Karl, a monastery poet had the Kaiser burn in purgatory, where – as punishment for his not always Christian life style – a wild beast ate his stomach [Wahlasrid Strabo in the Visio Wettini XI of 824]. Certainly, the church then changed its judgment of this ruler, but the fact that such a judgment could already be published under his son and successor, speaks for itself!

Political Hostility toward the Germanic.

This view of history with its idea of the "barbarism" of the Germanic tribes remained as good as uncontested until the fifteenth and sixteenth century. Back then national consciousness emerged, above all in Italy, and this newly awakened national

feeling was at the same time anti-German. That means it blamed all the misfortune that had befallen Italy in the course of the last centuries on the Germans and - as hostile to the church as it was - nonetheless eagerly took up the old legend of Germanic "destroyers of culture". One then saw Germanic – or as it was called back then, "Gothic" – influence everywhere. The Germanic tribes were then blamed for the destruction of the ancient cultural works of the old Roman empire, including everything that had been destroyed in the previous centuries not only by foreign ethnic groups, but also by zealous Christians. Now the Italian history writers claimed that Florence had been sacked by the Goth, no longer the Hun king Attila [the Florentine Giovanni Villani in the fourteenth century]. Goths, Vandals and Langobards were then portrayed everywhere as the destroyers of all ancient cultural works, over which they erected their barbarian buildings. In the "renaissance", as one calls the period, "Gothic" became an insult, designating something inferior and bad. The Gothic script of this time – from which our present German script has emerged – was presented as a degenerate Latin one. Gothic architecture, which even to us today is an impressive expression of Germanic creativity with its mighty cathedrals with their pointed arches and interlaced ornaments, little towers and decorations – was viewed as a crass deformation compared to the Roman buildings with their flat roofs and round arches and smooth walls.

The Guilt of the "Educated"...

Coming from Italy, this view then found representatives in Germany as well. In German scholar circles, one was ashamed to have descended from such barbarian ancestors. At the very least, one translated his old German name into Latin or – even more refined – Greek. Thus a simple Mr. "Schwarzerd" became Mr. "Melanchton" and "Spiesshammer" became "Cuspinianus" etc. – no wonder that the "educated" considered it beneath their dignity to speak German at all.

The Hatred of the French "Enlighteners".

The legend of the barbarism of Germanic man in general, and the especially the Goths, was especially welcomed in France. During the so-called "enlightenment", which prepared for the French Revolution, all the hatred that one felt toward the Middle Ages with its spiritual enslavement by the Roman church, was directed against Germanic man. These people, who had suffered the most, were now held responsible for everything, because the office of Kaiser, the greatest worldly power during the Middle Ages, had been in German hands. Now the old falsification about the Gothic "destroyers of culture" merged with the perception of "dark Middle Ages", where the Germans had supposedly been the responsible people, into the concept: *the Germanic peoples and their successors, the Germans, were and are uncultured barbarians, hostile to any more fine and higher education!* They had once destroyed the Roman high culture and in its place erected their horrid buildings! The Germans had then for centuries held all the other folks under their rule and assumed an unbearable domination!

At the same time, the educated man in Germany spoke and read only French. German was the language of the peasant and other "inferior" people!

The seed of hatred against everything that was Germanic-Gothic then bore the first fruit in the French Revolution of 1789. French nobility traced its origin to the Germanic Franks, who had ruled over the Roman-Gallic populace. *The cleric Sieyés wrote of this: Why should not the third class, the actual French people, "send to the forests of Franconia all of these families that brag they belong to the race of the conquerors (ie the nobility)...Could one not proclaim to our poor fellow citizens that descent from the Gallic tribes and the Romans is not at least as worthy as from the Sigambrer...and other wild people (?), who came from the forests and swamps of old Germania?"*

In the revolution the French masses then drew the conclu-

sions from these teachings and chopped off the heads of a substantial portion of their nobility – namely insofar as it was blond-haired and blue-eyed, thus obviously descended from the "wild people from the swamps"!

Ghost Images in the Present Time...

From this opinion that the Germanic peoples and Germans have always been culture-destroyers, it is only one step to the conclusion that the other "suppressed" folks are called on to promote and spread culture and freedom, if necessary, by force.

We should not believe that these views are long out of date. Certainly, they are refuted – already just by showing how they originated at all. Nonetheless, they still possess a stubborn life, because they often serve their own advantage. *The world war propaganda of the enemy powers also made widespread use of these old lies when it spoke of the atrocities of the German barbarians in Belgium, which had long been in the blood of the "huns"!* (Remember how one once blamed the Goth king Totila for the deeds of the Huns!) And today one again preaches the crusade of the "democracy-loving, cultured peoples" against the "despotic barbarians"! *And for the political church it is likewise very convenient to cast all blame for the past onto the intolerant Germans, although it had itself once brought the treasures of culture to the heathen-barbarian Germanic peoples,* whereby it is prudently left out that it itself, as we have seen, downright systematically purged and destroyed all evidence of native Germanic culture as "heathen".

So the doctrine of "uncultured Germanic man" still finds enthusiastic champions in the camp of the enemies of the German folk and – out of stupidity and ignorance - even among Germans themselves! However, it appears high time that the second mitigating circumstance is discontinued!

Dr. W. Wache, SS-Ustuf.

SS Leitheft. Year 3, Issue of July 1, 1937

The Germanic Reorganization of Europe

The first millennium after Christ is dominated by *Europe's complete reorganization in the folkish and political sense.* Germanic man played the decisive role, both actively and passively.

The struggle between both of Europe's great powers, the Roman empire and the great Germanic folk, lasted about 400 years. When the battle front – which stretched from the North Sea along the Rhine and then along the fortified Roman line, the Limes, following the Danube to the Black Sea – collapsed and the Germanic tribes flooded into the Roman empire, this – the historic folk wandering – was only the result of a long development.

The large West Germanic tribes, the Ingowäonen, Istwäonen and Irminonne were, in the first and second century after Christ, initially thrown into a social and governmental crises by the Roman border on the Rhine and the construction of the Limes. The main task of their states had after all been to send land conquest armies to win new land for the second the third peasant sons. For two millennia the homeland's border had thus expanded toward the west, the south and east. *But now the legions prevented such land acquisition.* Countless thousands of peasant sons were hence robbed of their future as independent peasants. They had become "unemployed", and since the trades, although they doubtlessly prospered, could only absorb relatively few people, there was nothing else for these young Germanic men to do than military service, to become professional soldiers. The local rulers made sure they kept the best and bravest youths. But they could not initially increase the number of their warriors very much, because the economy for a

large standing army was lacking. As a result, many thousands of useful young men joined the Roman army. Since no folk of the ancient world possessed a national consciousness like today, it would be wrong to reproach these young Germanic men two thousand years later, for they acted in accordance with their concepts of honor. They could not do anything else than what they did. Admittedly, they thereby delayed the collapse of the Roman empire a few centuries.

When the social crisis of this "exodus" lifted, the governmental set in. The Germanic tribes who lived on the border of the Roman empire felt more closely tied to each other – through the common fate, border land struggle and border land experience – than to the tribes living farther in the interior. Therefore, new alliances were formed: the first seed of formation of states.

At the beginning of the third century after Christ, the Federation of Franks was formed when many of the old tribes of the Istväonen Federation living along the Rhine united. South of the new Federation of Franks emerged the Federation of Alamannen from tribes of the Irminonen Federation. In Germania's interior many tribes of the former Ingwäonen and Istwäonen Federation united, among them the Chauken and the Cherusker, forming the Federation of the Saxons. Part of the Irminonen formed the large tribe of the Thüringer.

Another consequence of this development was that the rulers and kings, now primarily due to their mighty followings that formed standing armies, had become much more powerful and influential than before. These rulers and kings were compelled, in order to maintain their followings, to practice certain politics. It went in the direction of compelling the Roman emperors to pay them annual tribute in gold. From the third century after Christ onward, the emperors again and again purchased peace from the Germanic rulers with gold.

The East Germanic and North Germanic tribes did not initially suffer from the lack of land that caused the West Goths so much worry. They could acquire as much new land in Eastern Europe as they needed or wanted. Therefore, the great tribe of the Vandals expanded the borders of their homeland through

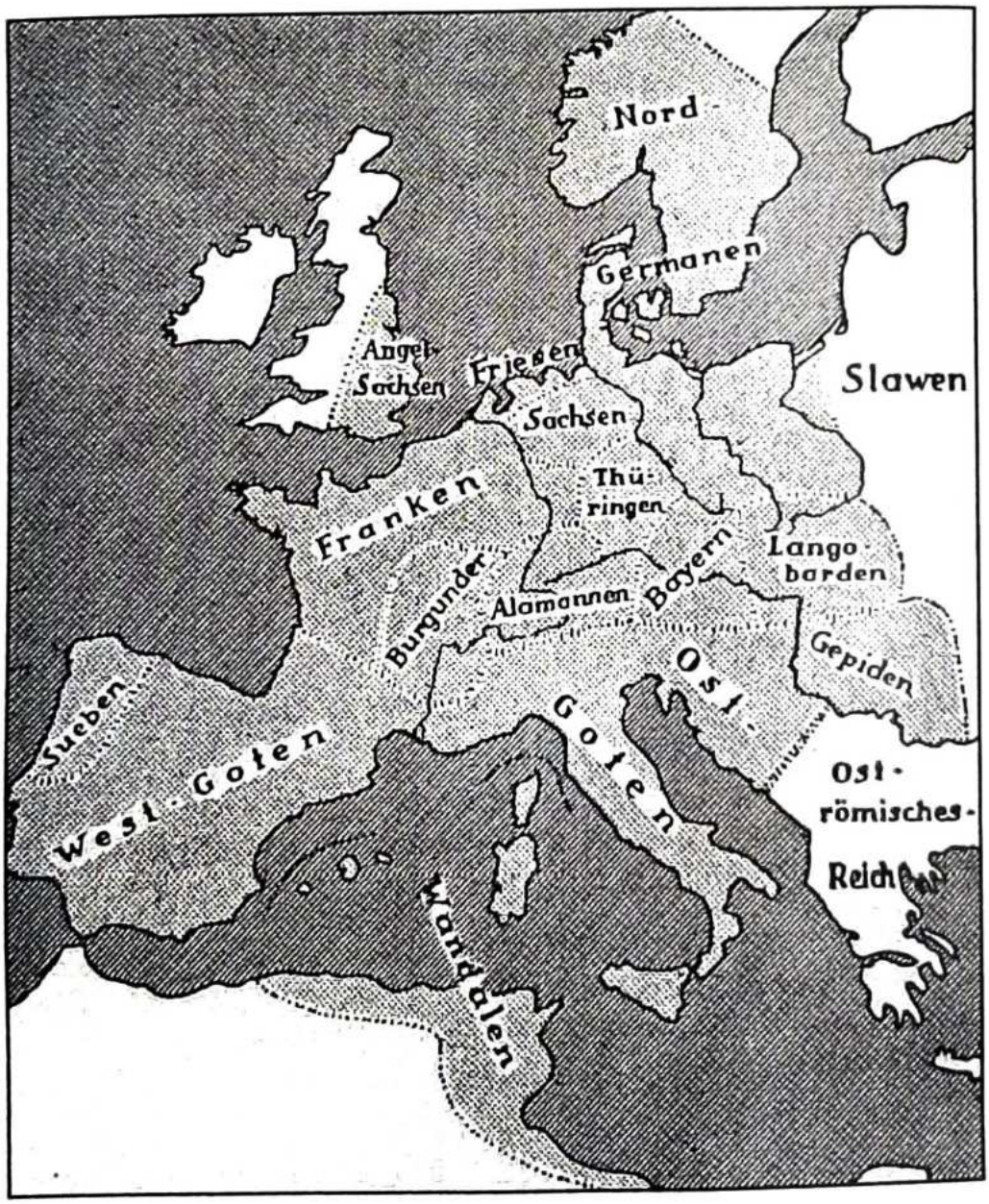
war to include a large part of present-day Hungary. The Goths, who had come over from Scandinavia to the mouth of the Weichsel, wandered at the same time (around 170 AD) to southern Russia and the Black Sea, where they founded a mighty empire. In the third century the Gepiden came and settled in present-day Transylvania. *But among these great tribes, too, the power and prestige of the rulers grew above all because these men had proven themselves in constant wars and, in order to defend the newly acquired homeland – thus for different reasons, but with the same success as by the West Germanic rulers – had to create small, standing armies.*

In the empire meanwhile, due to the constantly progressing race-mixing, the old governmental, political and military power was on the decline. The army no longer consisted of the original, Nordic Romans, rather of mercenaries from all folks and races of this huge empire. The bad blood of the orient dominated more and more. Even the emperors no longer came from the old Roman clans and families, rather they were raised onto the shield by legions in Asia, Africa and European lands. At the end of the four century after Christ, racial decay had made the Roman empire ripe to fall.

Around 370 AD, coming from the east, the Huns appeared in Europe and overran the mighty empire of the Eastern Goths, whose great king Ermanerich committed suicide. One had honored these Huns too much with the claim they had forced the Germanic tribes to flight and wandering, thereby igniting the historic folk wandering. Actually, not one Germanic tribe had fled its old homeland, withdrawing before the Huns, and sought a new one. The collapsing Roman empire had been one of the causes of this folk wandering, but not the Hun assault.

* * * * *

In two great waves occurred in 375 AD that event that has led to Europe's reorganization. Initially, some of the West Goths crossed the Danube due to a religious schism. Their leader, Frithigern, destroyed the army of emperor Valens at the



Settlement area and Germanic states around 500 AD.

Battle of Adrianopel (378). The rest of the tribe followed over time and, under king Alarich, initially crossed the Balkan peninsula and then went to Italy.

Alarich was the first to conquer the city of Rome, the capital of the world, in 410. For about 800 years no enemy could take the city. The young West Goth king realized very quickly that his tribe could not rule Italy unless Africa, Rome's bread bas-

ket, was not in Germanic hands. It is characteristic for Alarich's great political far-sightedness, that shortly before his death, he tried to create a fleet and conquer Africa. After his death, the West Goths wandered into southwestern Gaul and there founded an empire, which they later expanded into large parts of Spain.

To this first wave of the historical folk wandering also belong the Vandals, who in alliance with the East Germanic Burgunder and the neighboring Sweben crossed the Rhine in 406 at Mainz and initially marched to Spain. The Burgunders remained back at the Rhine and founded their empire there. Under the great king Geiserich, the Vandals continued to Africa, conquered Carthage, triumphed over a Roman fleet, conquered Rome in 455 and dominated the western Mediterranean. *Geiserich is one of the greatest kings in Germanic history.*

At the same time both the Alamannen as well as the Franks had infiltrated the Roman border at the Rhine. Already around the end of the third century, the Limes had fallen and the Alamannen had advanced to the Rhine. In the fourth century they settled in present-day Alsace.

The second folk wave poured over the empire of the emperors after the death of the Hun king Attila (Etzel) and the Roman military commander Aëtius, whom one calls the last Roman. Now the East Goths went to Italy. Their great king Theoderich conquered the land and finally brought it under Germanic rule. *This king, who rightful has the additional name "the great", already pursued Greater Germanic politics.* He tried – for a while, successfully – to bring together the mightiest Germanic tribes - from the Thüringer on the Elbe to the Bavarians, Alamannen and Burgunder, to the West Goths in Spain and the Vandals in Africa – into a great federation against Eastern Rome. His empire, however, only survived the king by a few decades.

Meanwhile, the Franks, under their energetic king Chlodwig, had expanded their empire across the greater part of present-day France and thereby established the foundation for a later, great state. The Alamannen had fully occupied Alsace, the

Rhine Palatinate, southern Rhine-Hesse and eastern Switzerland. The Markomann had gone to Bavaria, and smaller tribes, like the Heruler, Rugier and Gepiden, had formed their empires along the Danube. The Angles and Saxons had meanwhile conquered Britain.

The third chapter of the folk wandering began around the middle of the sixth century after Christ. Initially, the Vandal empire in Africa collapsed. It was taken over by the East Romans. Then the Burgunder and Tghüringer were defeated by the Frankish king. Finally, the East Goths under Totila and Teja fought their heroic war, which ended with the destruction of their empire. But that also brought the Alamannen and Bavaria under Frankish rule. The small empires of the Heruler, Rugier and Gepiden were also destroyed. Meanwhile, a new tribe, the Langobards, established themselves in Upper Italy.

At the end of the sixth century, aside from the great empire of the Franks, existed still only the Germanic tribes of the Saxons, Langobards, West Goths and Anglo-Saxons. The West Goths fell to the Arabs in 711, the Langobards in 781 to the Frankish king Karl and the Saxons in 804 to the same king, who had meanwhile been crowned emperor in Rome.

Of the Germanic tribes, outside of the Frankish empire, lived still only the Anglo-Saxons and the North Germanic tribes called Vikings and Normans, who from the ninth century onward made world history and, through their discovery of distant lands like Iceland, Greenland and America, became famous.

SS Leitheft. Year 3, Issue of July 1, 1937

The Frankish Empire

The New Order

Odd were all of them, these Germanic states, that had emerged from the fourth to the sixth century on the soil of the Roman world empire, from the coasts of the Black Sea to the straits of Gibraltar. Odd, not only to us today, but also to the people of that day: Germanic war kings who celebrated their court feasts in the shade of African palm trees, who received delegations wearing the official Roman-Byzantine garb in Rome and Ravenna, West Gothic war nobility whose land holdings were far in the south of Spain on the Guadalquivir shore. Sailing from Carthage, the great war harbor of the Vandals, small, swift sail boats from Geiserich's old fleet crossed the Mediterranean, manned by Moor sailors, commanded by Germanic leaders, in a constant pirate war with the Byzantines. The world had reversed its face. What had in the past been Roman, had become Germanic – or at least it seemed to have become it.

The Settlement of the Franks

In this new order, the Frankish empire was also just one of the Germanic states. Its counts and rulers were formally in Roman service – because there was practically nothing else the Roman emperor in Byzantine and his regents could do, than recognize the existing situation. They formed alliances with one of their Germanic neighbors and fought the others, however the moment demanded. Nonetheless, this Frankish empire possessed other opportunities for development than the other Germanic states, and was then the only one of these to survive the collapse of this Germanic world in the Mediterranean region. For the distance between the basin of Paris, the new center of Frankish rule, and the shores of the Lower Rhine, the

Franks' old home – as well as between Trier and Lorraine – was vastly shorter than, for example, the distance covered by the Vandals from the north coast of Jutland to Africa or by the Goths from southern Sweden to the Black Sea. *The Franks' living connection to the old ancestral seats was never severed,* not even after they advanced across the Loire and reached the Mediterranean at the mouth of the Rhone! The area around Paris still remained the center of their power, whose narrower borders were formed in the south by the Loire, in the north by the great forest from Cambray to the Maas – in a wide front leaning on the Germanic settled east. In this new land, too – today's France – the Frankish-Germanic settlement was stronger than one wanted to believe earlier. Not the present language border between Frenchmen and Germans was the border of the ethnic settlement, beyond which the Franks supposedly formed only a thin ruling crust over the subjugated Gallic-Roman populace; excavations prove that even in the Paris basin a relatively thick Germanic settlement had taken place and that the later language border had not formed until the ninth century as a retreat line, beyond which in the west a wide, dual-language zone existed. This retreat line eastward – of more than just linguistic importance – was an advantage the Franks had over all the other Germanic states. At the same time, however, it also influenced the Frankish kingdom and the Frankish state.

The Frankish State

The Romans had a state with bureaus and officials, a wide mass of civilian population and a standing army, a state that provided everything: protection and education of the population, foreign affairs and religion and the punctual collection of taxes. It only lacked one thing: a single, common folk.

Germanic people did not know those things. They had no superior officials and bureaus, no standing mercenary troops, no hereditary, unconditional rulers and no obligatory, regular

taxes. But they knew the folk, the tribe. That was the unity of the political leadership and of faith, the unity of right and economy. It sufficed as long as the tribes remained among themselves, but it had to fail as soon as a collision with a might state organization like the Roman empire came. All of them now sought to give themselves a state organization for their protection and assertion. *Without reserves and without supplies, the folk was thus worn down and disintegrated – until the state had finally been created, as was fully proven by the example of the Vandals as well as of the Goths.* The education toward statehood also cannot be completed in one or two generations – but the others were not given the time. And there was nobody there to take up their experience and their legacy. The Frankish state, too, finally collapsed, but it had done a lot of educational work on the Germanic tribes in the east and created the prerequisites for the final emergence of a *German state*. Certainly, this was at the price of the greatest sacrifices of best German blood.

The Shift of Power Eastward

We should not apply modern standards to this Frankish monarchy. For his Germanic people, the *king* was only the mightiest of the provincial leaders – only in war unconditional commander. For the Roman subjects, however, he was the master, one way or another: as a conqueror or as the emperor's representative. It was obvious that the king would try to establish an unlimited rule, a rule by officials, even where he did not have house rights to do so – namely toward his Germanic warriors. That he could not do that without opposition and struggle, is obvious. Still another factor comes in: we see that, even in the west of the empire, in today's France, a strong Germanic settlement had set in. Germanic people lived there mixed in with the original, foreign-raced, Gallic-Roman population strata. This greatly simplified the implementation of unconditional rule. It was different in the east of the empire. *There the Romans, the example of the original central rule by officialdom, were lack-*

ing. Here the Germanic people lived according to their old provincial constitution, with their old provincial leaders at the top. Here was no place for an almighty king. It follows that the struggle was less about establishing the unconditional king's power over *all* Franks in the empire's territory, since this had been achieved relatively easily among those living mixed in with the Romans, *than to impose this rule above all on those in the east.*

But they dug in behind their provincial leaders – the nobility. Thus began the struggle between nobility and king, that means: *Germanic-peasant state concept against monarchistic centralism along the Roman model. On the basis of the power relationship in the empire, it was a struggle of the east against the west, the seat of the king's power of the Merowinger.* Decades of civil wars brought victory to the nobility, or more accurately, to the mightiest and most influential house of the Karolinger.

Two far-reaching consequences were the result: the king received, in the form of the "major-domo", a superior advisor, who practically managed imperial business. However, ther system was not fundamentally changed, because given the colorful composition of the empire, that would have led to its dissolution. Second: since this nobility had its power base in the east of the state, the center of gravity of the Frankish empire also shifted from the Romanic to the Germanic area – from Paris into the lands between Maas and Mosel. The imperial Palatinate at Aachen finally became Karl's [Charlemagne's] favorite.

At first, however, this mighty, noble house of the Karolinger had not yet achieved sole rule. It only led the government for, and in the name, of the deformed royal house of the Merowinger. It yielded the sword for the impotent king in order to, at the front of the Frankish army, protect the empire. The most outstanding achievement was the defeat of the Arabs, who, following the prophet's green flag, crossed the straits of Gibraltar to Spain and from there, after the annihilation of the West Goths, broken into the Frankish empire. The great blow came in 732; the Arab army was destroyed, thereby deciding that the

development of the occident would be in the sense of Germanic and not Arabian culture. But this victory was also important for the family of the army commander himself. For the foundation of Frankish king's power still rested on the king's leadership in war. It had proven itself unable and weak. Already in 732, the victor's son officially adopted the king's title and sent the last Merowinger to a monastery, that means banishment. At the same time he received the Pope's agreement and blessing for this step.

State and Church

This fact immediately illuminates the significance of the Roman church for the Frankish empire. The Franks were – in contrast to all the other Germanic "heretics" – the "orthodox folk". King Chlodwig had been baptized in 496 and with him more than 3000 of his Germanic followers. Soon the empire's upper strata followed the example. *For the king it was doubtlessly an act of primarily political considerations, for the followers a self-evident duty of obedience – they would have followed the king in a conversion to any other faith. Out of loyalty to king and state, the Franks became Christians!* The subjugated Romans had always been Catholics. So a deep division

Germanic military leaders are judged by their courage. They command more through their example than through authority of power, when they are always there, when they excel, when they fight in the foremost line, in short, through the admiration they gain.

The Roman historian Tacitus in "Germania", 98 AD.

over religious differences could never form between them and their Germanic masters as had emerged in the empires of the Vandals and of the East Goths.

"The church is to serve the state, the state is everything, the church is nothing without it" – one could put this statement at the top of any description of the Frankish church politics of this time. The church urgently needed the king and his Franks for its own protection, both the bishops in the country as well as the Pope in Rome. Therefore, it was supposed to serve the king as a reinforcing clamp of empire. For the church was back then already more than a purely spiritual power; in its whole organization, its various ranks from deacon to bishop, it was a mirror of the Roman state and its officialdom. It also nurtured the concept of the unlimited power of monarchy and emperorship, hence the position of the Frankish king over his Roman subjects, and offered a new, lawful title for the permanent master position over his Germanic followers. Not least, it provided a cheap pretense for military crusades against "heretical" Germanic neighboring folks. It had skilly adapted itself to the political shift, dropped the weak king and not withheld its blessing from the new one. No wonder that the Karolinger continued the church politics of their predecessors. In the interest of state unity, the church was also allowed to missionize, to convert "heathens", for even centuries after Chlodwig's baptism, broad segments of the Germanic peasantry had remained far from the church, or had became "baptized Christians" who believed that sufficed to fulfill their loyalty toward their leader, but otherwise took precious little interest in church affairs.

At first, all of this was still done for the state, which then, however, left the soil whence it grew: the Germanic folk. *The education of Germanic man toward the state followed the detour of Christianity!* As if the state had been its own purpose and not rather the means for the folk to maintain its ethnic uniqueness among foreigners! The church later tried to totally exterminate the "paganism" of the Franks – and struck the roots of native, Germanic cultural life. For faith and right, culture and economics were a unity that was then split. In favour

of a strong state? At first, it seemed so.

Emperor Karl [Charlemagne] and Reich Politics

With Karl, the development reached its zenith and conclusion. To him did the Frankish Reich owe its greatest expansion. In order to secure the old body of the Reich, always new regions were established forward as Mark [border-country], as well as a chain of forts around the core of the fortress. Many of these acquisitions are the *first great step on the path of later east colonization*: the *Sorbische Mark*, which was supposed to protect the empire against the Slavs east of the Saale, the *Nordmark* (Danish Mark, which, however, was only later built up), the *Ostmark*, roughly present-day Austria, the *Mark Kärnten* in the south and beyond that the *Mark Friaul* to the Adria and the *Pannonische Mark*, roughly encompassing the core land of present-day Hungary to the Theiss. In addition came, on the Spanish border, the *Spanische Mark*.

Karl's imperial administration was less centralized than that of the Merowinger, built on provincial counts, who had less the character of officials, rather much more of vassals personally sworn to the ruler. Over them stood special agents, the "king's envoys", who had the right to intervene everywhere. *The dukes were ruthlessly eliminated, above all as tribal dukes.* Only the title remained. Above all in *Bavaria*, which was first integrated into the state, the foundations for a future *German* state were created.

Actually, Karl took many of his measures for the formation of a strong, unified Reich farther than was good for the preservation of a healthy folk and than was at all necessary. His state was supposed to basically rest on a Germanic foundation – but in order to build it and to force together the resistive tribes, he often used means that weakened the folk strength itself.

Church Politics

To them belong his more than thirty year long war against the Saxons, which was conducted with greatest bitterness and without regard to the sacrifice. Finally, the Saxons, under their heroic king Duke Widukind, had to bow to Karl's power – *sign of the subjugation was the adoption of Christianity.* The cross was supposed to become the unifying symbol of the Reich – just like the Germanic tribes had earlier come together in a peaceful community around something holy to the "pagans". Certainly, this cross was a tool of his politics more than in the past.

Karl, the worldly ruler, whose free life style certainly did not correspond to the demands of an ascetic Christian morality, called church conferences on his own authority, chaired them and decided not only the legal position of the church, rather also from time to time about purely religious issues. The king helped to determine what was dogma and to be believed in the Frankish Reich. The Pope needed the Frankish king – against the emperor in Byzantine, against the hostile attitude of the Langobards, against his own Roman subjects. The Pope needed Karl's sword, that is why he was so "generous" toward him.

The Imperial Coronation

So on Christmas Day of the year 800 AD in Rome, Karl received the imperial crown from the Pope. However, that Karl accepted the crown and the title of Roman emperor, was due to his political thinking: to establish a world empire on Christian-Germanic foundation. That was uniquely tailored to his personality – it had to break apart, because what was essentially incompatible was supposed to be forged together in it.

The Heirs of the Reich

The church has odd holy men: Karl and his son, Ludwig the

Pious, who did penance for the sake of his father's sins. (It is indeed noteworthy that Karl's being made a saint in 1165 was the work of Friedrich Barbarossa, who in imperial politics as well took the Franks as a model!). There can be no doubt, that Karl's church politics did not originally intend to reinforce the Pope's power. Christianity did not plunge him into conflicts of conscience or paralyse his energy. His son and later successors were of less robust nature. *The church as means of politics became an end in itself and the state fell apart because of it.* The land exhausted itself in civil wars, the Reich divided: in the east what was later Germany and in the west what was later France. In between was a wide stretch over which the states and later both folks, Germans and Frenchmen, have fought for centuries.

Out of state-churchdom, however, emerged a greater church-state, for whom Christ's regent in Rome alone claimed supreme rule.

Church politics from the perspective of education toward state for the sake of the state, had demanded greatest sacrifice from the Germanic folk, for a wedge had been driven by faith into the old unity of life form. It has continued to have an effect to the present.

For the first Franks, who out of loyalty toward their loyalty had accepted baptism - just like the Saxons, who had been forced into it -, this was *a step toward the church out of obedience toward the state and for state unity*, which were embodied in the king. Soon, however, precisely under the influence of this new faith, the meaning was reversed: *into obedience and support for the now almighty church even against the state and against portions of their own folk.*

The folk itself, struck in its healthy life foundation, had finally also put the unity of the state in danger.

In order to again create this unity, the struggle was waged in the following centuries.

Dr. W. Wache, SS-Ustuf.

SS Leitheft. Year 3, Issue of July 1, 1937

In the Limes Camp

It a warm summer day, a hour ago the sun still scorched the meadow basin and the great wooden towers, that at wide intervals jut above the walls and palisades of the Roman border fortifications, and the dark forests that stretch far to the east, beyond which lie the fields of the Germanic people.

Now the afternoon has gone to rest, there is a light wind, and the two young, slender men - who wear short little leather boots, fine undergarments of good linen and wool coats – sit on the big stone bench in front of the pillar-decorated house and stretch their legs:

"You know, Camillus", one says, "such an off-duty afternoon is really splendid. You wouldn't have figured that a standing camp out here would be so busy. Mornings exercise, javelin throwing, fencing, riding out and then the old man's crazy entrenching!".

The other man laughs: "You mean the delegate, Morena?" Around us he's just called 'talpa', that's a mole. He believes a soldier feels best, when he can dig, entrench and dig! And then the thing with the 'regulation field camp' – he is probably writing a book about it! Back then, when poor Varus lost the battle, he lost his brother, who was much older than he was. Now he tells us everyday that was only due to poorly constructed camps."

Both men look over the large courtyard, which lies in front of them, almost rectangular, with its white compound yard sand. The sentry at the gate walks up and down. A long drawn out song is being sung in the stables.

"Can you, Rufus, actually figure out the new people? Sounds so great: '23rd Iberian auxilliary squadron, assigned to our 21st legion.' I cannot adjust to the black-headed, stubborn people. Everybody from Spain has a hatred for us Romans."

Rufus stretches and stands up: "Listen, my dear fellow. You did not get out much from your small nest in Verona. What

have you seen? Your Greek educator, your father's wine and grain business, a few little girls – my father was a senator! My grandfather was still with Pompejus, but we later got on well with Caesar and his house. We have always practiced great politics. You still don't comprehend that – all of them hate us, but all of them also serve us! If we wanted to make politics with the few Romans we have and the Italian boys with the dreamy eyes – like you, my angel – heaven help us! Listen up: Last year I saw in Castra Vetera (Xanten) : four detachments of Balaerian bowmen and sling-men, an auxilliary squadron of heavy Celtic cavalry, at least 4000 Germanic foot soldiers and riders – naturally not from the area. In Colinia Ubiorum (Cologne) - where the fat Ubier live, those comfortable caricatures of Germanic men who have made themselves rich from sales to the Roman army so that their stomachs burst – at the time I passed through there, there were Sarmatian cavalry detachments, African foot soldiers, Celtic auxilliary squadrons, Rhaetian infantry and all kinds of Germanic men. There was where, in part, the poor 17th, 18th and 19th legions had stood, the three legions that perished in the Teutoburg Forest, and which we did not re-create, for reasons of tradition, you know. In Moguntiacum (Mainz) it looks really colorful: a squadron of Phönian light cavalry – the cavalry master, Mr. Monimus Jerombali, is a real, old, oriental swindler! When the squadron is not exercising, it practices trade; fine people, I tell you! And they brawl with the Iberian troops every evening, with the Egyptian detachment. You should take a look at those Egyptians, the most lazy bunch on God's earth, and full of treachery on top of it. They also don't like us Romans. But that doesn't help them. Then for relief, because there is unrest on the Persian border, we get a whole Ala (squadron) of armoured Armenian cavalry. That is how it is, dear fellow. How should it worry us, if a few Iberian soldiers make faces. In Italy we beat them with the wine vines, and here with the hazel wood – that is the whole difference!"

Young Camillus looks at him: "Tell me, you have known this strange Germania for a long time – what do you actually want

to become here one day?"

"Become? Originally, I ran off to Germania. You can believe it or not; I ran away from a great love."

The two men walk diagonally across the compound courtyard to the stables, and when the Iberian stable boy stands at attention, Rufus waves "Bring out our horses!"

They swing into the saddle – a rather heavy wooden saddle – and Camillus says: "I have seen that the German riders who were in front of the walls here ride without saddle."

As they already rode through the gate, Rufus replies: "They were Suebes, they wear a lock of hair tied together on one side; extremely dangerous people...thank God we're at peace with them. And beautiful people! This spring, just when you came, I entered their forests for a rather long negotiation, in the accompaniment of prefect M. Spurius Tribonius. The difficulty with the Suebes is, namely, that they allow no wine traders into their land, and if an unsuspecting Roman wine trader wanders in there, they tip over his wine-filled leathern bottles - and there is a diplomatic incident.

"What are the people actually like? They must be terribly wild."

"Wild? No, one even lives rather comfortably among them. They generally have very pretty, large wooden houses, roofed with straw or bark. That is warm in the cold winters here and cool in the summer, and the wood has something alive about it. At home, when they do not go to war, they have very pretty woolen clothing and in the winter a downright tasteful fur. I bought one like it myself, and the old man also has one. We call these furs 'Rhenani', that means Rhine fur."

"Have you ever eaten with them; certainly they tear raw meat into pieces with their hands?"

They have left the camp and ride at a short trot along a forest path, which runs behind the limes and is surrounded on right and left by forest.

"By Jupiter, what ideas you have! They eat differently than we, but not worse. As is necessary for the cold land here, much meat; for, above all, from swine, they take the ham and hang it

in smoke. That tastes wonderful; I know that we also buy it for Italy. It is very practical for marches and as provisions for ships, because the meat does not spoil. Naturally, they eat a lot. A Germanic stomach can handle more than we in the sunny south."

"And girls, you say?"

"There are peasant girls, who work on the farms, who have skin like milk and blood and a body such as Praxiteles could not make more beautiful, limbs such as Phidias gives his goddesses, and eyes...as deep as the lakes in the forest..."

"Man, you must be daydreaming – can one get them, too?"

Rufus puts his hand on the young comrade's shoulder: "If you ever fall in love with a Germanic girl, then first come to me and talk with me. That can be a matter of life and death. The father, the brothers, the whole clan, in the worst case the whole folk sets off, if you might try to turn around the little one at an opportunity with some mild force. Many a man has already lost his life that way..."

For the communal settlement of whatever matters of public or personal nature, Germanic men always appear under arms. But according to their custom, no one can bear weapons, until the community has declared him fit for military service. Then, in a public ceremony, either one of the rulers or the father or a relative adorns the youth with shield and spear. That is the first honor-adornment of the young man. Until now, he was consisted a member of the family, now he belongs to the state.

The Roman historian Tacitus in "Germania", 98 AD.

The other man looks up contemplatively.

"Is that really so dangerous?"

"It is dangerous to life. The German people over there marry young and see something holy in marriage.. Just think, they still light the hearth fire together, and nobody laughs about adultery; if somebody seduces strange women, nobody finds that funny. In those maters it is very difficult to deal with them. They still think like earlier Censor Cato or the Romans of the old time, who still ploughed their own fields and ate their own turnips and beans."

"Then your Germanic people still stand in the golden era of which Vergil reports?"

Rufus is very serious: "They stand in a very healthy era. They are generally much healthier than we."

They turn out of the little forest, where cultivated fields spread out before them. A woman with red hair, large and stout, stands there in the field and waves, with a wide bronze decoration around her neck: "Is that a Germanic woman, Rufus?" Rufus smiles: "Oh no, these here are Britons, Celts, poor devils, whom we took from their land twenty years ago and settled here. Here they have their little villages and businesses, and if the Germanic flood comes one day, there will be nothing else for them to do than to fight on our side. They are upright people, but a broken little folk."

"How do you mean that, Rufus?"

"They have no country of their own, they have half-forgotten their gods, they lose their language more and more and speak poor Latin, their best youths are picked out and sent to our garrison troops in Asia Minor or Africa. When they get drunk at night, they often sing the old, rough songs about Vercingetorix, who defended Gaul's freedom against us. Otherwise not much is up with them."

"Listen, there is peace, why don't we ride into Germanic country? They probably won't do anything to us other there."

"Certainly, they won't hurt us, but I am still against riding out. I'll gladly take you along, when we have negotiations; the Germanic people are so distrustful, that they won't let us get

very far. It's better if we ride up the height over there, and I'll show you the land from there."

Both men turned their horses. Rufus takes the lead, and twisting paths take them to the top of a sugar-loaf mountain, whose peak is free of trees.

The sun starts to sink golden in the west, and the wide land again lies before them.

They dismount, and Rufus and his comrade climb up a tall, old boulder: "See, other there on the height is a Germanic fort. Father back is a second, which you can't see from here. That is their settlement across from our camp. In the whole area, they're positioned like that; a Roman camp almost always corresponds to such a Germanic fort. If we attack, they pull back into these forts and – from a purely tactical view – defend themselves no differently than us. But I do not want to torment you with tactics. The old man talks enough about camp tactics! There in the valleys lie their villages. The farther one goes into Germania, the richer they get. Here on the border a lot has already been often destroyed. Here one can readily see, what they adopt from us..."

"So, they are capable of being educated?"

"As you like – they are very self-confident people. Many things that we consider the best in the world, they despise. They want nothing to do with our jurisprudence; they have their own customs, which they take very seriously. They seldom build with stone; in this area a few have, but it didn't spread. The richer people among them like to buy Roman jewelry, but only what they like. Once a trader wanted to sell small, colorful divine images and other statues here – including ones that are pretty, but indecent. He didn't move anything. Instead, they buy all kinds of glasswares, jewelry, good silverware and many kinds of practical equipment. But generally, our traders sell less to them than one would think, and we also buy from them, grain, cattle, hides and then above all amber. When the trade columns come, one can get a lot of amber here."

Camillus points to a high mountain, on which a fire pillar juts up: "What is that? What are the people doing there?"

"That is an assembly place, where they hold court and celebrate their festivals, as the year gives them. From there they also send smoke signals, when the people are supposed to be called together for whatever purpose. Many of us even understand the meaning of these smoke signs…

"And look other there, very far, in the golden haze, lies the Rhine. You can't see it anymore from here, but where the grape hills descend to the river, where the beautiful, deep forests stand on the Mosel, that is where I would like to settle one day. I could have gotten two commands, once in Africa and once in Rome."

"And you did not go to Rome?"

"No, I remained here. I have my reasons for that. The land holds me here, perhaps also the people, and I do not feel comfortable amid the chatter of Syrian traders, Jewish moneylenders, Greek 'desert philosophers', and the whole pack that calls themselves Roman, but no longer has any of the Roman blood and Roman nature, and nonetheless claims to descend from the families of the old, free senators, and who crawl on their stomachs in front of the emperor while praising him. I have had enough of Rome – but I am a Roman, my fine fellow! Rome's greatness will be fought for up here at the border. The people over there with the defiant eyes and light hair believe that they will take over our legacy. They will attack. Again and again, and that is way we must stand here on the border."

Evening falls as the horses snort in the light breeze that has come up.

"And now let us ride home, Camillus, think of this hour, we stand here on watch! We can have it good. Power and command, as long as we are young, and when we are old, a pretty house with warm air heating, a bath, light pillars, and deep in the green of the Mosel valley or up at Augusta Trevirorum (Trier), where the land is most beautiful around here. However, if the fates have decreed it and no god intervenes, then we will remain somewhere between forest and field with a hole in the head from one of the long Germanic swords. That is also possible…, for a rough land defies everything. But you prefer to go

to Rome, right?"

"If I want to be honest, Rufus, yes. Rome, the games, the prospects for advancement, the many beautiful women – life is easier than up here, and I figure, we Romans have fought for many long centuries and now we can enjoy life."

The other man shakes his head: "As long as we stand watch up here, you can do that, too."

"You mean that we not at all worthy of that?"

The other hangs on his thoughts: "Nobody should say that the last genuine Romans went down without honor. You can enjoy yourselves anyway – we stand here and hold the Limes, as long as possible. And in the worst case, we fall. Even poor Varius preferred to fall on his own sword over surrendering. That is the last conclusion of our philosophy: "The exit is always open"; the stoic sacrament, if one does not have a folk behind oneself, rather just an army and a state, that one at any rate has the courage to die decently."

They ride side by side for a long time as the golden-fluffy evening clouds in the sky retreat westward and the night clouds rise.

Then young Camillus asks: "Do the Germanic people over there understand that somebody thinks like you do?"

"And how they understand it! That is the kind that they have among themselves, only that over there almost everything thinks that way, and by us - well, let's not talk about it... And consider, Camiluss: Rome still stands here in the field camp. Here it still holds: Rule, Roman, by command the folks, spare the subjugated, smash in war the arrogant."

"Yes, if we also have women who thought so and had children. But so?"

Rufus takes a deep sigh: "We are soldiers. We must hold the line ordered, must defend the Limes. We would stand here to eternity, if we had women like they have other there and a throng of children like they have making noise on their wooden benches. But so? Do you know, what Juvenal says:

Earlier, poverty chastely kept the Latin women,

And the low roof denied entry to vices:
Work, short sleep and hands in Tuscan wool,
Worked hard and rough, and Hannibal, close to the capital,
And the men holding watch in the Collinian tower!
Now the suffering of long peace strikes us hard: Luxury
Broke in more horrible than war and avenged the conquered earth.
No infamy lacked, no immoral frivolity from then on,
That Rome's poverty disappeared –
First the repulsive gold brought us the morals of the foreigner..."

Dr. J. v. Leers, SS-Ostuf.

SS Leitheft. Year 3, Issue of July 1, 1937

Modern Jew Laws – Already by Germanic Man!

Jew Tax 1300 Years Ago

Indeed, it is today known that the Jewish question existed even before the emergence of National Socialism in Germany, rather that even in the Middle Ages German peasants and citizens constantly had to defend themselves against folk-destructive Jewry. But very few people know that even 1300 years ago a Germanic tribe waged a war of life and death against International Jewry!

Unfortunately, we only have sparse information that reports about this first collision between Germanic people and Jews. But they suffice to form a clear picture of the events that came to pass in the Spanish empire of the West Goths. We are amazed to see that the West Gothic decrees and laws against the Jews are strikingly similar to the Jew Laws of the Third Reich, especially with the most recently passed regulations, so for example about fortune tax etc..

How did the West Goths come to these Jew Laws? During the imperial Roman age, Spain had been a Jewish stronghold. The Jewish polyp had stuck his arms and suction cups in all economic centers, traffic roads and public offices. This domination had been broken by the establishment of the West Goth empire in Spain. The West Goths themselves initially simply viewed the Jews as members of one folk among many other folks who then lived on the Iberian peninsula. Accordingly, the Jews were treated very mildly at the start of Goth rule. But the West Goths soon had to see that this was a totally different breed of human, which stood apart from the rest of the population not just through its faith, rather above all through its crimi-

nal inclination. The West Goth king Rekkared I was the first to, in 590 AD, pass a law wherein he prohibited Jews from holding slaves, holding public office or marrying non-Jews. His successor Sisibut proceeded even more sharply against the Jews. Naturally, this did not happen – as if often claimed by Jews and even Christians – out of reasons of Christian faith! Rather this far-sighted Germanic leader – who was portrayed by his contemporaries as exceptionally well-educated, kindly and especially mild in the treatment of war prisoners – was deeply convinced of the harmfulness and dangerousness of the Jews. Sisbut passed two Jew Laws, whose more important regulations are related here:

First, Jews were no longer allowed to have hirelings as servants, male or female. Insofar as that was still the case, they had to be dismissed by the Jews within a certain period.

Second, Jews may employ only Jews.

Third, marriages between Jews and Christians are to be immediately separated.

Fourth, Christians who convert to Judaism receive high punishments.

Fifth, the Jews are prohibited from any political or governmental activity.

Sixth, if Jews want to travel across the land, they must acquire a pass, which they must have signed by the priest in every city they visit, and then turn in again in their home town.

Seventh, each Christian is prohibited from buying medicine from Jews or from being treated by a Jewish doctor.

At the end of these laws, the Goth king Sisibut speaks: Successors to the West Goth throne who abolish these laws will be cursed to hell along with the guilty Jews.

Sisibut only ruled for eight years. In the year 620 he suddenly died from poison, that was given to him by an unknown hand!

His son, Rekkard II, sharpened his father's Jew Laws. He ruled only fourteen months, for he was found *poisoned as well* on April 16, 621! We who have experienced the murder of

Wilhelm Gustloff, Ernst vom Raths, Codreanu and other fighters against Jewry, we can today suspect who were the wirepullers behind the assassination of both anti-Semitic Goth kings. – Swintila, however, who now ascended the Goth throne after Rekkared II, abolished the Jew Laws!

Indeed, later Goth kings again introduced sharp measures against the Jews – above all, also against the baptisted ones! -, but these measures do not seem to have been applied with the necessary rigor by the lower clergy responsible for their enforcement. For the degenerate influence of Jewry became stronger, not weaker, in the following period. Especially during the inner turmoil that shook the West Goth empire and reduced the king's power at the cost of Catholic clergy, the Jews managed to continue their underground sabotage. But the resistance against the Jews grew among the best of the West Goths: the Goth king Egika (687-702) demanded the 16th Council of Toledo in 693, where he appeared personally, *to eradicate Jewry from the roots.* He further demanded a new law, that *no Jew, in order to conduct his business, could step into the harbor square and do business with Christians.* At another council (Toledo 17 in the year 694) he uncovered the planned *high treason of Jews against the West Goth empire: The Jews in the West Goth empire had established contact with the North African Jews. In the year 694 AD the revolt, instigated by Jews, was supposed to erupt. The North African Jews wanted to land in Spain, and that would be the signal for the attack against the thin crust of Germanic West Goths!* After exposure of this Jewish attack against the existence of the West Goth empire, King Egika got the council decree passed, that *the Jews with their whole fortune, their women and offspring should fall to the treasury, be driven from their residences and lands and be given individually by the king to Christians as servants.*

We see here again with shocking clarity how the paths and goals of the Jews have always remained the same, but on the other hand also how clearly already back then that Germanic king saw through the Jews and, based on the realization, had demanded measures, many of which are familiar to us today.

It was the tragedy of the West Goth empire, that the Jewish subversion in the shaken state had already gone too far, and that the king lacked the power to really carry out the Jew Laws. So the fate of this state was sealed. The Jews started their revenge work against that Germanic empire that had dared to raise its hand against the "chosen people". Their first treasonous attack had been discovered by Egika himself. The second plan for the destruction of the German empire of the West Goths succeeded: *The Jews summoned the Arabs from Africa to Spain.* They coaxed them with the promise to covert to Islam. When the Arabs did not want to believe that, they referred to old prophecies where it could be read that the conversion of Jews to Islam was supposed to occur at precisely at this time. *The Arabs landed in Spain, and the Jews opened the gates of the fortified cities. The capital, Toledo, also fell through the treason of the Jews into Arab hands.* Everywhere, the Jews welcomed the enemy as liberators, who showed their gratitude by turning over to the Jews the cities of Cordova, Sevilla, Toledo and Gharnatta "to watch over". Assisted by Spanish Jews, the Moslem military commander Tarik landed in Andalusien and with his army defeated the anti-Semitic king of the West Goths, Roderich, in the seven day battle of Jerez de Frontera in the year 711 AD. The West Goth empire thus collapsed. The last remnants of the West Goths retreated into the Asturian mountains.

The Jewish jubilation over these "heroic deeds" of their fathers is shown by an excerpt from a publication by the Jew Dr. Rosenstock of 1879: "Under Erwig and Egika the persecutions increased in horribleness, but no less so the resistance of the Jews and pretended converts (baptised Jews), which finally led to the overthrow of the West Goth rule, in that the Jews greeted the invading Arabs under Tarik as their saviours, made common cause with them, and supported them in their conquest of the whole country. While they fought alongside one for the preservation of the rule, so did they fight among the Goths for the overthrow of the same." The decline of the West Goths made Spain a paradise for the Jews, who soon held highest of-

fice at the court and in the state offices of the Arabian Caliphs.

SS-Uscha. Buettner

SS Leitheft, Year 4, Issue 8, January 1939

***The Jews are the scum of mankind. Everything is despicable to them, that is sacred to us, while they are allowed everything that appears wicked to us. They are the* lowest of all folks.**

Tacitus

The Song of the Hun Battle

Heidrek, the dead king of the Goths, has left behind two sons, the full-blooded Augantyr and the bastard Hlöd, the offspring of a Hun princess, who has grown up by his mother's father, Attila the Hun. When Hlöd demands his inheritance from his brother, the Goth denies it to him. Thus begins the struggle of the Germanic-Hun bastard Hlöd with the massive army of the steppe against his pure-blooded brother Angantyr. The historic collision of the Huns with Germandom finds its expression in the song. The tragic struggle of both brothers ends with the death of Hlöd.

Hlöd had grown up
In Hun land,
With shield and sword
And glistening metal.
With ring-adorned helmet
And hard blades,
With well trained steed
In the sacred forest.

Hlöd rides westward,
Heiderick's offspring;
He came to the court
Of the ruler of the Goths
To Arnheim,
His inheritance to demand:
There drank Angantyr
Heidrek's funeral feast.

Before the high hall

He saw a man:
A late guest
He spoke thus:
"Who comes ridden
With huge band?
Who seek you, guest,
At the Goth court?"

Hlöd: "Hlöd come here,
Heidrik's offspring,
From the land of the Huns,
Indeed a long way.
Go, the high
Hall do enter;
Call Angantyr,
That he gives answer!"

Noise rises in the hall,
The men stand up
With their king,
The battle-eager.
Each wanted to hear,
What Hlöd would say
And what Angantyr
Would give as answer.

Angantyr: "Hail, brother Hlöd!
Enter the hall!
From love of the father
Drink mead with us,
To his honor
And to our glory!
Decorated is the funeral feast
With all splendour."
Hlöd: "Half I want
Of Heidrik's inheritance,
Of awl and arrow

And each penny,
Of cow and calf
And grinding mill.
Of servant girl and servant lad
And their children.

The mighty forest,
That they call Myrkwid
The sacred grave tomb,
That lies on the military road,
The glistening stone
On the shore of the Danp,
Half the castles,
That Heidrek possessed,
Land and people
And light rings."

Angantyr: "Burst, brother, should
The shining white shield,
Cold blades
Should cross,
Before Terwingen land
I have divided
And you, Hun,
Given half.

Give to you I want
Golden rings.
Money and goods,
All you desire:
Twelve-hundred heroes,
Twelve-hundred steeds,
Twelve-hundred pages
Who carry the war shield.

That should satisfy
The son of the maid,

A child of the maid,
Even if raised as king!
Since the half-genuine
Sat on the hill.
As the noble man
Took the inheritance."

Hlödin was angered by this talk and immediately rode off with his men. He told his mother's father, Humli, that he was denied half the inheritance and called a maid's son. Humli became very angry. Then he spoke:

"Let us wait the winter
And live in happiness,
Talk and drink
Splendid mead,
The Huns teach
How to yield weapons,
That into the field we should
Proudly carry.

An army I want,
To arm for you, Hlöd
And eager warriors
Send on a war campaign;

To the twelve-year old warrior
And two-year old horse
So should the Hun
Army assemble."

Then they armed an army so large that the Hun land became empty of militarily-able men, and rode toward the Goths. Terror did they spread in Goth land, when the Huns arrived. Angantyr spoke to his men:

"We were many,

When we drank mead;
Small is now my following,
Where many are needed.

None do I see
Here from the hall,
Although I ask
And offer rings,
Who want to ride
With armour and shield,
The Hun king's
Army to meet."

Gizur: "Not a penny
Do I want to receive,
Nor shillings
Of shining gold:
But I want to ride
With armour and shield,
To the Hun folk
To bring the war mace."

Good weapons
Did Gizur put on,
Quick like a youth
As he jumped onto the steed.
So spoke Gizur
To the Goth king:
"Whither should I the Huns
Invite for the battle?"

Angantyr: "Invite them to the Dylgja
On the dune heath,
That battlefield
At the Jassar mountains,
Where often the Goths
Have battled

And proudly won
Radiant victory!"

Gizur rode off,
The old hero,
Through heath and grove,
To meet the Huns.
Onward he rode
To shouting distance,
To the Hun army
He shouted clearly:

"I invite you to Dylgja
On the dune heath
At the Jassar mountains,
Where often the Goths
Have battled
And proudly won
Radiant victory."

Hlöd: "Seize Gizur,
The Grytingen warrior,
Angantyrs man,
Who came from Arnheim!"

Humli: "It is not fitting for the many
To encircle the one,
Sacred is the herald,
Who travels alone!"

Gizor spurred his steed and rode back to the king and reported, that the message had been delivered to the Huns. Angantyr asked about the strength of the Hun army. Gizur then spoke:

"Sheer uncountable
Is the band of Huns:
Fields and floors

Are filled by their column;
The ground resounds
From the hooves of the steeds

The earth trembles
From the number of wagons.
The folks, there are
Six with the enemy,
In each folk
Five thousand,
However, in the thousand
Thirteen hundred,
In each hundred
Four times the heroes."

Angantyr took his whole force to the dune heath and collided here with the twice as strong Hun army. They battled for eight days from early til late, and nobody could count the dead. Day and night, new men flowed to Angantyr from all directions, so that at the end he had no fewer than at the start.

On the last day the battle was the most fierce: the Huns knew it was about victory or death, but the Goths fought for freedom and fatherland. That evening the Hun army started to waver, then Angantyr shot ahead from his collected band of warriors into the enemy lines and cut down with his sword whatever came in his path, men and horses; Hlöd faced him, and brother fought brother, until the bastard fell. King Humli also died. Now the Huns fled.

Fierce went
The Goths westward,
The hearty helmet-wearers
Through the Hun's lines.
The rivers stood
And poured over the banks;
Into the valleys heaped

The dead men.

From the Edda

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 7, 1944

SS Culture

Volume Six :

Early Germanic Man

Bronze Age Germanic Man and Woman, 1500 BC

Translated from Original SS Publications

SS Culture – Volume Six :

Early Germanic Man

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Six: Early Germanic Man is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about early Germanic man, starting around 3000 BC, and his pre-Christian thought and values. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume five in 1939 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

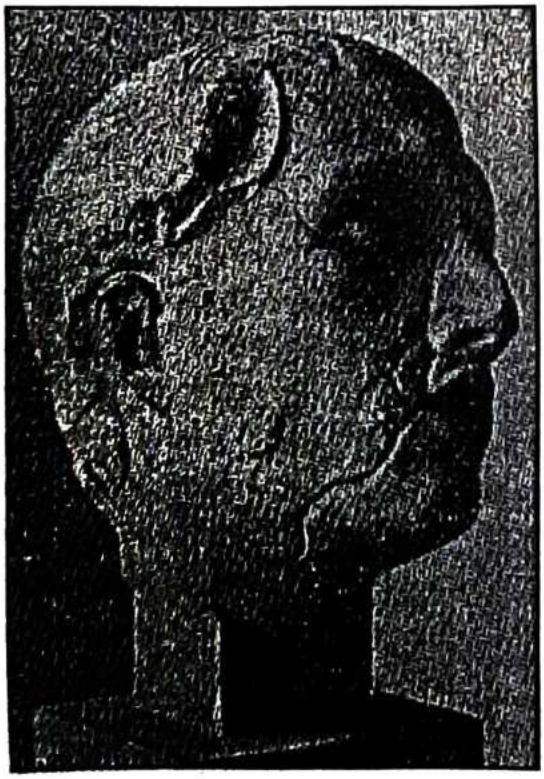
The Publisher
November 2004

Germanic-German Leadership

The fate of the folk depends on the greatness and goodness of its leadership. In it are expressed the revolutionary forces of courage, of will and of yearning. Timeless and eternal is the validity of the laws to which it is bound, which determine its action. Only men of daring and dangers, restless go-getters, who are never satisfied with the fulfillment of short-term goals, are destined for leadership; they must never lose that creative restlessness, after each victory they must tighten the helmet and take off for new battles and more difficult, beckoning goals. Where such forces were at work in history, the history of our nation was shaped. Where they were lacking, and with them the courageous purpose into the future, then periods of weakness and lack of history broke upon our folk. But after each plunge and yet before the folkish strength collapsed into bleak renunciation, they were again elevated by new leadership to a new goal and led along the difficult path to a new rise. The history of our folk is the history of its leaders; whoever wants to understand history and learn from it, must penetrate to the springs from which it flows.

The concentration and alignment of all folkish energies and their united utilization in the service of a higher community on the foundation of leadership and following were not just reborn

from the National Socialist world-view after the inner-political impotence and division of the postwar period, rather simply reawakened by it. For the leader idea lies deep in the essence of Germanic-German man; ***it is at the same a law that lies in the blood, a life-expression bound by kind*** and race, that is permeated by the will toward order in the community, and corresponds to the deep inner need to put life in the service of a cause or a work. It alone gives the individual the justification of existence within the framework of the whole and enables as community-forming element the concentration of the folkish values toward interior and exterior accomplishments. Without the organic unity of leader and following, no national or social great deeds of historic substance are to be expected from Germanic men. At all times of our folkish rise, such great deeds stood at the peak, up to which we can look full of admiration and pride. Their accomplishment, however, always rests on the voluntary and trusting affirmation of the personality of the leadership of the community.



Germanic leader likeness. Marble sculpture from around 200 BC. Photo Schaper.

Leader Selection.

Every genuine leadership in the Germanic-German sense comes from below, from the folk, and grows upward through the strength of personality, through talent and ability. This natural selection process reaches far back into the Germanic early period of our folk and corresponds to the political thought of the Germanic peasant, which expanded from the individual and his business to the community in ever wider circles to the folks and folk-federations.

The understanding for an organic coordination of all forces in such order blocks of the community, which emerged from the needs of every day life, was awakened by the uniqueness of agricultural activity, in which all members are at work in common service. And just as the peasant administers the business as a part of the whole, stood at the top of the larger communities and folk-federations a leader, by whom all the units were united on the basis of voluntary subordination. Decisive for the community order, however, was not the will of the leader, rather the self-administration of the free members. Bearer of all right was the folk; they leader had no legal power of his own. He was simply an agent of the folk and obligated to the self-administrative body to take full responsibility.

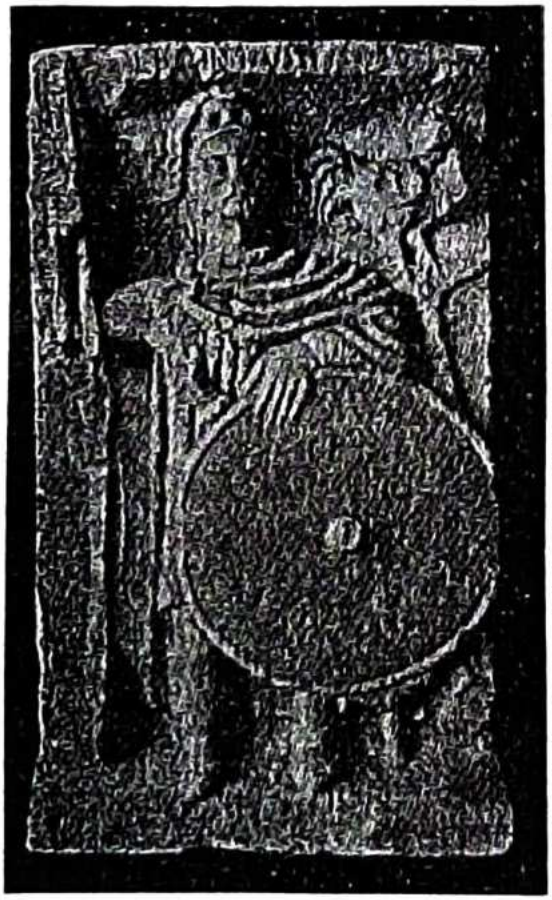
The election or confirmation of the Germanic leader was determined by the aspects of his origin and his personal worth. In the quality of blood, of the clan from which the man came, Germanic man saw a guarantee for his suitability to lead the community. Supplemental to this blood-based selection came the personality evaluation: what the blood-based descent promised in terms of the individual's virtues, character and accomplishment, was tested and measured in their action-readiness and performance by the clan and community. Those are the two principles that together provided the measuring stick according to which Germanic men determined and affirmed their leaders. Not incorrectly, one has labelled Germanic life a "comparison of men", in which ability and accomplishment are mutually weighed in order to be able to recognize the first men of the community. Only the best, noblest, bravest and most honorable could be elevated as first among equals to leader.

Leader and Following.

The Germanic leader did not rule over subjects. His relationship corresponded to an alliance and support pact between freemen with equal rights; it was carried by voluntarism, self-confidence and freedom-pride, by the feeling of personal worth and the mutual ability for respect and responsibility. All rights

and duties between leader and following were reciprocal and extended beyond the purely practical, legal, economic and political sides of life into the higher one of morality. As the leader made the right of his following his own, viewed its distress as his own, so did it view his honor as its own, his glory as its own and perceived its injury or disgrace as that of the whole following. "Going into battle", writes the Roman historian Tacitus in his Germania, "it is disgraceful for the leader to be excelled in courage, and disgraceful for the following not to match the leader's courage; to return from battle without the leader, is a dishonor for life, an irremovable disgrace; to defend him, to protect him, even to assign one's own deeds to his glory, is the most sacred obligation; the leaders fight for victory, the following fights for the leader."

In the womb of the clan was the spring of life; it was nourished by the hereditary seat, which was inseparably bound to the family. The field crops, the Odal, formed for each full-blooded Germanic person, for the leader as well as for the follower, the life-foundation. Since the folkish community consisted only of peasants, the peasant leaders were at the same time folk leaders. Their peasant nature was just as little lost by the collision with the Roman world and inconstant life of the folk wandering as it could have been uprooted by warrior glory and battle-lust. Unshakeable, they held firm to their life task, to maintain the freedom of the homeland and home soil, and to protect the agricultural work. When Bojo-



Germanic standard-bearer. Gravestone from the fourth century. Photo Schaper.

kal, the leader of the Ampsivarier, while seeking land met with the Roman rulers, he utters the following words while looking up at the sun with raised arms: "As heaven is to the gods, so be the earth given to men, and all land that has no master, can be taken into possession by anyone." The Roman delegate misunderstood the legitimate demand of the Amsivarier; he only wanted to give land to their leader in order to win him as an ally. Bojokal, however, rejected such a demand as "reward for treason" with the words: "We can lack land to live, but not to die." From this attitude speaks the loyalty of the Germanic leader, who feels bound for better or worse to his following and rather chooses death than to accept advantages that his folk must do without.

Freedom-Consciousness

Unforgettable are the names of the great Germanic folk leaders and their great political deeds. How strongly the folk-consciousness already lived in them, is shown by the words of Hermann the Cherusker: "If they (Germanic men) prefer the homeland, the ancestors and the old customs over being despots and new Roman colonies, then they follow him as leader to glory and freedom." When he later met his brother Flavius (the blonde), who stood in Roman service, he mocked "the low reward for his servitude" and spoke "of the sacred rights of the fatherland, of freedom, which they inherited from the ancestors". Towering is the statesman-like dignity and bearing, with which Ariovist, the Germanic leader, met the Roman military commander Caesar: "If I do not tell the Roman folk how it should use its right, then I do not have to allow myself to be hindered in putting to use my right by the Roman folk... If Caesar tells me, he will not idly watch hostilities toward the Häduer, he should know: nobody has yet fought me without being brought down. If Caesar so desires, he can fight: then he will see what kind of heroes the undefeated Germanic men are." These words also express the same folk-conscious pride as the Führer's speech in Wilhelmshaven about the presumptu-

ous intervention politics of the English in matters of German life and space formation.

Although the Germanic state idea lacked the firm outward enclosure, the concept of state borders, and it hence lacked the unified thrust force outward, it was characterized internal-politically by a perfected justice and practical structure. The expansion of the community-order across several tribes and folks was still more dependent on the state-formative ability of individual leaders than on their feeling of relatedness. The Roman historian Velleus Paterculus thus reports of Marbod, the leader of the Markomanne, that he "did not gain rule by a coup de main or lucky coincidence...rather he decided – after he had firmly established his empire and assumed the power of king, and then led his folk far from the sphere of Roman power - to penetrate where he, withdrawing from more powerful weapons, could most powerfully employ his own. He took possession of the....domain, surrounded by the Herkynian forest and subjugated his neighbors through war or made them dependent through treaties. He brought the mass of those who defended his empire – who through constant exercise had almost achieved the firm organization of Roman discipline – in a short time to an exceptional height, worrisome even for our (Roman) empire."

When, however, Marbod elevated himself beyond folk leader and peasant leader to self-willed ruler, negotiated with the Romans and spoke for "an expansion of their despotic rule", his proud Markomannen empire fell apart in the war against the Cherusker "fighting for their old glory and the newly won freedom". Tacitus reports about this (Annals II): "The strength of both folks, the ability of their leaders, were equal, but Marbod's title of king made him hated among his own countrymen, while Armin (Hermann) stood in favour as champion of freedom". The folkish resistance was not directed at kingship itself, which is after all a Germanic manifestation, rather only against the overreaching kingly power, and hence most of Marbod's troops went over to his opponent Hermann, in order to under his leadership fight for their old right and freedom. Throughout

the whole Germanic period up into the Middle Ages weaves like a red thread the revolt of folkish bound leadership against rulers perceived to be degenerated, who are no longer folk leaders, the first among equals, rather rulers over subjects who want to thwart the old order and freedom. Julius Civilis, the leader of the Bataver, coined this Germanic freedom-consciousness in the proud words: "May Syrians, Asia Minor and the orient accustomed to kings persevere in their servitude: in Gaul still live many who were born before the land was subjected to tribute... A sense of freedom is given to dumb animals by nature, but manly virtue, on the other hand, is an original possession of man. And the gods are favorable to the one who has the greatest courage." (Josephus, Bell. Jud. IV).

Example and Bearing.

The external enclosure of the Germanic community-order only manifested itself in the course of extraordinary events; it achieved its greatest extent during foreign-political events, during the acquisition of land and military campaigns. Here the leader tasks extended far beyond the routine and demanded in addition to bravery and courage special political talent, cleverness and prudence. The best-suited among a large number of smaller community leaders was lifted on a shield at a land assembly. "They selected their military leader based on courage", reports Tacitus, "for among Germanic men one inspires the more confidence, the more daring he is; in times of unrest he is hence considered the stronger...the military leaders lead more by example than by power, when, ready for the deed, visible to all, they charge far ahead of the battle-line: through the admiration that they awaken."

In war as in peace, the Germanic leader was seen as an example of ability and accomplishment. Even though the authority of his office was greater in times of war and turmoil, the following more tightly organized by him and their total readiness to the death demanded, the leader's power was still not unlimited; from the greater right just grew greater duties. The follower owed his leader less obedience than loyalty, that was the binding element between them, the foundation of the mutual duty relationship. If the leader became disloyal, he forfeited the claim to the obedience of his following, for Germanic-German man

was obligated to obedience only insofar as loyalty demanded it; despotism and blind obedience were alien to him.

The purely human relationship between leader and following is only healthy and true-to-kind, if it is determined by friendship and comradeship, and does not grow beyond the natural distance caused by greater accomplishment and its affirmation. It is a mistake, however, to confuse this natural distance, present with every genuine leader, with lack of spirit of comradeship. Where the distance is lacking and a plump familiarity dominate, the leader is also lacking; whoever stands in that position is indeed an equal among equals, but not the first among equals. The leader must share joy and suffering with his following and be joined with them in good days and bad, for better or worse. He must, however, always keep his bearing, be an example in the best sense, avoid excesses and indiscipline, maintain proportion and respect good morals. These characteristics are an expression of the essence of Germanic-German man, especially of the peasant, who can preserve his prestige among family members and subordinates, with whom he lives closely under one roof, only through distance, through dignity and bearing. In genuine leadership the sure feeling for this distance is alive as Germanic blood legacy; it cannot be lost in any life situation and forbids showing emotion in front of the following.

Every genuine Germanic-German community of law manifests itself through the widespread participation of all the freemen in the political life and through the small social distance between the leadership and the folk. The blissful expansion of this elemental principle shows itself at the present time in life-proximity of our National Socialist state, whose structure is based on the clear recognition of our folkish kind. If the Nordic peasant Aki can reply to his king in the home assembly (Heimskringla): "If I am your man, king, then you are also my man", then he expresses the same thing that we still feel today, namely, that the relationship between leader and following rests on the personal and mutual obligation of loyalty and support.

Peace Tasks

Germanic leadership was not only active in war and struggle, rather also in the homeland's peace, in jurisprudence and morality, in honor, rest, order and in prosperity. The external enclosures receded in this time, for "in peace", so reports Caesar (B.ZG. VI). "there is no Germanic ruling class, rather the chiefs of the lands and provinces pronounce right among their people and settle disputes..." Whether these leaders of the closer communities belong to the Germanic blood nobility, or whether they were larger free peasants, is unimportant for their characteristics. In old Nordic sources they are generally called chieftains or foremen, "the first of the area" or those who "have the direction of the district", while their following is called "Thing people". Such Thing communities were jurisprudence and administrative units, their leaders were considered – on the basis of their origin, their personal accomplishment and honorableness – "first among equals", and they formed the weight-bearing pillar of the political order and the communal structure. This relationship of Thing and leadership, from which the political form of the community developed, is in the best sense a fortunate blending between a democratic (rule-by-the-folk) and aristocratic (nobility-rule) principle.

Next to military leadership in war, the tasks of the Germanic leader extended to religious ceremonies, jurisprudence and administration. As first among equals the leader was also the one most called on to perform consecration ceremonies in public and to direct the great cult festivals. For Germanic leadership extends all-encompassing to all of life, that has not yet suffered division in faith, morality and law. Even the knowledge of the holy things was not reserved to special medicine men, rather common property, and consecrations are performed both by every peasant in his farmyard community and by the leader at the Thing. Within jurisprudence only the authority over assembly, calling and conducting the Thing assembly, fell to the leader. At the actual legal judgment, on the other hand, he had only minor influence, for pronouncing judgment and passing

laws was the matter of the Thing assembly. "The leader was", so reports Tacitus, listened to in the council in accordance with the age of the speaker, his noble origin, his war glory, but mostly in accordance to his reputation, not any authority to command. If his suggestion did not find favour, they rejected it by murmuring; if they agreed, they clapped their spears together; the most honorable form of applause came through the clang of weapons." Only through knowledge of law was the leader able to get his way, to preserve the right of the Thing people and to guarantee their protection. Therefore, in old Nordic sources knowledge of law is especially emphasized, for example in the Njala: "... a mighty chieftain and great legal support, so knowledgeable in law that no judgments were considered rightful, if he had not been present." "Skapti and his father were great chieftains and very knowledgeable of the law."

Knowledge of the laws, helpfulness, honesty and farsightedness prove just as lasting as war glory. They formed in that time – when there was still no state peace and no neutral judicial system, rather just self-help and feud – , a peaceful way to settle disputes and preserve the community's order through honorable settlements and judgments. The importance of right and law for Germanic peace are revealed in the words of the great Nordic legal leader Njal: "Through law our land is built, but through unlaw desolated."

Germanic man voluntarily placed himself under the protection and direction of the leader; they expected friendly aid from him not just in word and advice, rather also through energetic economic support, if failed harvests or other calamity put them in distress. In the old Germanic sagas the generous leader is called "the most popular man in the district" or "one of the noblest in the heathen time". The human relationship between leader and following corresponded to a support pact, which was filled with genuine comradeship spirit and subject to the feeling of obligation to help wherever needed. "The custom also existed", so reports Tacitus, "to voluntarily and from man to man to deliver a portion from their herds and har-

vests to the leader, a practice that was felt to be honorable, and at the same time helped in emergency." As the leader gave, so did he receive; the gifts flowing to him were considered communal property for services that were entrusted to his reliable hand and administered by him in a patriarchal manner. For the follower the delivery of the contributions was voluntary, he gave no forced services or forced taxes to the leader, rather friendly services and friendly gifts as is common among freemen and equals.

The Law of Honor

Under Germanic leadership are not just the "direction of the district" and the guidance of jurisprudence and administration in the external sense to be understood, rather also leadership in the area of morality. It represented living an example according to the laws that were generally recognized as moral values. The supreme moral law was "life in honor", to which the leader subordinated himself more than any other person. For Germanic man of the early period, honor was of fateful importance; it gave him the measuring stick with which he could himself measure his height in life and uniqueness, and at the same time it was in public judgment the testing stone of his proving himself, his ability and his value for the community. On honor depended the individual's feeling about himself and his exultation, his self-consciousness and his personality value; it determines his reputation as well as his political and social position. It was just as tied to his own conscience as to the judgment of the public and was very generally viewed as the accepted law under which the life of men was placed, and by which it was judged.

For the fulfillment of the law of honor on the side of the leader, the community felt called upon as judge; before it, the leader had to present and defend his honesty. For the leader's honor was also that of the following, but if it or the honor of a comrade was injured, then that of the whole community was

injured, and all had the duty to wash it clean again. The leader stood out by the greater measure of honor and glory from the following and by his moral influence on the community. To these moral values belonged heroic bearing, courage and will to self-assertion, the feeling of his own dignity and responsibly before himself and the totality, and the unconditional fulfillment of duty toward the community entrusted to him. Beyond that, praised were the special leadership virtues of nobility, generosity, liberality and constant readiness for support of the needy with advice and deed.

All these leadership characteristics and leadership virtues are not bound by time; they do not only characterize the community structure of our Germanic ancestors, rather they very generally determine, timeless in their validity, the essential traits of the genuine leadership of Nordic kind itself. To share them, to aspire to them, means for us the noblest action, for leaders are always lacking, men who cannot live without goal and struggle, without yearning and restlessness, in whom the creative energy is alive, and who are called upon through self-discipline to lead other men.

Our generation stands alone in the passing present; we must first laboriously re-acquire again the knowledge of the ancient life laws of our folkish existence, which has been denied the direct path of natural passing down. The immediate past up to the outbreak of the World War only shows us satisfied and calm generations who sunned themselves in their lack of history and avoided struggle. From the hollowness of their life we can gain no strength, for we stand today on the threshold of a new world, we must seek untrodden paths and with daring courage stride into the darkness of the future. We must seek the measuring stick for our existence at the clear source of our folkish evolution, in the Germanic early period, and choose their struggling figures and leaders as fate-related companions for our dangerous life. We are an alert and creative generation that cannot live without its historic ties and the brothers of fate of the past.

Whoever today raises claim of leadership, must know the es-

sence of leadership in its historic linkage, must be permeated with the high responsibility downward and upward, toward past and future, must guard himself against self-satisfied superiority of rank and be filled with the flaming Germanic defiance that rebels against all obstacles and overcomes them.

SS-Hstuf. Ernst Schaper

SS Leitheft, Year 5, Issue 2, May 15, 1939

Sun Stones – Victory Stones – Soul Stones

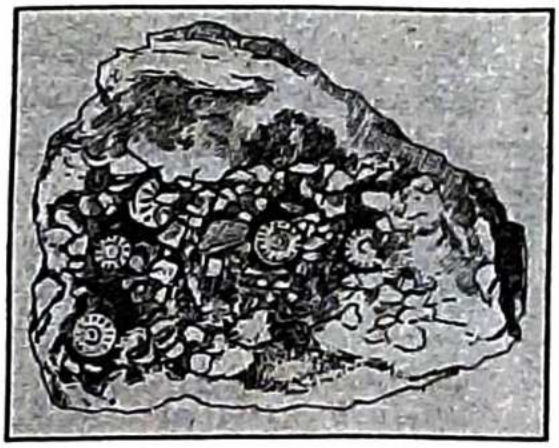
Holy Symbols on Fossils

If somebody places a shell into our hand that does not radiate the fresh colors of the shells of the north sea and other seas, rather is a light grey stone that resembles a shell in shape only, then each of us knows, what that is: a fossil. Unfortunately, only seldom does somebody know where and how one finds such fossils. He, the nature-alien city person, only knows them from museums. Nonetheless, they are interesting, they are witness to how the world, animal and plant world, looked like millions of years ago.

It was different with our ancestors. For them, forest and field and mountain were still their daily living space, and so they naturally also knew about fossils, because they found they at certain places on open cliffs or in gravel or in crop fields. And they naturally also thought about them.

We can provisionally determine from their use and the many finds, what our ancestors thought about such stone images. Above all, they thought about the strange forms, and even more about the figures and lines impressed on the stones. And they adopted these forms into their world of thought, so that they in part served the world of the gods and in part human needs.

An ammonite, for example, whose windings resemble the spiral of a coiled snake, seemed to them to have a secret connection to really living snakes. The divided scales of a large shell from the Dachsteinkalk, which looks much like a horse track, are viewed in Styria even today as the tracks of the white horse rider (Wodan), and the similar cross-sections resembling goat or bird tracks are viewed as the tracks of the "wild women" by the people in the Enns valley. Certain other fossils resemble in form and design a flying dove. The beautiful star corals from



Sun-Wheel stones in rock. In the chalk fragment we see some circular, with wheel drawing recognizable, sun-wheel stones, which in Christian times became Boniface pennies.

Franconia show shining stars in their cross-section. All of these conspicuous symbols must had led to the idea whether nature did not want to thereby give man certain clues as to how these stones would be useful. It was, after all, long a principle in folk medicine that "similar is healed by similar"; so one also used plants with knotty-shaped stocks to heal broken bones. Peasants in Northern Germany, whose cows gave bloody milk, put snow-white, petrified sea-urchins from the chalk into the milk pales, in order to get the milk white again due to their magical color.

Sun-Wheel Stones – Boniface Pennies

Surround by sagas and customs are above all the sun stones or, as they are still called today in northern Germany, the sun-wheel stones. Science sees in them the stalk members of the petrified sea lily Enricus, which are very common in Germany's shell chalk. This shell chalk from the Trias formation is found in Franconia, Thuringia and Lower Saxony, and during weathering thousands of these tiny, hardly penny-large, disk-shaped stalk members fall off, showing a hole in the center. From this hole radiate on both surfaces of the little disk lines, which actually resemble a small sun. It is not surprising that precisely such shell chalk mountains in Thuringia, Hesse and Hannover, where sun stones are abundantly found, had been old Germanic cult sites. The most famous of these cult mountains is Hülfensberg by Geismar in Hesse. At the slope of this mountain also stood that famous Donar oak, which

The saga of the moon-wolf on an old Celtic coin. The ancient coin shows on the face a portrait and on the back a depiction of the struggle of the moon-wolf against the moon. The monster stands on the sun-disk and is just eating a moon-arm.

Boniface, in fanatical fervor, had cut down when Christianity was introduced, and of which a truck piece has remained preserved to this day in the Franciscan church at the Hülfensberg. Franciscan churches today stand on many of these old cult sites, and they were erected there in order to exterminate old memories or at least to form a transition to Christianity.

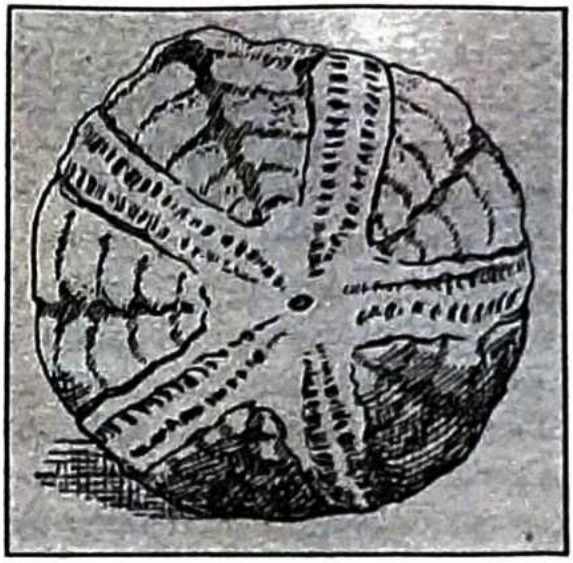
And so sun stars, too, which are found as numerous today as earlier, since the conversion known as Boniface pennies, have remained. The church, however, appears to have placed these finds under compulsion to turn over; for the peasants one asks about them shyly shake their heads and claim to have never heard anything about such a thing. Old peasants shown such "pennies" even think one should immediately take these pieces to the pastor and must not keep them...more proof of how severely the church worked for the extermination of the belief in the sun-wheel stones.

The shape of the sun-wheel stones, furthermore, is also copied in a pastry, what is today still sold to the pilgrims to the Hülfensberg for the time of Christ's ascent into heaven. This use as food is perhaps connected to the fact that the genuine sun-wheel stones were given in powdered form to sick people or animals to cure them.

The Teeth of the Moon-Wolf Managarmr

The terrible bite with its hundreds of triangular teeth, displayed by sharks today, was also already possessed by the sharks of earlier eras, and their teeth still exist fossilized in many layers of the earth's crust. In Germany, it is especially

the teeth of the giant shark from the late Tertiary Era that are abundantly found in the soil. Our ancestors probably saw in them the teeth of the moon-wolf Managarmr, which must have broken off during his monthly devouring of the moon. According to their belief, after all, the moon is constantly pursued and hunted by the moon-wolf, just as the sun is by the sun-wolf. When the moon-wolf manages to catch up to the moon and gradually devour it, one can imagine that he loses many of his teeth during these big bites, which then fall to earth. That also explains why the moon-wolf that we find portrayed on a pillar capital of the Stiftskirche in Berchesgaden very clearly bears large, triangular shark-teeth in his mouth and not a wolf's mouth roughly resembling our dog's. And in France's soil a probably Celtic coin was found whose reverse side exactly displays the scene with the moon-wolf, indeed quite crude, but clear enough in order to recognize how the moon-man is being eaten by the wolf...



Sea-Urchin Victory Stones, Good Luck Stones. The Ice Age broke out and scattered countless fossilized sea-urchins from layers of chalk. The five rows of grooves inspired thought along mythical lines: victory stones emerged.

Victory Stones, the Stones with the Sacred Symbols

The ammonite horns or other spiral snail shells must have been known since very ancient times. Also the petrified sea-urchins, that are especially plentiful in northern Germany, but which have already been dragged far to the south since the Ice Age. Many of them are even translucent or transparent. Jakob

Grimm reports of a saying in an old song about this.

Other forms of fossilized sea-urchins appear to have a deep connection to soul belief. We occasionally find them in prehistoric graves from the Bronze Age to the early Middle Ages and can imagine that the grooves, which usually evenly divide the stone by five, aroused mythical thoughts in our ancestors. Even at the start of the eighteenth century, the collection of Albert Ritter in Ilfeld contained such a sea-urchin on whose upper surface the grooves have been artificially deepened to produce a Druid cross (pentagram). And even today Czech peasants give such stones the Czech name "Duchanek". "Duch" means "soul" in Czech.

We should not lightly dismiss such belief of our ancestors as "superstition". How could they – without microscope and chemistry – explain phenomenon that we children of our time have also only known a few decades? We know today that animals of past eras left behind their prints here. Our ancestors could not know that. They could only closely observe and think. And that they did that, that should indeed have been made to clear to everybody from this our review.

This work is based on material from Professor Abel and his book: "Prehistoric Animal Remains in German Myth, Custom and Faith Belief", Jena, Gustav Fischer, 1939.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 3b

The Honor of Germanic Woman

One rightly recognizes the main point of Germanic morality and Germanic life content in the feeling of honor and the consciousness of honor. For the people of the Germanic early period, honor is the law of life, of fateful importance, the measuring stick by which one measures one's own life height and one's own value. It is at the same time, however – insofar, namely, as it always and everything stands under public judgment – the testing stone for his proving himself, his ability and his value for the community. The social, political position also depends on how far the law of honor is fulfilled by the individual.

Honor means inner, personal feeling of self and exultation, self-consciousness, personality value and community value. Each has as much honor as he measures on himself. In this double-sidedness, in the blending of the own conscience with the public judgment, honor is recognized as the commonly accepted law under which Germanic human life is placed, according to which it is judged. That means nothing other than that Germanic man fully placed himself under an idea, under an immaterial, spiritual value, which the spiritual uniqueness of Germanic blood has given itself. Honor is a person's highest possession, it is the thing that first gives him validity, in a sense first makes him a human. The person without honor does not count in the Germanic community. Honor is more than life, which the vivacious peasant treasured so much. "Rather die with honor, than live with disgrace." "Better it seems to me, to lose you, than to have a son without honor." "Property perishes, clans die, one day you, too, die, but I know one thing that never perishes: the glory won by the dead."

The narrow, obligating and right-bestowing bound of all blood kin, which makes the affairs of the individual to those of

the clan and those of the clan to those of the individual, naturally do not deviate in their property and law from this principle. If the honor of a clansman is injured, so is that of all also injured, and all have the duty to wash it clean again. That actually already says that the woman, too, has a share in this highest life possession of Germanic people. We cannot, however, satisfy ourselves with this general determination that is self-evident to the person who lives in the old Germanic world, but will be impossible for the person who cannot free himself from oriental world-view. We are concerned about all with the question how far the woman endeavoured for this Germanic life law and starting point for all morality, how she realized it through her life, defended it and kept it alive, how she lived honor.

Honor is the Common Ideal for Woman and Man

Our sources speak as precisely about the honorableness of the woman as of that of the man. It is important that they use the same word for the woman with honor consciousness as for the man and hence here, too, make no distinction between man's honor and woman's honor. Man and woman are called "drengr godr", "honor person" (actually, upright and honor-conscious fellow) of the old north. We find the roots of the drengr-godr ideal at a deeper level than in an escalation of so-called "manly characteristics". Above all, however, it appears important to us that this ideal honorableness, this being in possession of honor, is placed as a demand on both genders, and also finds its fulfillment in both and is developed by both. Those of us who make the effort to remove from our speech and our thought such alien terms that separate life forms into "male" and "female" at least view this formulation of this interpretation as dangerous. We believe we must get serious and clear away the view that ascribes "male" to all courage, discipline, breeding and honor. Only western and oriental thought limits us to such a perspective. Germanic early history, however, shows that Germanic peasant women were filled with the same bravery, the same courage, love of freedom and self-discipline as their men, that

***Germanic Women* / Relief on the Trajan Pillar in Rome**

they also were ready every moment to risk their lives for such values.

Not only the women of the Kimber and Teutons, Armbrorer and Tipuriner – whose fearless bravery in the Roman war, wild love of freedom and passionate feeling of honor has been immortalized forever even by the enemy -, have provided proof of their "manly" characteristics, rather also those Germanic peasant women whose lives did not stand under the spotlight of great political events; they, too, were often compelled - just by their kind of life, the loose band of the community that knew no general peace and the dependence of the clan on their strength – to think and act strong and bravely for the clan. They had to subordinate their own wishes to the welfare of the clan and practice self-discipline. Thus we dare not label as male or female that spirit of courage and discipline, that spirit of honorableness, since we see it alive equally strong in both genders. We also do not dare to wrongly insult our ancestral mothers as un-womanly, because they showed "manly" virtues. We also, however, cannot follow those interpretations that want to ascribe the drengr-godr spirit to the male alone. Just the knowledge of Germanic welt-view, community order and personality valuation alone, which are not bound to gender, cannot let us be surprised, when again and again, next to the man dying for honor, Germanic peasant women step forward who are filled with the same honor-consciousness. It is obvious that a folk which attributes something "sacred and ominous" to its women, cannot take away what in Germanic eyes first makes a complete person, honor. Important, on the other hand, appears to us, that in the course of development an oriental world-view gradually silences the Germanic kind of woman's honor or gives it a different content. Woman's honor becomes - in accordance with the oriental life feeling – solely a physical-sexual matter, and eventually it means just physical virginity and being untouched. Concepts are switched here.

In Motherhood lies the Highest Honor of the Woman

Naturally, chastity is demanded in Germania as well. But first, this demand applies to both genders, and second, its reason is essentially different than that of the oriental life commands: "Having had intercourse with a woman before the age of twenty, they consider extremely shameful. The ones who maintain their chastity the longest, raise the highest praise from their own; they believe that this promotes body size and that strengths and sinews are firmed."

Caesar's words reveal that the north did not make chastity a life value due to a strange valuation of the natural as sin or due to fear of entanglement in sexual excesses – which poses a far greater danger for the oriental mentality than for the cooler blood of the north; furthermore, they show that he does not confuse it with the idea of honor. The violation of chastity up to a certain age, or more openly stated, sexual intercourse in too early youth, was considered in Germania to be a physical and spiritual endangerment of the person. It meant a dulling of the perfection ideal of people and a threat to other Germanic life principles. Behind the demand for the sexual purity of the physically and spiritually immature person, stands the will to, on the one hand, not endanger the purity and strength of blood, and on the other hand, the general moral principle of self-discipline, which was valid for the whole life of Germanic man.

Out of responsibility toward the blood, which one should pass along in equal strength to the descendant, and out of responsibility toward oneself, toward the personality value, which is carried by personal dignity and self-respect, chastity is demanded from immature persons in Germania. If, on the other hand, Germanic man has reached full maturity in body and soul, then it is for him obvious not to act contrary to the law of creation and the traits nature gave him - through his own sick, twisted sense - in that he prevents their fertility and their own eternal will to rejuvenation by means of protracted chastity. Not against nature and its laws does Germanic man live, rather with it. He does not let the gifts it gave him degenerate due to a

humanly mistaken devaluation, rather he sees in their development first the full fulfillment of man, which nature made man or woman, but not a genderless neutral. Thus the demand for an exaggerated, prolonged chastity and the declaration of an abstinent, celebrate life as that of higher mankind, initially encounter total incomprehension in Germania, yes, it must even be perceived as resistance and violation of the eternal life law itself. Chastity is hence just a conditional demand for the life conduct for Germanic man, but not an absolute that stands without restriction over the whole life conduct of a person. Virgin and monk are not Germanic examples, are not higher-valued people, rather – since they have not fully developed the given strengths – more the opposite.

This concept of the conditional, only for the immature person obligatory value of chastity, is valid for man and woman in Germania. That virginity, being untouched, is by no means decisive for the woman – yes, that it is not even taken into consideration by the evaluation of the free Germanic women – is proven most convincingly by the penalties for woman for cohabitation and manslaughter. Swabian folk law says cohabitation with a married woman is to be penalized twice as much as with a virgin, thus not virginity, chastity and being untouched set the value or the damage. Salian, Ripwarian and Thüringian law books set as manslaughter penality for a fertile woman or for one that has already started to bear children three times the penality as for a not yet fertile virgin. Precisely these legal statements, where the distinction between virgin (virgo) and woman (mulier) are articulated, make it quite clear that

Sculpture by Fritz von Graevenitz

the concept of virginity is meaningless in terms of valuation of woman, that one does not even think about it, for the killing of a woman is deemed three times the damage as that of a virgin! Not the chastity, rather the biological value of the woman – which as opposed to the task of virginity, is made dependent on fulfillment of motherhood – are decisive for the valuation of the woman. The Germanic view of the only conditional value of chastity cannot be made more clear than here. The bearing woman, the mother, whose conception can never be a blemish, receives the higher value in Germania, because she fulfills the life law for herself and for her folk. The personal value of the woman, however, depends, as has already been emphasized, on her traits, accomplishments and her character, on her soul and heart, spirit and disposition.

Where does this valuation of chastity as a moral concept come from? How could being untouched, in the moral sense, even be equated with "woman's honor"?

We remember that the Germanic woman ideals, "Germanic holy women", were always mothers and grandmothers (Frigg, Frau Holle), that according to Germanic feeling conception was no flaw, no blemish and no devaluation, rather that such an interpretation would be deemed an insult against Germanic mothers. We experience in the sagas a hundredfold that widows are just as desired as young girls and no Germanic person gets the idea that a widow has less value, because she is no longer untouched.

Jewish-oriental spirit, on the other hand, finds the virgin more desirable than the woman; the term "desirable" is intentionally choose here, for the higher valuation of the virgin based on oriental feeling originally probably had hardly any moral basis. When the present holy book of Islam, the Koran, again and again promises as reward to faithful Moslem men in the paradisical gardens "virgins, who have not been touched by any man or spirit" for their pleasure, that shows that the chastity of woman must actually have a special value for the oriental, since they are after all reserved for him so to speak as reward and joy of paradise.

Virginity, being untouched, just cannot be a moral value, rather it must have been a sensual one in the "garden of Eden"; for the chastity of the woman has, after all, only the one meaning, that she is promised to the man who destroys it in that highest life of pleasure in the beyond. The possession of "black-eyed virgins, like pearls in the clam", the divine reward of the faithful in paradise, clearly says that the chastity of the oriental woman is only demanded for the greater enjoyment of the man.

We have hence found for which race the chastity of the woman plays such a conspicuous role and what actually lies behind this demand. Germanic man, however, would have hardly come up with the concept of a virgin mother and would also not have been able to see a higher value in her. His goddesses and the women he finds dear and high have motherly features and are mothers. Motherliness downright elevates them. When now in the course of an intervening, foreign valuation the virgin mother of god displaces Germania's motherly deities, when the nun is set higher than the Germanic clan mother and the higher valuation of virginity over motherliness and motherhood is hammered into Germanic man so long until he accepts it into his view of morality, then we can therein measure the whole depth of the violent disruption of Germanic world-view and the mighty destabilization of sure, Germanic life feeling. What a rupture in Germanic man must this alien view have caused, ripped out a vicarious world-view, so that girls of an entire village took to the veil, as has been reported!

In Peasant Morality, the Germanic Concept of Honor Lives On

Peasant morality in the country even today does not look like it is desired by the new teachings. Even today, the old customs live with old strength, which were once born from a different, native morality, a morality that could not be brought into harmony with the later taught, foreign one. Despite all threats of hell-fire and purgatory, "windowing" has remained an accepted

right of young people among the southern German tribes, and nobody would think to declare it sinful. Even the authorities, who feel called upon to be guardians and judges of morality, overlooks it, if not with understanding, then with impotence. Despite the fundamentally anti-mother Christian demand for chastity, it is not rare for young peasant girls to give their later husbands children even before the Christian blessing and marriage. But they are not therefore covered with shame and disgrace by the peasant people of their own kind, among whom they live, and the premarital children are not viewed as tainted-in-sin children. Only when a girl shows an inner want of principles, is she rejected by the moral feeling of the community, but not because she cannot marry her child's father until after the birth. The alien, oriental chastity value has little to say here, rather the old Germanic moral law of the preservation of blood and inner discipline. So the loss of virginity even today is not always the same as loss of honor itself, just as little as in old Germania. Behind the demand for chastity in Germania stands the will, on the one hand, not to endanger the purity and strength of the blood, and on the other hand, the general moral principle of self-discipline, which is valid for the whole life of Germanic man. That is why chastity as life conduct is demanded in Germania, too. But it is its own value next to honor, a possession whose loss under circumstances can lessen the woman's value, but does not equate to a loss of honor. Who would think to scold a Thordis Surstochter as being without honor! The judgment of the Germanic judgment is not so dogmatically bound, rather considers the circumstances. The law books also reflect that, in that they first cancel the cohabitation penalties when a woman has slept with the fourth or fifth man and her want of principles is hence proven. In the same direction points the fact that virginity never existed as an ideal in the old time, yes, it can hardly have been a concept, for there is no word for it. Naturally, all of that ties together in that one viewed the task and the ideal of a fulfilled woman's life in motherhood. – According to everything it is clear that the chastity of immature people is just one conditional life value among

others, but that honor is the highest life law.

But chastity is not woman's honor. This narrowing, the result of an alien valuation that injuries Germanic womanhood, opens shocking insights into those beating marriages that we encounter in the source material step by step from the Middle Ages onward, but it also opens understanding for the decay symptoms that woman's life shows in the modern time. For what remains for the woman after her personality has been devaluated, when she is from the start - as the source of all sin, as the physical and flesh-bound embodiment of the bad principle – contrasted to the spiritual, better, male pole! What remains to her, when she is in addition to all that removed from the firm band of the clan and she is left to her sinful, guilt-ridden self – or enslaved to the man as her "master"! Where remain her self-consciousness, her freedom and responsibility, these prerequisites for all morality!

But that "he should be her master" does not just mean the destruction of all Germanic woman's worth, the annihilation of any possibility of her independent cooperation in the formation of the folk community and hence also the sick disarray of the community, of which woman is the other component and of which she consists, rather it actually also means that the man assumes a monopoly of morality, that he so to speak becomes the master of morality. Indeed, he then also becomes decisive in questions of morality, morals, ethics and whatever else one may call it, who then "teaches" her according to written down, dogmatic principles. After one has taken from woman the sureness of her feeling for right and wrong, has more or less convinced her of her inferiority and has designated as bad the morality given her by blood, it could naturally no longer be all too difficult to eliminate her from morality questions.

Margarete Schaper-Haeckel

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 2004

How Did Our Ancestors Live

by Hans Friedrich Blunk

Part One – Why We Today Know More about Our Ancestors

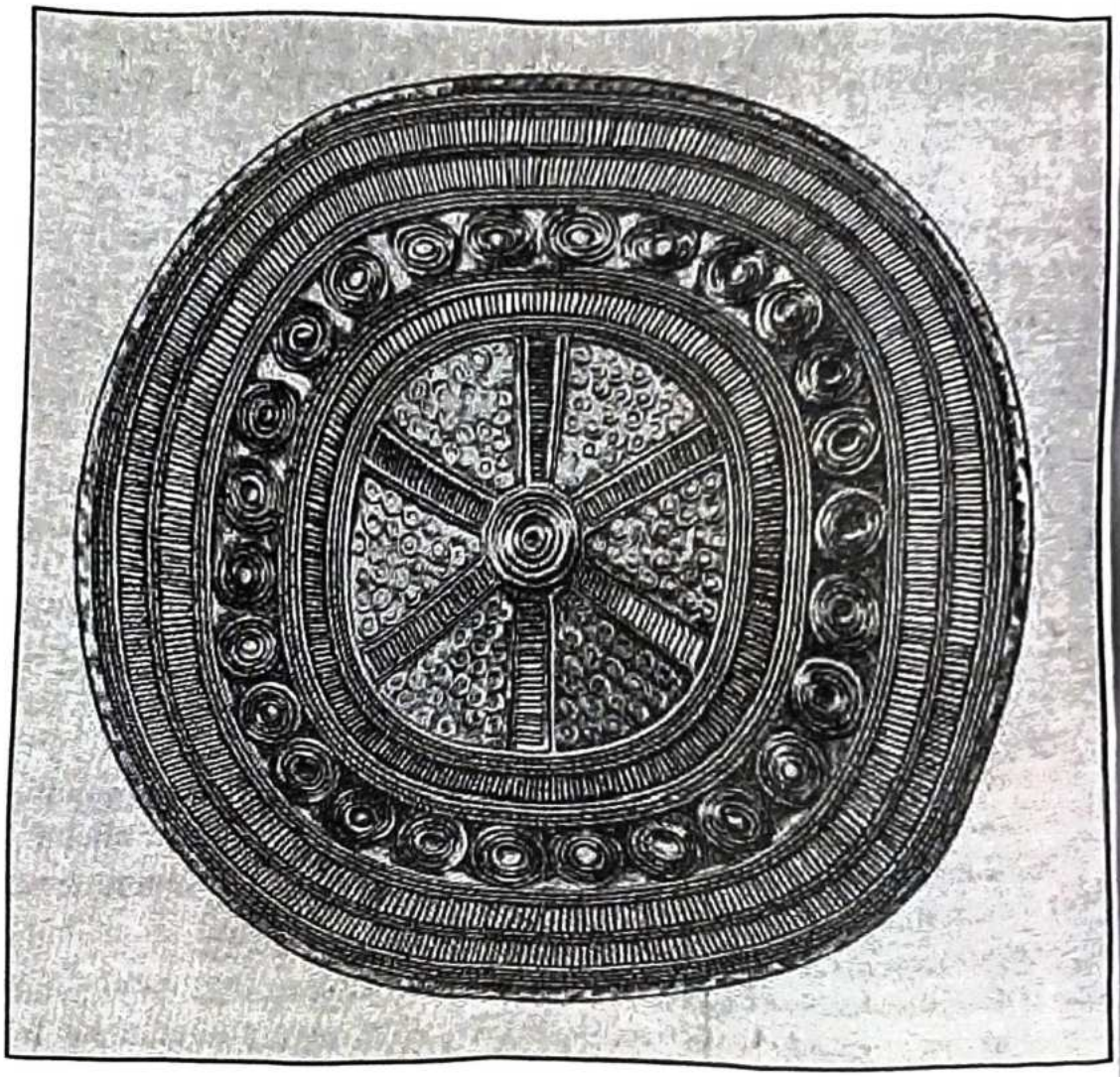
The science of the prehistory of the occident, especially of the north, is actually not as young as many presume.

Already in early church records, inexplicable gold and silver finds from the "heathen time" are mentioned, the author warning against researching them, because it was obviously devil's gold with which he sought to tempt people.

Sagas also report of treasures that, insofar as they are not coins, are portrayed as golden cauldrons or filled chests – no different than science later excavated them. One sometimes attributes them to skillful blacksmiths of earlier times, but usually the lucky finder is shy and measures the treasure's value by the melted-down gold. What must have all been once buried underground, if our sagas are even in just small part truth.

The period of humanism then brings the first discussion about prehistory beyond the biblical portrayal. I wish to limit my portrayal to the minimum, but I think we need it in order to test ourselves in the image of our blotched self-feeling.

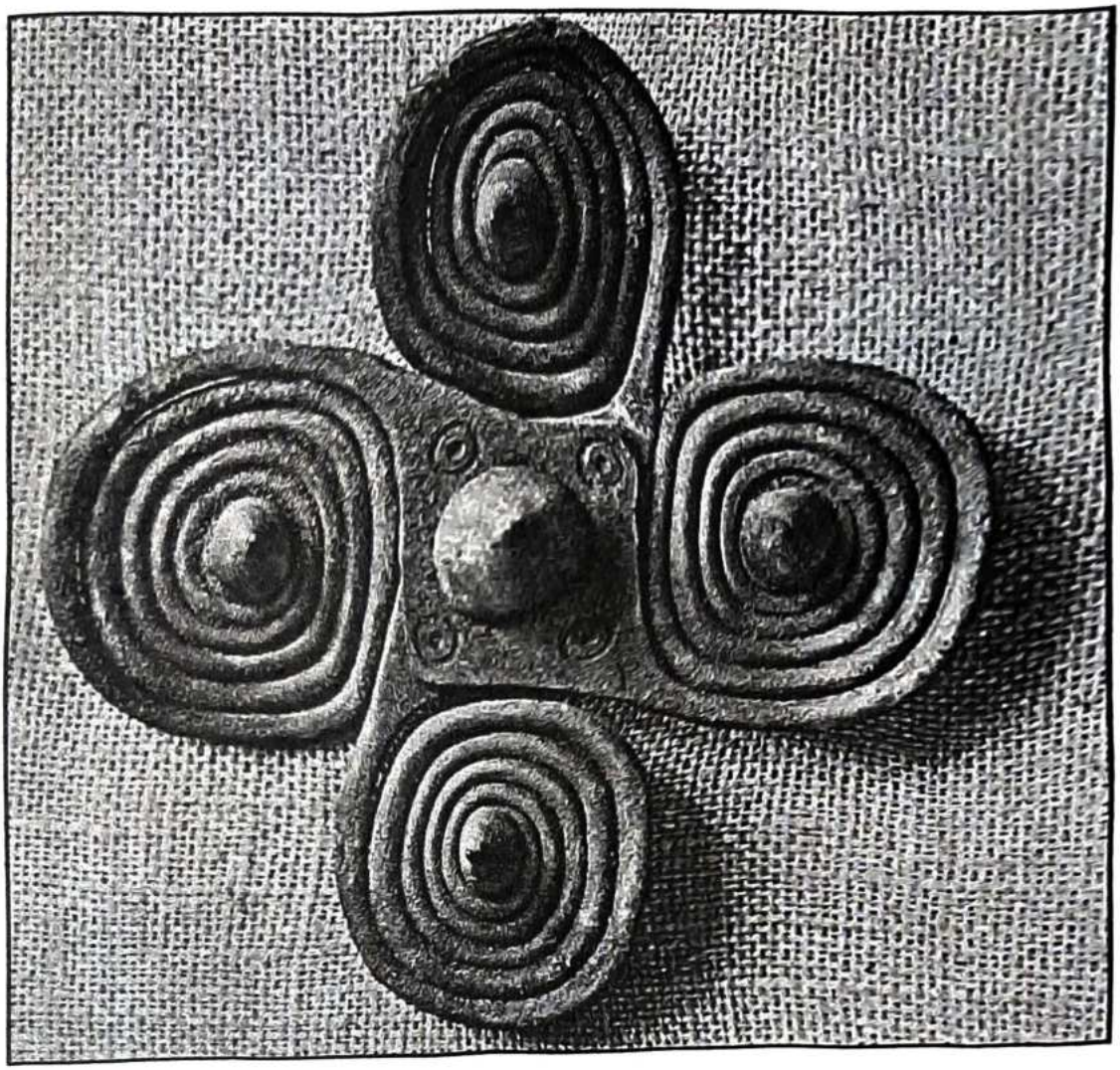
Italy's rebirth (renaissance), which grew from its old history, takes a side step in Germany, which has given us much, but which did not have the strength to create anew from its own folk-consciousness and is insofar co-responsible for the spiritual end of the following centuries. The humanists, such as Konrad Celtis, tried to create the same concept for Germany, next to the Italian work of Biondo. But one had no longer



Golden sun disk from the first half of the second millennium before Christ from Northern Germany. Such finds do not just give us a good picture of our ancestors' high level of skill in handicrafts and art, rather also of their clear consciousness of a divine world order.

known himself for many centuries, and although we thank the new edition of Tacitus' *Germania* to Celtis and even the writings of the *Roswitha*, his first lectures over German prehistory, which he held in Vienna, prove the impotence of the German world of conception. Although Celtis no longer traces back the introduction of marriage and property to Christianity alone, he nonetheless claims that cultivation and cattle-breeding were brought to wild Germanic man by the Celtic druids driven out by Caesar. And the humanist Trithemius fantasies of the Bavarians that they, under Duke Bojarin driven out in the Trojan War, wandered northward and "after expulsion of the very course natives, who lived like animals from acorns, surrender their land to his people". Crude falsifications followed, in no way second to those of the Scots and Czechs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially since the open-minded Kaiser Maximilian worked for the collection of earlier documents of German history. Even these falsifications, however, never stem from the concept of an organic past, rather - similar to those of the English, who trace themselves to the thirteenth tribe of Juda – always play with an ancestor world that must be drawn up from the greatest possible distance. The only thing one who brings something real into the new searching is Ulrich von Hutten, who at least realizes the important of Armin and, in a conversation with the dead, gives him a place between Hannibal and Alexander. Not one of them came up with the idea that the treasures appearing again and again from our soil were to be traced back to an earlier cultural bloom of our own.

The amazement at finds that one dug up in our soil, meanwhile, did not stop. A Silesian pastor, Hermann, 1670 to 1736, collects, as a chronicle explains, about ten thousand grave articles; rulers have astounding discoveries reported; the German awakening in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries connect the still ongoing, coincidental excavations in their first dawning suspicion and research. Goethe reports in his congenialities how people occupy themselves with puzzling over unknown prehistory. In 1814 Sweden even protects finds in the ground through a law.



Bronze Garment Clasp from Bohemia – 700 BC

Among us, our folk's flood by Latin, Spanish, French and again Latin culture does not permit a really scientific researching and seeking to come up. At best, one's view of our prehistory sticks to the very valuable, but still filled with painful errors, portrayal by Tacitus. In 1806 Adelung still writes in his "Oldest History of the Germans": "Germanic man is a predator who sleeps, when he does not hunt or feed." Although Franz Bopp in 1833 and after him Grimm prove the earlier unity of the Indo-Germanic language and the worlds of the god, and hence the concept of "wild barbarians" should have shifted, and although the great Danish researcher Worsaae advanced

his own folk's prehistory, the people trapped in the classical concept do not stir. Around the turn of the century, so relates Kossinna – and one can confirm it from own experience – in our folk the image of a "dull-witted predatory life" of old Germanic man still predominated, which only ended when the Mediterranean cultures taught them obedience of law and crop cultivation, and the church brought them words of love and faith. In an otherwise highly important work of history of these days, I still read: "As much as the Romans tried to deal with them (Germanic people), they had to see that the *wild nomads* simply lacked the sense for voluntary integration into a life territory established on duties and rights."

It was often as if this – elsewhere already dying – concept of sole salvation from Asia, before its end, sought to once more defame our own past, which we do not even find in Roman accounts or their worst "atrocity propaganda". Almost more dangerous, however, became philosophers who misunderstand Nietzsche's blonde beasts and, with a tenacity unclouded by any doubt, sought them in their own country.

We should not excuse such ignorance with a smile. Whoever publicizes a judgment, should be conscious of the effect and should not blindly muddy his folk's reputation. He should inform himself of the general facts that are today available about the prehistory of the Indo-Germanic peoples and also their Germanic branch; he must know of the similarity of old faith concept that one could determine as well as the emergence of the various groups from an already well-formed life culture and crop cultivation in light of early and passed down history. He must also know about the great period of Germanic blacksmith art that once led our continent, even if it later sank again from its splendour. For our neighbors it is also a European matter to inform oneself about it, just like we Germans occupy ourselves with Etruscan, Greek or Iberian art and take joy in it, or beyond that page through the Vedda or study ancient Iran.

One will object that the science of the prehistory of the north was scant long enough, that it primarily rested on research about the Scandinavians, who far surpassed us, and the objec-

tion is not without justification.

For a century long, one did not dare in Germany to abandon the old humanist concepts. In a manner that almost amuses us, one declared the puzzling finds in our soil first Celtic, then Phoenician, but never as home grown. The important history teacher Mathias Koch wrote in the 1850s: "For German lands the rule is that the ancient relics of bronze and gold found in graves, if they are not Roman, must necessarily be Celtic, *because it goes against cultural history to attribute them to Germanic man*. Graves whose utensils are entirely bronze, *are designated to be Celtic and will never be able to be designated otherwise."*

For several more decades German research was hindered by the teachings of Lindenscheidt and Hostmann that all bronze-period finds were supposedly Etruscan.

Frenchmen, Danes and Swedes have meanwhile performed the breakthrough work. Sophus Müller, Montelius, Worsaae are names of the north that we mention in gratitude and reverence; already in 1840 the Frenchman Boucher de Perthes had unlocked for us the life of ice-age man in Europe and the Englishman Latham was first to claim in 1850 that the great Indo-Germanic culture was of North European origin. In Schleswig-Holstein, so rich in funds, an old maid, far apart from German science, has collected and preserved prehistoric relics.

In the Reich the view first changed through the exceptional figure of the East Prussian Kossinna, who researched German prehistory and supported it in a thorough work in 1895 in such a manner, that it is today, and for a long time will remain, part of European knowledge. He was followed by the Viennese professor Much, the Swiss Hauser and a large number of excellent researchers – I named a few of the best names at the beginning. They have surpassed the important and long leading French and Scandinavian science, while England has already remained far behind for a few decades.

But with a sigh, one still thinks of the lost time and finds without number, which our humiliation and foolishness let slip. Even into our times it was considered smart to level grave

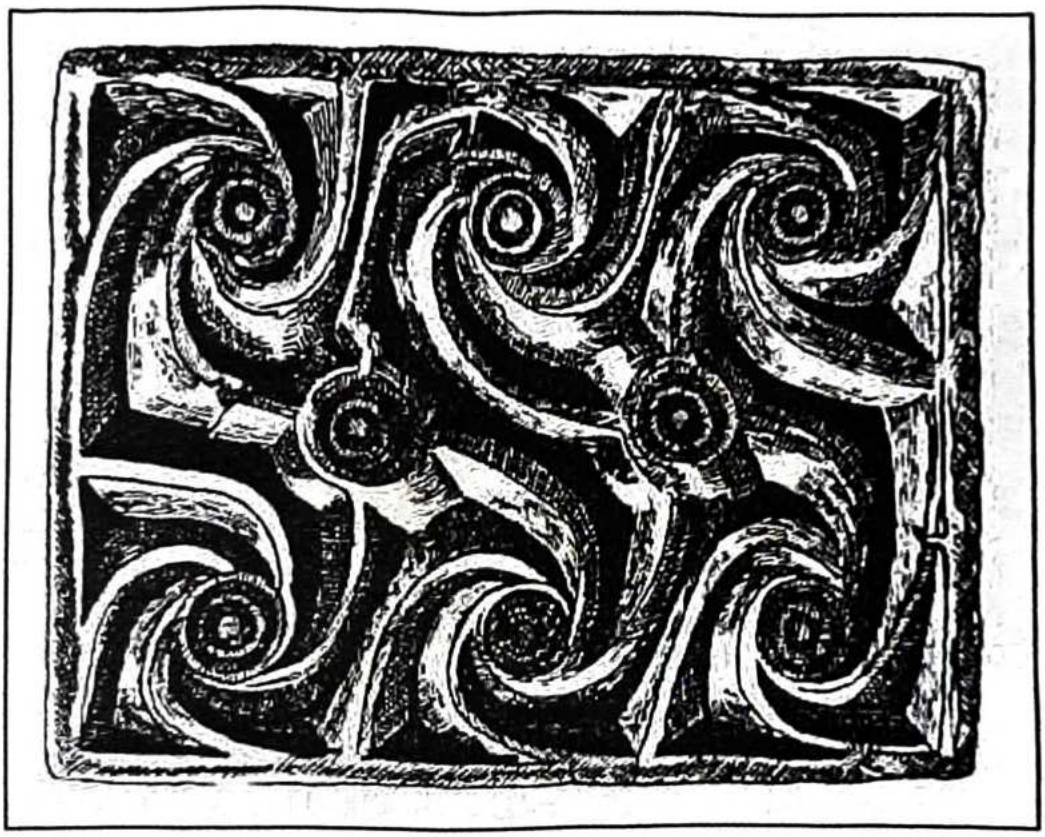
mounds and to build roads with the old stones of the forefathers. The new knowledge, however, was already there, but it was so revolutionary that one considered it the illusions of outsiders, just good enough to fill the newspapers with mocking pictures of "old Germanic man" and to evoke bearish laughter in clerical and classical circles.

Whoever today studies prehistory, must, however, relearn. He must change so much in his image of the world, that pride, and perhaps pain as well, over the old concepts often hurt.

But I believe that nobody can withdraw from that and that truth and honor entreat everyone to gain a clear image of the state of our prehistory science, just as one must care for the future of his folk, if one wants to be fit for life.

Today there must no longer be any German who, due to poor education, thinks lowly of his ancestors!

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 10



How Did Our Ancestors Live

by Hans Friedrich Blunk

Part Two – The Cradle of Our Culture

The Neolithic Stone Age

The Neolithic Age, the time between 3000 and 1800 BC, brought the emergence of the first high blossoming time of culture on our soil. In the period one begins, at first clumsily, and then with higher art, to erect the massive graves in the north; in that period two folks merge together, from whom Germandom emerges: the stone monument peasants and the war axe men,

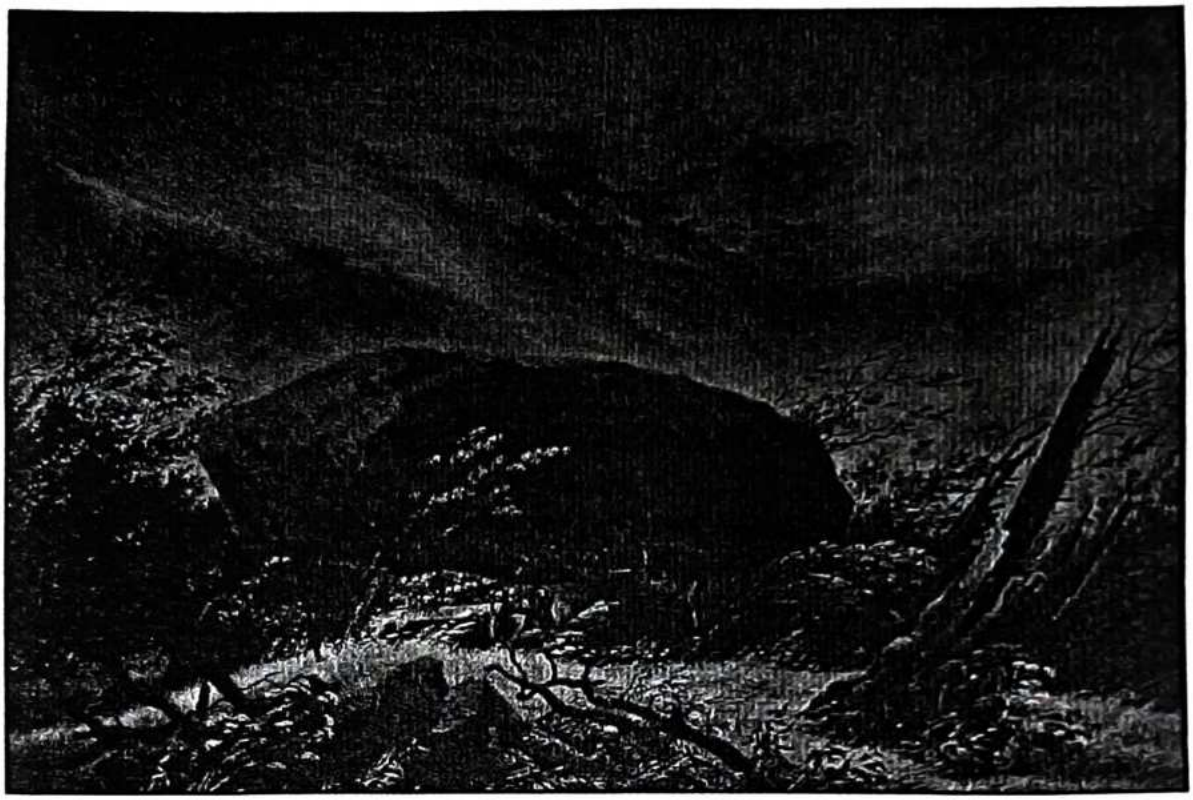
who invented the war chariot.

Little attracts even the indifferent as much as the millennia-old grave mounds that decorate our land in the north. Even though the unholy time of the nineteenth century levelled the vast majority, mighty hills and stone placements still remain in order to give us a picture of what once had been. Today there is probably nobody who has not, with silent reverence, walked past the grave sites of those from whom we came, of those whose blood and laws we carry within us.

Those grave mounds of our ancestors are for the most part passage graves, mighty constructions, from which it can be seen that they were the long preserved sacred sites of mighty peasant clans, just like, for example, the Denhhog on Syltm, whose burial chambers alone offer space for many people; in part they are individual graves set out in a much more simple manner that do not raise high over the ground. The burial artifacts of both genders are different, but the bones show hardly any differences. The time of burial is about the same. One concludes from this that the two, related folks lived next to each other and eventually merged into one. That is also indicated, because the grave artifacts have two different jewelry circles, which in the area from roughly southern Sweden to Hannover overlapped and united.

The folk longer native to the area, which we call stone monument peasants, developed the mighty culture of the large stone grave constructions, the miracles of the north. Certainly, our ancestors were a sea-faring folk, which in mighty military campaigns already five thousand years ago penetrated into the yet unopened Atlantic seas and planted settlements and new folks along the coasts. But it also sent its columns over land across Europe; we find traces far into the south.

The other portion, which contributed blood, essence and word to the new formation of the Germanic region, was a folk that science names the braid potters after its unique decorations on clay pottery, that is known to us through its invention of the war chariot, and in which the majority of researchers think they see the most significant Indo-Germanic (Aryan) ancient folk.



***Mound Grave in Autumn* / Caspar David Friedrich**

In each case, as I already said earlier, the origin of the Aryan folks must be put in northern Europe, because the earliest books of the Indians and Persians still bear the memory of winter and winter solstice, because they tell us of the white skin, blondness and blue-eyedness of the early ruling strata, a corporeality that according to the universal judgment of our medical science does not evolve in the south, finally because the Germanic words of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic languages also include the trees and animals of the north, while those of the south are diverse among them. So does the donkey, which is widespread in the south, in the Indo-Germanic always have individual designations, but we find common words for winter, fog, snow, spring, meadow, alder, birch-tree, beech tree, fern, otter, cap, beaver, hare, aurochs, bear and wolf, ermine and a thousand other concepts.

Now in the third and second millennium of the Neolithic Pe-

riod, large land acquisition armies again take off from the folk community of the braid potters. They fill the regions previously only thinly covered by Nordic people and force their language upon them; thrust by thrust they go as far as Italy and Greece, and from them emerge the Celts, the Pruzzen, the Illyrians and the Thracians.

Culture advanced mightily in this millennium. The splendidly polished stone age weapons were produced, many domestic animals, whose domestication already started in the period of shell hoarding, were won for man. Most important, however, is that land cultivation began and expanded. *The oldest plough of mankind* was found from that period in a Frisian moor.

The Bronze Age

The Bronze Age followed, the second millennium before Christ, the golden age of the new Germanic folk of the north that had grown into a unity.

The casting of the new metal is found earlier in the south than by us. A thorough examination of German bronze pieces for traces of other metals has, however, shown without doubt that they are tin and copper from Germany. There were mines in central Germany that are today not economically practical. Chemistry proves that the metal alloys come from them, whereas the bronze of the south displays totally different alloys.

In the Bronze Age, the filling of the whole of Europe with *Indo-Germanic* folks, which had started in earlier millennia, was essentially completed. The emigrants largely adopted the cultures of the original natives that they found, and further developed them. But their superiority is so great that they impose their own language almost everywhere.

Four cultures existed in the Bronze Age on the soil of the present Reich landscape. In the north there was, as already portrayed, in the Neolithic Age the pre-Germanic people, who had emerged from both folks and now grew toward their mission.

They rapidly out-advance their neighbors, enrich them with the products of their blacksmiths, who advance to even the most artistic musical

instruments of old times, the *"Luren"*, an s- shaped horn with decorative disk at the end.

Next to Germanic man and farther to the south, the Celtic culture had developed, whose Nordic foundation and close relation to Germanic man is without doubt. In the east, in Thuringia, it borders on a third, the Illyrian culture. That culture had nothing to do with the later Slavs.

The Baltic folks were a fourth group, who, like Celts and Illyrians as well, were of Aryan origin.

Germanic man, Celts and Illyrian made significant accomplishment in bronze work, but Germanic man had the leadership. Only in Greece are equal artists found in those centuries.

Germanic man also had the time and leisure for it. After the earlier wandering movement of the Indo-Germanic folks, a long period of peace ruled in Europe's north. There is fighting in the Mediterranean; Troy and Crete are destroyed. Egypt is threatened by Indo-Germanic maritime folks of the north and the Etruscans land in Italy. In the Germanic north, on the other hand, the people of the Bronze Age live in a "golden age". The climate is continental, has warm, bright summers and cold winters. The oak domains the hills, with it elm and linden. Cattle breeding and crop cultivation achieve a high blossoming and house gardens bring the first hybrid apples. The land is densely settled; clan order, social form and laws correspond to those of all early Indo-Germanic people. A *high weaving and decoration art* elevates the folk over the neighbors; an old religion gives it festivals, to which one travels over the sea northward. The clearest image of life form of our bronze age ancestors would be a comparison with the *early* Greeks before the spread of writing and the stone house.

One should remember that all of this begins around the year 2000 BC, hence a thousand years before Nebuchadnezzar, before Salomon's empire, twelve-hundred years before the foundation of Rome. But lost, lost forever, is the history of that time in the north, only massive kings' graves and the finds of a high life culture still tell of it.

Iron Age

The ice age follows, the last age of prehistory, which stretches from about 800 BC to, actually, the present. Around 800 BC the climate in the Germanic settlement lands starts to change, the warmth recedes and the air becomes more moist. That brings difficult changes into the life form of our bronze age ancestors, who have perhaps become accustomed to an all too opulent life.

At the same time, a new metal, iron, starts its march to victory.

Already the king's grave of Seddin in the Mark, which may have been built around 1000 BC, contains *a needle and a punch* made of iron. The first iron finds on the Nile come from an earlier time, and those in Crete probably around 1200 BC. We must reckon with the probability that the earliest use of iron did not lie in our land. But the blacksmiths, the forges that we primarily find in Westphalia, are as old as the iron finds themselves. So if one took the use of iron from another folk, one immediately started producing it oneself. The very old word "steel", which passed into several languages, stems from the Germanic language.

The Iron Age, hence roughly the last millennium before Christ, brings advances and retrogressions. The potter develops the turning pottery wheel; the production of glass jewelry and the gold-plating of metal are discovered; but in blacksmithing, the accomplishments of the Bronze Age, it seems, are not reached again, the "golden age" of Germanic prehistory is over; only much later will a new blossoming of artistic achievement evolve.

In southern Germany the Celts have their great time. From about 900 to 390 BC, until Brennus' advance before Rome, they win half of Europe, in the west all of France, Spain and Britain. But they do not expand against the Germanic north. In the Neolithic Age until the time of Christ, the artistic mastery of the Celts, which we can admire in the excavation at La Tène,

Gold bowl from the Bronze Age with symbolic depiction

is amazing; their fortifications indicate heavily populated states that held out until Caesar's time.

Germanic man had for almost a millennium sat peacefully in his old settlement area between southern Sweden and lower Germany; he only slowly set into motion. At the end of the Bronze Age he has reached the upper Weser in the west and crossed the Rhine. In the south they are good neighbors with the related Celts; the Cimbers and Teutons still appeared to have crossed their territory on the basis of peaceful agrements.

Then, with the decline of the Celtic folk, around 500 BC, the men of the north advance more aggressively and win and settle in the course of a few centuries the whole southern German region to the Alps. They must have, as the name-giving proves, aside from the smallest remnants, replaced or driven out the Celts; almost without trace the previous inhabitants withdraw before Hermunduren, Sueven, Chatten and Alemannen. In Caesar's time, Ariovist already stands across from the Roman commander in Alsace.

In the east, Germanic advance appears to have started at the beginning of the Iron Age. In the Weichsel area one finds early Scandinavian tribes who had come across the sea. The old border between the Illyrians and Germanic man that ran through eastern Pomerania collapses; the Illyrians withdraw before Germanic man, who already around 200 BC, as Skiren and Bastarnen, reaches the Black Sea. Along the same path follow later the Goths, Vandals and Gepiden.

The Bronze Age was the epoch of highest cultural blossoming of Germandom. In the Iron Age, the heroes age of the Germanic folks, their powerful campaigns take possession of the present Reich territory, and they settle the strips of land bordering the Reich in the east down to the Crimea. From this time onward, Germandom determines the countenance of central Europe!

The more we become acquainted with our ancestors, they more proudly can we refer to them – however, the greater becomes our duty, too, to prove ourselves worthy of them.

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 11

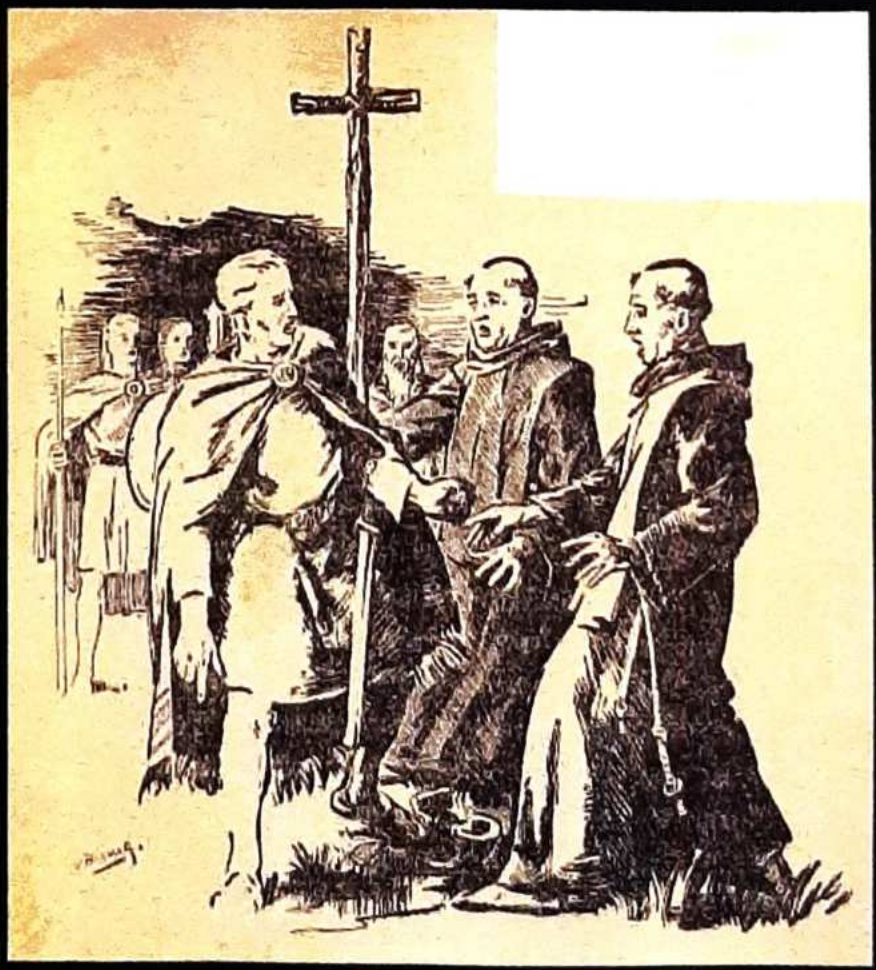
Oh tree, grow with hundred branches + with thousand branches. We also want to grow.

From the *Rgveda* around 2000 BC

SS Culture

Volume Seven :

Christianity



Translated from Original SS Publications

SS Culture – Volume Seven :

Christianity

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Seven: Christianity is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about the impact of the Christian church on Germanic man. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume three in 1937 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
November 2004

"Soul Capture..."

The Historical Development of the *Heiland* Poem (830 AD)

Ludwig "the Pious"is known to have, with downright furious Christian eagerness, done everything to wipe documents of Germanic culture from the face of the earth. That is how he earned the epithet "the Pious" *in the Roman sense*, for since Ludwig's work of destruction, Rome has not stopped contrasting *Christian cultural peak against Germanic barbarism*. Yes, Rome's mockery went so far as to derive the justification and obligation for the "mission" from the fact that Germandom languished in darkest superstition and lack of culture, and first had to be saved into a Roman-Christian "state of grace".

Centuries before Ludwig, a poetry had already existed in the Germanic region, namely the Heroes Song, the praise of women as well as customary slogans. This Germanic poetry, however, was exclusively passed down by word of mouth; above all, the heroic songs were the intellectual property of the young men of the tribe.

Just as, for example, we have remnants of Nordic sailor sagas in the *Odyssey*, we find extremely ancient Germanic wisdom in the *Edda* collection at a later time. In the Hildebrandslied we encounter remnants of the old Germanic honor order, and in the Nibelunglied we witness the praise of loyalty to man. Down to the present day we find in peasant custom nurtured saying wisdom of Germanic origin, passed down verbally.

The whole Germanic region is interwoven with poetry about experiences, with praise of the strong and the beautiful. So, too, has world literature down to the present day been largely determined by poets with Nordic spiritual bearing. Ludwig's time was no exception. Rather, Ludwig realized that nothing would be as suited for his Christianization plans as a Christian

heroic song. He thus gave the assignment to a poetically talented priest of Germanic descent to create a heroic poetry that, in place of the "heathen heroic songs", should move the souls and hearts of the people of the Germanic region, and he hoped to thereby achieve a spiritual inclination to the cross among the Germanic people who still inwardly rejected Christianity. *For Ludwig, the Heliand is purely poetry as a means. It is known that he even intended to pour the entire Bible into the form of a heroic poem.*

"By coincidence", in the year 1894, fragments of the Germanic rewritten first book of Moses, so-called Genesis, the history of creation, were "found" in the Vatican, among other things.

We can only smile when we read there how the Jews under Moses' leadership are portrayed as a heroic folk with typically Germanic spiritual bearing, how they fight bravely, how they treat their enemies nobly, and how they proudly stride toward rule over the earth promised them by Jehovah. The Heliand poem appeared around the year 830 AD. The cleric assigned the composition took the language and form from the verbally passed down, popular heroes song.

So even today, when reading the Heiland, we feel a proud joy in the height of Germanic poetry and the purity of form, and are only disappointed that this so beautiful and powerful poem praises a non-Germanic hero.

Still, we can thank Ludwig "the Pious", that along the detour of the Heliand, we can still get a – even if distorted – picture of the spiritual height of Germanic man.

The Heliand brings in a great panorama of the life and death of the Nezarener Jesus, destined to be the son of God of eternity. None of the four gospels, which contradict each other, serve the author as the theological basis, rather a so-called gospel harmony, that means a mosaic readily constructed from all four gospels of the earthly life conduct of the son of god.

Thus it is not surprising when the figure of Jesus of Nazareth appears much more unified and resolute to the reader of the Heliand than to the reader of the original text of the Bible. The

author's talent can also be credited that the figure of Christ is downright sympathetic; he is, after all, portrayed as a mighty master, the team leader, the great blonde fighter for the Reich. The figure appears to have come from a single mold and has none of the contradictions of the Bible, which at one place portray Jesus of Nazareth as the gentle lamb and at another place as the avenging world judge who has come "to light a fire" with the words, "What more would I want, for it already burns?"

The attempt to apply the Germanic soul-language as foundation to a heroic song to Jesus of Nazareth is so successful for the writer, that even the whole atmosphere around Christ has been Germanized. The apostles of Jesus of Nazareth become Germanic nobles. *All oriental features are consciously purged out*; for example, it seems to come from itself that even the Bible's not exactly refined attitude toward women is replaced with Germanic politeness toward woman.

Women in the surroundings of Jesus of Nazareth – as well as all women under the influence of the apostles, who are glorified as a "heroic community" – are portrayed as beautiful and majestic. One cannot, of course, shout at such women, as happens in the Bible, rather the language of the Heliand apostles, especially when directed toward Canaanite woman as is the case here, must be kind and helpful. The high song of manly loyalty toward the team leader, the main content of early Germanic poetry, is cleverly fit into the Heliand written for a purpose. The cowardly betrayal by Petrus, who in the Heliand is promoted to "the best dagger" and "the quickest swordsman", thus becomes through higher purpose a glorified deed, from the Lord in Heaven's eternal providence, in order to praise the hero Christ as an extraordinary, lonely and obedient personality. Especially in this totally falsified betrayal scene of Petrus, the clever tactic of the soul catcher is recognizable, for Germanic man would not only have unable to understand the biblical original Petrus, rather he would have strongly resisted accepting such an apostle as a good example. Beyond that, Germanic man would have drawn conclusions from Petrus' betrayal about

the personality of Jesus of Nazareth, who wanted to build on the "rock" of Petrus. One should compare the gospels of the New Testament, insofar as they portray the bearing of the apostle toward their master, with the position of the Heliand apostles:

Thomas, advanced the first-rate man:
"Let us not scold his action", spoke the loyal fellow,
"Or resist his will, rather stay with
Him,
Tolerate with the master: that is the follower's
Glory,
That he firmly stands at his ruler's side
And steadfastly dies with him. Stand all of us
With him,
Follow his journey, allow freedom and life to
Be of little value to us, when we amid the folk
Fall with him, the dear master: then we
Long have
Among good men, glory after death." So became the
Apostles of Christ,
The noble-born, united in purpose
Obedient to the will of the master.

This makes it clear to recognize, how in the purpose-oriented poem the heart of Germanic man is supposed to be captured, leaving behind biblical accuracy.

The bourgeois literature history observation has never held it necessary to examine precisely these questions, rather been satisfied to note the "objective" beauty of the Heliand poem.

So far do German sensitivities suppress oriental concept, that the mercifully meant refreshment that the man of Nazareth on the cross receives with the vinegar-sponge is portrayed in the Heliand as an unprecedented mockery! For nobody could have handed vinegar water to a Germanic hero at his hour of death, on top of that in a sponge! *The other-worldly mood of the New Testament is totally pushed out by the nature-feeling and life-*

feeling of the Heliand, thus the religious tenent "do penance, for heaven is close", must make a retreat from the ethical will to improvement, to purification.

Ludwig "the Pious" was clever enough to know that what could not be achieved by the sword, could perhaps succeed through soul capture: to bring the people under the cross in order to then have more control over them in terms of political power!

Precisely in this attempt by Ludwig we recognize that he considered the Christianization of the north to be so politically important, that he believed himself justified in using political war tricks and in soul capture.

Down to the present day the attempts have not stopped to disguise the church's claim to political power with spiritual cloaking. One may consider, however, that Jewry is even then still Jewish, when one, for example, garnishes the stories of the Old Testament with Germanic expressions.

SS Leitheft, Year 3, Issue 3, July 1, 1937

Attack against the Nordic Race-Soul

"For God, the Lord, it is a triumph,
if you do not vanish before him,
if you, instead of in the dust dully
kneeling, stand magnificently."

Hebbel

Germanic Bearing was exemplary!

The Roman historian *Tacitus*, who lived around the year 100 AD, reports of Germanic man that he had not been falsified through marriage with other folks, rather was a unique, racially pure folk similar only to itself. We must proceed from this early historical time, if we want to gain a measure for the racial-spiritual uniqueness of our ancestors. Like all Nordic people, they distinguish themselves through a cool objectivity of thought and feeling, through a composed bearing, through daring and leadership spirit, through love of sport activity as well as a distinct sense for purity. The entirety of these characteristics bestows on its bearers that self-confidence and balance, which often so conspicuously distinguishes them from other races. *These and other traits of the Nordic race-soul, whose uniqueness had been shaped through millennia of hard selection on the plains of Northern Germany, Denmark and Southern Sweden, would – along with the corresponding racial body condition – have remained unchanged in our folk down to the present day, if racially alien forces had not again and again influenced the body and soul of Germans.*

The attacks against the uniqueness of a race-soul can be di-

vided into two groups: those of intellectual-psychological kind, and in others, which change the gene pool. Both may appear equally dangerous; however, the intellectual-psychological is the lesser evil, because each new growing generation presents the possibility to again remove the alien veneer, whereas *the alien genes* that enter the folk-body through mixture with other races can only be removed again in the course of many successive generations. Hence *race-mixture is the worst attack against the physical-psychological structure of a race.*

Intellectual-Psychological Alienation.

Among the *intellectual-psychological influences*, distinctions must be made. Already in prehistory, races and folks had contact with their neighbors and, aside from objects of all kinds, also exchanged intellectual values. This exchange has at all times had a stimulating and fertilizing effect on cultural development, as long as the recipient was strong enough to process the foreign object in such a way as to make it his own. So we have also received foreign influences from our neighbors, already in prehistory, but at the same time Germanized them, so that their origin is generally only recognizable to the trained researcher and sometimes not even to him. A threatening turn only arises if *the foreign element overgrows the native element.* Such an intellectual-psychological alienation must then cause a disturbance of the inner balance of the race-soul and may be able to impress on entire ages the stamp of unrest.

Resistance Forces.

Naturally, however, healthy and vital Nordic folks of Nordic race possess *natural resistance forces*, which initially hold off the danger of a physical as well as of an intellectual-psychological alienation. These resistance forces lie in Nordic

marriage law, which does not allow unions with the blood-alien, or however, where it occurs, do not accept the resultant offspring into the blood community of freemen and nobles, as well as in all the inherited custom, which accompanies the whole life of the folk-comrades and protects the treasure of sacred inheritance against the influences of alien spirit. Since these customs also encompass marriage law, body and soul of Nordic man was protected by it. Only when the attack was simultaneously launched against both, did a serious danger emerge, which among the Nordic folks of antiquity led in relatively short time to folkish decline.

When Germanic man, around the time of Christ, entered history, he faced in the west and in the south of his folk territory the Roman empire, which housed a mixture of the most diverse races and was only held together by a thin Nordic leader stratum. Old Roman-Nordic essence had already died out down to sparse remnants, so that valuable influences on the race-soul of the Northern folks were not to be directly expected from there; the spiritual culture of Nordic tendency set down in the writings of Roman antiquity did not have an effect until much later. So in the first centuries of collision, we see more rejection of alien essence than the opposite.

Effect on Christianity.

This situation changed, however, as *Christianity* gradually won more and more influence over our ancestors. *It did not just bring them an essentially alien world that caused a revolution in thought and feeling, rather it also simultaneously undermined with its teaching of the equality of people the racial structure of a folk, which indeed treated its racially-alien prisoners-of-war quite humanely, but – as bondsmen without freedom – fundamentally kept apart from the blood community of the freemen, who formed the actual folk.* At the moment that a bridge was erected here, began the *race-mixture*, and its unre-

strained expansion to all sundry races that turned our German folk into a mixed-folk, in which the Nordic blood portion is today only about 50% of the whole, so that we must now seek means to strengthen it again. How great was once the contrast between the church's view, which allowed marital union between freeman and subjects and hence promoted race-mixture, and the old inherited Germanic view, is shown that among most Germanic tribes marriage between freeman and bondsmen was punishable with death, or at least the child from such a union "of the more wicked hand" followed and was hence excluded from the blood community of the free. *At the same time, the primarily other-worldly directed gaze of Christianity turned the eye so far away from the health and beauty of the body, so that these for the condition of a folk so important characteristics to a considerable degree, leastwise among the people standing most strongly under religious influence, lost their value in terms of selection.* Further, the racial-health promoting physical exercises and competitions of our weapon-happy ancestors were replaced by pessimistic penitence exercises and castigations, which had different racial origins than the readiness of the Germanic warrior to willingly endure pain and deprivation in the struggle for honor and freedom.

Revaluation of Woman and Marriage.

Since Christianity had emerged in the distant orient, it had to – despite the Nordic influences it had absorbed from Persia and Greece – also stand in substantial opposition to the *moral feelings* of our ancestors. That demonstrates itself above all in the valuation of the *woman*, in whom Germanic man, according to the report of Tacitus, viewed something sacred and prophetic, whereas the church thought essentially differently. The church father Tertullian (around 200 AD) called woman the door of the devil, the church father and saint Chrysostomus (around 400 AD) the enemy of friendship, a punishment that

the man cannot escape, a "with color whitewashed evil of nature". A Frankish church assembly considered in all seriousness whether the term human could be applied to woman. In the year 1189 Jews and women were prohibited to attend the coronation of King Richard of England, because they were under suspicion of witchcraft. The witchcraft hysteria fed by the church, which already started to spark at the time of the Karolinger, assumed ever more drastic forms in the later Middle Ages and led to one of the most humiliating treatments of woman such as has at all times been unendurable to healthy Nordic feeling.

Fundamentally different was also the judgment of *marriage*. For Germanic man, it was a God-willed institution protected by sacred customs, which guaranteed the enduring survival of the clans and hence of the folk community. For the apostle Paulus, according to Corinthians I, it appeared a kind of protective measure to guard against something worse. Even if later in the course of German history devout Christians, from their Nordic nature, developed views of marriage that did not run counter to Germanic moral feeling, the basic opposition has nonetheless never been eliminated, because the words of the Bible, especially as set forth in ther writings of Paulus, cannot be given any other meaning. A result of the lower valuation of marriage was the demand for the clergy not to marry and the founding of cloisters for monks and nuns. These measures led not only to a wider extent to a confusion of moral concepts, rather also produced again and again manifestations of deformity, whose renewed discovery has precisely today aroused such painful attention.

Disruption of Law and Custom.

In jurisprudence as well, the old inherited views were loosened. The old Germanic clan constitution already dissolved during the conversion period, aside from the praiseworthy ex-

ception of the Dithmarsian clan federations, who still held a long time and were violently suppressed only around the turn from the Middle Ages to the later age. Since the High Middle Ages late Roman law was also gradually introduced among us, which had inflicted severe wounds on our Nordic feeling of law and only in our time has again been pushed back step by step. The German peasant wars are not in small measure to be understood as a rebellion against the alien law teachings. The in the Nordic race especially unique rootedness in home soil also suffered damage. The word home and its derivations like homeland, home-bred, homelike with its powerful emphasis of feeling are unique in the Germanic languages and cannot be translated into foreign ones. When the folk wandering tore Germanic man from his old homeland, he could no longer put down roots under the influence of Christianity, because the new doctrine considered this earthly world just a temporary place for the immortal soul, whose most important task was to strive for the heavenly homeland. Admittedly, this contradiction was bridged over by patriotic German men who were devout Christians; but the separation of the worldly from the other-worldly and their different valuation, remains a principle of Christianity which is alien to the nature of German man.

The Attack against Instinct and Healthy Human Reason.

Furthermore, in the sphere of *science*, an early and gradually increasing opposition developed between faith and research, which even today has not been overcome, above all among scientists standing under church influence. *Since the traditions of the Bible not seldom contradicted the inescapable knowledge of human reason, in the Middle Ages one invented the embarrassed solution of the "twofold truth", whereby, however, the theological truth outranked the philosophical truth.* In the Age of the Reformation the church even resorted to burning people

who thought differently, as shown – among many others – by Giordano Bruno's example, and also by Galilei, who barely escaped, when he proposed that the earth orbits the sun.

"Faith" Inhibits Knowledge of the Holy Order.

It becomes clear that the most sensitive of all value spheres, *religion*, was most vulnerable to the danger of alien influences, although precisely here again the strongest resistance made itself felt and the Germanic way of religious thought eventually modified Christianity to a not small extent. The main opposition between Nordic and oriental view lies in that for oriental man, religion to a large extent is the *faith in specific doctrines*, whereas for Nordic man it means a *spiritual bearing*, that in thought and action feels bound and obligated to eternal powers. Therefore, the German has in his mother tongue no word for the for him alien concept of "religion", which is taken from the Latin, while he calls the religious bearing characteristic to him *"piety"*. That during the conversion one or the other individual concepts of the old god faith disappeared – which was itself limited in time and space – is of less importance; more important, however, was the disruption of the old Nordic concept of the divine world order, in which Germanic man felt safe. Above all, along with Christianity came – as the curse of alien spirit – the religious *intolerance* into our folk and it has inflicted the most terrible devastations in the course of a thousand-year history. Furthermore, the doctrine of *original sin*, which had been totally incomprehensible to our free and nobly born ancestors, since their racial nature could appear to them to be as little the root of evil as the world protected by the gods, Mitgard – the garden of the middle – could have been suspicious. To produce this faith among the battle-loving and danger-loving Germanic man could probably not even have been achieved by the fates of the time of wandering, if the early covered simultaneous attack from all sides had not shaken the sure

instinct of its feeling itself. Only now could the peasant and warrior, whose soul, as *Professor Günther* so fitting expresses it, feels good in the world and in its body, turn into the man bowed by sin-consciousness, who yearns to escape from the misery of this world into a better world and wants to be saved from all earthly evil.

The Struggle for a New Unity.

The entirety of these influences on the uniqueness of the Nordic soul in combination with race-mixture pushed Germanic man off the course of development that he had, unerring and self-confident, walked for millennia, and caused a revaluation of his most important values. However, since a healthy racial core nonetheless remained, the Nordic race-soul never died completely, rather strove again and again - even if amid mighty setbacks, such as the Thirty Years War produced – toward its natural life. The spiritual struggles of Meister Eckart, Martin Luther, Friedrich Nietzsche are stretches along the path to a renewal of Nordic essence from its deepest racial roots. Indeed, the dangers that threaten the Nordic race - as a result of the far advanced race-mixture and the too low birth rate of Nordic folks – are today perhaps more than ever before in its entire history, but we have above all one advantage over past eras: *the knowledge of the racial basis of all culture*. That presents us with the double *task*: to increase the portion of our folk's Nordic blood by increased birth rate and then to shape all its life expressions from Nordic spirit.

v. Hoff, SS-Staf.

SS Leitheft, Year 3, Issue 3, July 1, 1937

Whoever only works with whole soul, never errors. He does not need to split hairs, for no power is against him.

Hölderlin

SS Leitheft, Year 3, Issue 3, July 1, 1937

Faith

A world-view proves itself in times of great decisions. We are deeply convinced that the fighting strength of the German army is ultimately rooted in the German folk's strength of faith. Nordic man cannot live and cannot fight without faith. Precisely the length and severity of this war demand the indispensable backbone of the world-view. At the beginning of the war, we might have believed we could postpone spiritual matters. We had long been clear that the new ordering of Europe could only be triumphantly decided through the world-view superiority of National Socialism. Now, for the great number of our folk-comrades, religious concepts are overburdened and falsified through the ominous double-face that the church has given to the God experience of the German folk. The separation of God and world, of body and soul, of earthly and heavenly, has opened a chasm in all people with religious feeling, that has not led to a total sickening of the soul of European man only because – despite church and dogma – so much positive, healthy faith energy was present - especially in the European, Germanic center -, that the disease cells could each time, despite individual catastrophes, be suppressed, if they became a mortal threat to the folks.

We must defend ourselves in two directions: First against the church opponent, whose dogma systems have indeed been long overcome scientifically-philosophically, but whose following still largely consists of those fundamentally good Germans who live from those sacred Germanic values and customs which the church integrated into its orbit in time, and then against those contemporaries, who believe they can decipher the secret of life and evolution in the world purely rationally, and who - instead of the immeasurable creative energy of nature that creates thousandfold admirable secrets in the development of every new human life, in the orbit of stars and in the world of the atom – see technical processes and confuse the law and the

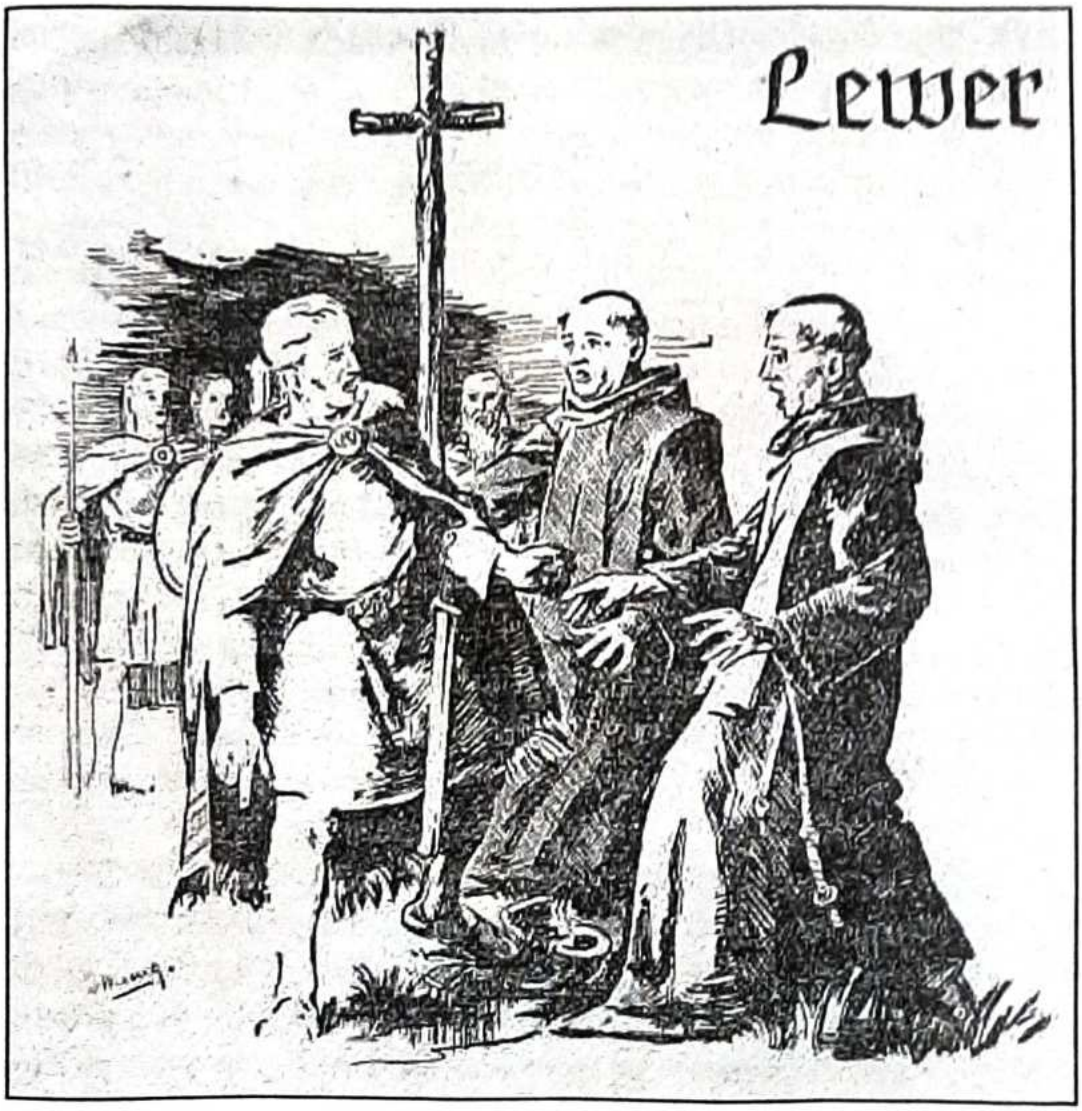
number that nature follows with the ultimately inexplicable and only religiously to be experienced ancient energy that itself rules within these things. It is certain that our whole creative life – be it in the sphere of sculpture, be it in that of poetry, philosophy or the natural sciences – moves for centuries outside the sphere of the church. Schiller and Goethe, Kant, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche have built their world outside this sphere. Even the churches themselves live, where they are still somewhat alive, from the Germanic, that means the timeless, which, even if covered and bent, is stuck inside them. There, where the daily bread is broken in reverence before creation, lives the old, pious meaning. There, where a master pursues his handiwork in loyalty and masterful perfection, the same meaning is alive. Our will for selection of the best is a demand that stems from the inner calling of Germanic man. God's voice is not dead. Our folk lives, where it creates the unique, where it heroically endures the unique, so to speak sure like a sleepwalker following this voice.

Faith is not fanciful surmise. It presupposes a bond to God. A conscious integration of our whole political and intellectual activity, our moral action, must spring from it, if we want to be justified to utter this word. Certainly, thousands and thousands of Germans act from faith and have in the past required neither a philosophical system for their action nor will they require it in the future: they act based on their conscience, which is the creator's eternal voice within man. This fact, however, does not elevate us over the necessity to clearly speak out and coherently portray what is just instinct and, stronger than before, the light-seeking will toward our own shaping of existence and its human obligations. The *SS Leitheft* issues want to give building blocks for that. This issue represents a beginning. What we need is a uniform overall view of the life-laws from which also emerge the moral norms for our action as individual. Much must still be said in the language of our time and under consideration of the psychological prerequisites under which we live. We are also very conscious of the imperfection of what can already be expressed. But greater than the difficulties is our

folk's need, especially now in war, for clarity and honest openness.

Gd.

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 4, 1942



Rather to the Devil in Hell...

The autumn day slipped outward onto the misty expanse of the sea. The last light fell from the trees, and darkness already started its march across the land. The evening came moist and cold.

At the wide-open window of his king's hall stood Ratbold.

Fire blazed in the chimney and cast its light onto the tall fig-

ure. Serious were the features in the sharp face, whose gaze lost itself in the foggy grey of the joyless evening.

The king remembered again the luck, joy and sorrow of the last days. Heavy responsibility rested on his shoulders. The lonely man held judgment over himself and his land, and he had to bear all the burden of the misfortune alone through the night.

The Battle at Wyk-de-Duerstede was lost. Coming generations will drivel about it as about all battles, will note the event like every event in war between folks. But they will never know what thoughts burned in the mind of the man who saw the blossom of his folk die before its time! They will never know how it broke his heart, when he swung the flashing sword over the heads of the blonde warriors who fought in the ranks of the enemy.

The Frisian king turned his head around and stared long into the fire. His hand rubbed his forehead. From the sea of flames emerged figures and placed themselves before his eyes. Was that truly the image of Asgisls? The dead king stood before him as if alive. Then he started a conversion with him: "You wanted to break hostility with friendship, when you allowed Willibrord, the cleric, into the land. You hoped he would keep his promise. The envoy of the foreign faith only sowed unrest and hatred. He has destroyed Friesland. Then I took the sword, called to war against the enemy who threatened the land's freedom. Friesland should be free, free like the light waves of the sea, free like the thunder, when it roars over the forests. – But too great was the enemy's number. The enemy has triumphed, hear, dead one, triumphed!"

Desperation spoke from his words.

"The tribe bleeds to death! Strength wanes, if tenfold stronger, because the master in Rome devotes ever new armies to the achievement of power, the enemy penetrates into our land to destroy the north's freedom!" - There was a long silence in the wide room.

Even more clearly did the dead king's image step before the hurting eye.

"I must preserve peace for the land, save the folk's life from foreign power. Yes, it should continue to sew fields and build, plant seed into fertile soil and protect the fields against the floods of the sea. Friesland should remain, the dikes should not sink!

"Yes, king, Friesland should live! Your goal was the same as mine. You tried to reconcile the enemy, when you saw that he came with superior force. I defiantly offered him the sword. Are we not both sons of the sea, sprouts of the same earth? Who had proven the homeland's native nature? Willibrord sings his song to you. The priests curse me, because I resisted them, when they came to befuddle my folk. But they agitated the Frankish army to enter the land and now reap the harvest of blood that flowed through our swords.

"Listen, Asgisl, I wish to follow your example from now on – if I can. The bishop of Sens is supposed to come to Friesland. I want to myself receive baptism! For Friesland must live!"

The king pulled the sword from the sheath, stepped into the firelight and held the blade into the light. The sword was still sharp, but it should not happen again that a small band of defiant warriors oppose a superior enemy force with weapon. For the sake of life, he was determined to offer peace. And the contempt with which he had despised the crucified god, sank in this hour of desperation.

* * * * *

It was supposed to become a victory of the cross, when the king of the Frisians, who had defied the teachings of the church for so long, received baptism from the hand of the bishop. Priest hands had prepared everything well, considered and calculating.

There lies the place which the bishop had selected for the baptism (there was a prayer house nowhere in Friesland, where one could have performed the sacred act); a bright morning fell upon the land. Men and women had gathered to witness the spectacle that the church offered. The wooden cross, erected by

the servants of the church, jutted high.

Willibrord, the bishop of Utrecht, along with his ally Wulfram von Sens and an entourage, arrived at the site. Quietly triumphant, Rome's envoys walked to the elevated place where the king's baptism was supposed to take place. Before all eyes, the baptism water was to be poured onto the king's head, and the folk would witness how the most defiant king would affirm the faith of the cross.

The neighing of steeds and the clap of hooves signalled his arrival. Next to him rode Grimoald, his daughter's husband. Warriors with spears and swords followed. When the king sprang from his horse and walked to the bishops, who had already taken position at the sides of the erected cross, the whole pride of the north glistened in his eyes. An unbroken warrior wanted to bow his head. His gaze rigidly went over the men and women, who stood silently in a circle as he stepped before the cross.

Wulfram, the bishop of Sens, now started to speak, far audible:

"In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti! See, it is a great time that nears over the representatives of God on earth. Kings and mighty lords begin to hear the message of salvation!"

With the fervor of the convertor, he called out the words.

"Men and women of Friesland, as your king today affirms the saviour, becomes Christian through the water of baptism, so should you, too, throw yourself at the feet of the almighty God, who sent his son to earth to purge your sin-guilt, too, and to save you from guilt and damnation!"

None of the bystanders understood the meaning of the words. The priests stood in the hairshirt cowls with humble, downward gazes behind the talking bishop. Armed Franks at right and left provided protection. The cross jutted overhead like a terrible threat.

Ratbod's eye wandered over to the bishop, stopped at the colorful talar, raised, met the unclear gaze of Rome's delegate, came back again and confirmed to him anew how different a king is from a priest. Behind the high forehead came a thought:

An insurmountable barrier separates the kings of Germania from the priests of Rome.

The bishop mixed Latin sentences into the baptism sermon. The words of the ceremony flew across the site like lost night birds and found nowhere the hearts of the listeners. Their effect was lost like the mist spread by the incense. The high point of the ceremony seemed past. Ratbod's eye surely and firmly mustered the band of his people, who like he himself lacked reverence.

The priest portrayed the blessedness of the baptised and painted the hell torments of the damned who did not want to listen to the word of the high priest in Rome. Now Wulfram of Sens turned to Ratbod himself:

"So take then, king, the water of baptism, so that you, freed from all sin, one day enter heaven with the flocks of the faithful, to sit at the right of all-knowing God from eternity to eternity, while all those go to hell who died without baptism!"

Ratbod's voice interrupted the talking bishop.

He asked in the language of his ancestors: "You have said, priest, I shall come into heaven, if I have myself baptised? Now tell me, priest, where are my parents, who are all dead and were not baptised?"

Horror swept through the ranks of the band of priests, because the sacred act had unexpectedly been interrupted. The bishop, completely in the fervor of the conversion, uttered the words:

"All of them are with the devil in hell, because they died as heathens!"

Then Radbod smashed the earthen pan basin with the sacred water, so that the pieces fell to the ground crashing. And he hurled his free word into the cleric's face:

"Then I wish to tell you, priest, I go rather to my parents to the devil in hell than with you priests to heaven!"

Gerhart Schinke

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 4, 1942

Marked

I.

The Christian doctrine wants to break natural man. By what right it believes it must destroy and mutilate a work from the creator's hand, is not discernible to a reverent disposition. But that this happens, is a fact. You know the crooked head stance of the pious, the hypocrites and numerous pupils of Christian schools. That their soul is broken, is betrayed to you by their body. Their body is marked; for nature is truthful. A deformation of the soul is, in it, directly and simultaneously a deformation of the body. "Their neck is broken", this inner fate is proclaimed to you by the head bent down to the side and forward.

Let this example tell you that your posture is an expression of your character, yes, that it is this character itself, directly. If you have remained inwardly unbroken and straight, then you stand manly and upright. Your posture is proudly erect, straight and stiff. Your instinct tells you that the creator has bestowed on you along with the upright posture something very special, that he has created you not as an animal, rather as a human. Your dignity and natural nobility as a human is expressed in nothing more strongly than in your upright posture. You now know that at the same time this places a special obligation and responsibility upon you. You must not allow the straightness of your posture and hence of your character to be taken from you like those who are marked as inwardly and outwardly broken.

You now know, perhaps, what arrogant insolence lies in that demand to break the God-created form of natural man. That is no genuine humility. Behind this arrogance lies nothing other than the hate instinct of the inferior against the higher and naturally ennobled. Devalued, put down and destroyed should be that which one does possess oneself. The resentment, this upward directed hating by the inferior, is the root and the cause of that research for the breaking of natural man.

You, however, betray through your posture that you have manly and proudly disciplined your body and your soul. You are neither broken nor bent and hence artificially made the same as those who, on the basis of their natural inferiority, cannot do otherwise than to hate, put down and devalue everything that is high, noble and straight.

II.

Just like the breaking of natural man, so do the most pronounced representatives of the Christian faith pursue the deadening of inwardness, too. Vivacity and life joy, love and passion, the unprejudiced enjoyment of the natural and the beautiful, are in themselves already sinful; they must be suppressed and deadened. Once this has happened, then the man is robbed of the actuality in his soul. He has lost the deepest and innermost, which the creator has put inside him. Soulless, cold tool remains left, only executing will and servile reason; dead is disposition in its richness and in its fullness, dead is the innermost of the soul.

You know that the eye is the mirror of the soul. You notice that everyday, when you look into the bright, radiant, clear eyes of your children. And not that alone. The blood-filled freshness, the living softness and purity of their limbs and their skin is for you the bodily reflection of the cleanliness, the freshness and the bright lightness of their souls.

Do you now understand the odd image you encounter in those whose inwardness has been deadened? Their gaze is glassy and rigid, hollow and empty. Whatever you notice, is according to their variety - flickering insecurity or also fanatical coldness -, which is odd to you and chills you. You do not – like among your children at home – see clear, undisturbed water, deep and bright, radiant and open at the same time. Nature has here drawn a dark veil before the soul; for it mourns for the murder that was committed against its innermost. This is the

gaze of many sectarians and numerous former pupils from Christian schools as well as those who became the victims of Jesuit exercises. – And again: those who have lost their innermost through deadening, bear in their face that oddly pale and lifeless skin. Nature has doubled marked them. Their skin, too, no longer radiates in purity and morning freshness like among your children. It betrays to you that they still only contain an inwardness within them as a corpse.

You now know, and with you, too, the life of your soul and your inwardness radiate from your eye and shines from the face. And if you do not want to lose what makes your child still so undisturbed, so pure and close to creation, then you must not deaden the inwardness of yourself or of others, must not murder disposition and the actual soul. You should form it, imprint it, ennoble it, under circumstances also control and curb it, but not deaden it. Only so do you remain despite all discipline at the same time pure and close to God like your child. And never should you allow yourself to be misused as a soul-cold tool for devilish purposes, schemed up by those who must hate the divine because of its purity, its brightness and its clarity, because they themselves carry evil and darkness within themselves.

Ludwig Eckstein

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 6, 1942

A good tree stands straight
with trunk and crown,
unconscious of itself,
from God's mercy
and for man's pleasure,
asks not for praise or reward.

Will Vesper

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 6, 1942

"One Day You Will Have to Choose Between the Church and Germany"

King Friedrich II von Hohenstaufen appeared to take the news of the death of the Grand Master of the German Order very coolly, also incidentally; one could not see how much it disturbed him. He summoned Herr von Winterstetten and inquired objectively and in calm tone about the rules for the new election. Herr von Winterstetten answered in detail, assuring – eventually becoming slightly alienated by the king's repeated question -, that only the chapter of the order would decide, and that any outside influence from any quarter was impossible.

Suddenly, the King Friedrich stood up, stepped over to the knight, his voice was not loud, but yet an unmistakable command:

"I wish Herr von Salza to be elected Grand Master. You have done enough of the improbable when you brought the lad from Pulle to Germany. I am sure of you in this, too!"

Everything, just not this, had Herr von Wittenstetten expected; he wanted to raise objections, to urge to consider, but King Friedrich considered the matter settled and dismissed the knight with much friendliness.

Shortly later he learned more. The Papal State in Rome also suddenly paid dangerous attention to the order it had more than neglected up to then, and strove for a Grand Master of its views. The resistance against Herr von Salza was stubborn and substantial.

King Friedrich turned the game around and gave the outward impression he had turned against Herr von Salza. Many tongues brought the news to Cardinal-Secretary von Ostia; one

Hermann von Salza, the great master of the order who farsightedly developed the order as the guarantor of the Reich. As clear sign that – in the German Knight Order's times of strength – the Grand Master was not responsible to the Pope, rather to the Kaiser, it displayed in its coat of arms the Reich Eagle, which had been bestowed on it by the Kaiser.

spoke of an intense quarrel between the king and the Grand Commander. Unexpectedly, the Papal State reversed itself. Suddenly, Rome promoted the election of Herr von Salza with strange fervor, which then came almost unanimously. When Rome figured out that it had fallen into the king's wicked trap, it was too late. There was nothing to do, but store a deep rage for more appropriate days.

Immediately after the election, the new Grand Master was summoned to the king. King Friedrich approached him with light steps; light, filled with victory, his voice rang out:

"Germany wishes you luck, Herr von Salza!"

Suddenly the Grand Master believed he comprehended everything and asked, while overcoming his last suspicion:

"Did Your majesty – do this?"

Quickly, with an entirely open face, the king replied:

"Yes! The Grand Commander von Salza owes me an answer. Does the Grand Master now have a goal for his order?"

Herr von Salza long remained silent, then he was overcome. King Friedrich clearly heard from his voice the deep emotion:

"The Grand Commander as well as the Grand Master has only one goal, set by God; it is called Germany – and it is given into Your Majesty's hand."

King Friedrich smiled fine, proud, and immediately spoke of what must happen. The order should, released from its half a life, fulfill a hard and great task: to recruit the nation's best forces, to become a sword community independent of nobles and other influence, that stands only under the king, again carrying kingly power on bare weapons through Germany.

Fascinated, the Grand Master followed the forceful voice and grasped the king's narrow hand with visible emotion at the conclusion.

"Your Majesty can count on me! Only in religious matters does the order stand under the church, here there is also a duty of which your Majesty has not spoken. Whoever is obligated to both powers, can alone perhaps still reconcile both forces. I want to devote my life to it, may God help me!"

Suddenly something odd, confusing, frightening happened.

With a swift, yet controlled, movement, King Friedrich pulled back his hand. The light in his eyes played in paralysed alienation. So might the Cherub have looked like before he fell from God – and now this cherub uttered something shocking:

"Do not promise it, Herr von Salza! You cannot keep it! One day you will have to choose between the church and Germany, between the Son of Mary...and me!"

Grey with boundless terror, the Grand Master looked into the king's burning, bright face.

"Your Majesty, do not tempt God, you Majesty, do not tear the world asunder!"

For a moment long the odd light in the king's eyes held firm the Grand Master, then it seemed to go out. The handsome, superior mouth spoke controlled and calm as usual:

"Herr von Salza, do you know the man who calls himself Hugo von Ostia?" The king seemed objective again. Swiftly, in order to free himself from the impression of the just experienced, the Grand Master replied:

"The Pope's Cardinal-Secretary?"

King Friedrich hurled back his locks, his eyes suddenly appeared hard, sharp, cold:

"He is still concealed by the radiance – one day you will know what he *is*, and that might tear the world asunder!"

From: H. F. Anders; "The Traveller of the World", Truckenmüller Verlag, Stuttgart

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 2, February 1943

The King's Judgment

King Heinrich sat on the old judge's seat of Karl the Great [Charlemagne] under the linden, not far from the Rottweil plot, surrounded by his Palatine judges, and around him in wide half-circle the people.

Many bishops, too, were with the king, for it was the first time that he administered his kingly office without assistance.

A yeoman accused a monk of forcible violation of his daughter.

Twelve oath helpers stood at the side of the free peasant; twelve oath helpers, brother monks of the accused, stood at his side.

Twelve oaths balanced each other.

Wicked things had been told the king about the activities of the cloister monks, and from his judge's seat King Heinrich could well see that the people stood on the side of the peasant, and that only respect for the king kept them from uttering insults against the monks.

With his daughter at his hand, the peasant demanded justice.

Across from him stood the monks, called the girl a whore.

A growling murmur went through the ranks of the people.

The accused was from a prominent house and his clan had left no means untried to intimidate the yeoman; they had threatened him with fire and sword, if he did not withdraw his accusation. But the brave man had remained strong and looked into the king's face, free and open, and demanded his right.

The monk, however, when the king looked into his eyes, lowered his gaze to the ground.

The king had the girl step closer, and when she had overcome her shame, King Heinrich already saw from her eyes that she spoke the truth:

The girl said the priest had heard her confession and ordered her, as punishment for her sins, to say the Lord's Prayer twelve times at her mother's grave in the cemetery. From there he

forced her into his cell and overpowered her. She had screamed and defended herself, but nobody in the cloister stirred a hand. The next morning the abbot had her taken to him and made her the suggestion to remain in the cloister as a maid.

Her father, however, had gone to the cloister with a group of armed men, whereupon she was released.

The abbot stepped forward and swore by all the saints that the girl lied. But God would now help truth to triumph, and judgement should fall to God. The accused monk was willing to undergo test by fire.

Displeased, the young king shouted" "How long will people still believe in such magic?"

Horrified, all who had heard the words looked at each other, and the bishops, shocked, pulled back from the king.

King Heinrich, who saw he had gone too far, said: "If you believe that eternal God will perform a miracle, then let me see it."

The twelve monks brought plates – which they already had ready – in front of King Heinrich's throne.

They came by twos, each holding a single plate, eyes directed toward heaven in prayer.

A cloister servant, however, brought a wooden grate and laid it down in front of King Heinrich's judge's seat.

And they prayed loudly for God to help truth triumph and save their innocent brother from the devil's talons.

Among the people who listened to that, however, great excitement over the king's careless words had made the people terribly agitated.

Then the brothers came again, and each carried a massive wooden log, praying and eyes raised toward heaven. And they piled the wood and made a big fire that blazed high.

King Heinrich, however, sat unmoved on his seat and acted as if he did not hear the bishop's displeased whispering and the agitated murmuring of the people.

The monks, however, placed the iron plates into the fire, and the abbot called almighty God as witness that the brother was innocent and that everything one said about his cloister was un-

true.

He planned to kill two flies with one blow that way, and at the same time to divert from his cloister the menacing misfortune that he feared.

King Heinrich's eyes, however, glistened, for he had seen through the abbot's plan.

The priest prayed louder and louder, affirmed before eternal God the innocence of his cloister brother, and asked the almighty judge to reveal before all the people that the accuser and his daughter were liars possessed by the devil; but the girl above all deserved death by fire, because she had unjustly accused a pious brother.

King Heinrich shouted: "Do you want to pass the king's judgement, priest? God has called the king to the judge's office and not the abbot of Rottweil!" Meanwhile, the plates had become glowing red hot, and so that all the people could see that everything was in order, two cloister brothers blew air into the fire with large bellows.

Then others brought a chair, sat the accused monk on it and put his feet into a tin pan. It was full to the rim, and the abbot said with loud voice that is was necessary for the brother to step before his divine judge with clean feet.

King Heinrich, however, saw that the fluid in the pan had a blue shimmer.

After they had washed the brother's feet – without drying them – he stood up and raised both hands in prayer.

The monks, however, took tongs, gripped the glowing plates and placed them at a distance of one step from the wooden grate. And they were so hot, that the grate caught fire and steamed.

The abbot, however, took the brother by the hand and led him to the glowing plates.

"Now bear witness, eternal God", he shouted, "that our brother is innocent!"

And the accused walked across the glowing iron as if they were cool stones.

And all the people screamed; and the girl screamed the loud-

est.

The yeoman, however, pulled up his daughter, who had fallen to the ground, and shouted she was a whore!

And the monks screamed and roared that she deserved death, and the people were stiff and did not know what they should think.

King Heinrich, however, did not beat an eyelash and just looked silently at the girl, who had thrown herself at his feet.

Then he spoke with a loud voice: "Let us see if God stands by his judgement!"

"You commit an outrage, King Heinrich!" the bishops shouted loudly.

"Make the plates hot again!" the king called.

But nobody wanted to stir.

The young knights who always surrounded the king then stepped up, seized the plates with the fire-tongs, and threw them into the fire, added new wood, and blew with the bellows into the fire.

The monks, however, screamed and shouted that was a blaspheme against eternal God.

Only the abbot realized what the king wanted, and he became pale white with horror.

"Do you feel ill, abbot?" the king asked him.

He gave no answer.

And the bishops entreated King Heinrich to refrain from his blaspheme.

"Bind up your garment!" King Heinrich called to the girl.

And with the fire tongs, the young knights placed the plates, which glowed even more intensely than before, onto the wooden grate, and they were so hot that the wood burst into blue flames.

And two monks rushed up and wanted to lead the girl, but the king called with loud voice: "Stop! That is not your office!"

And he stepped from his judge's seat, took the girl by the hand, and said: "If it was necessary for the cleric to step before his Lord God with clean feet, then it is no less necessary for the girl to do the same!"

And he told the girl to sit on the stool, and he himself put her feet into the pan of tin.

In the process he saw that the contents were a thick fluid and transparent like blue crystal.

But the people who saw it trembled with excitement and did not know what they should say.

Then the king told the trembling girl to stand up, and he himself led her toward the glowing iron.

And when she fearfully hesitated a moment to step onto the first plate, he said kindly: "I know that you are innocent, so be completely comforted!"

The girl then took courage and walked across the glowing iron as if they were cool stones. And after she had crossed them, her feet did not show the slightest little blister.

The people, however, cried out, and the monks cried out, too.

But they knew, why!

The peasant, however, pulled his child to him and pressed her against his breast so that she almost suffocated.

The bishops, however, were amazed and did not know what to make of it. Several of the monks, however, attempted to break through the crowd.

But the king shouted with loud voice: "Stop them!"

A few hearty men seized the black robes and again brought them before the king's judge's seat.

He, however, called several knights, had them closely watch the monks, and ordered: "Make the iron hot yet again!"

All were rigid with amazement, and nobody knew what the king was driving at.

The bishops, too, no longer spoke a word.

The young knights made the plates hot for the third time.

And master Heinrich had a new pan brought full of fresh water and spoke with loud voice: "Now God should tell us, whether the abbot has spoken the pure truth. And a bishop should wash his feet with holy water, so that he can step before God's judgement seat completely clean!"

The abbot, however, screamed with horror and refused and resisted with all his might. But they forced him onto the seat,

and one of the bishops washed his feet with fresh, consecrated water.

And although he struck and kicked out with hand and foot, they led him with force across the glowing plates, and when his foot touched the first plate, a stinky smoke rose up, and the wind carried the foul stench of burned flesh over the excited spectators.

The abbot, however, screamed and fell to the ground unconscious.

Then the monk threw himself at the king's feet and confessed his guilt. – And the king sentenced him to death.

The abbot and the other monks, however, he had whipped from the cloister with rods.

The shocked people, however, kneeled down and prayed.

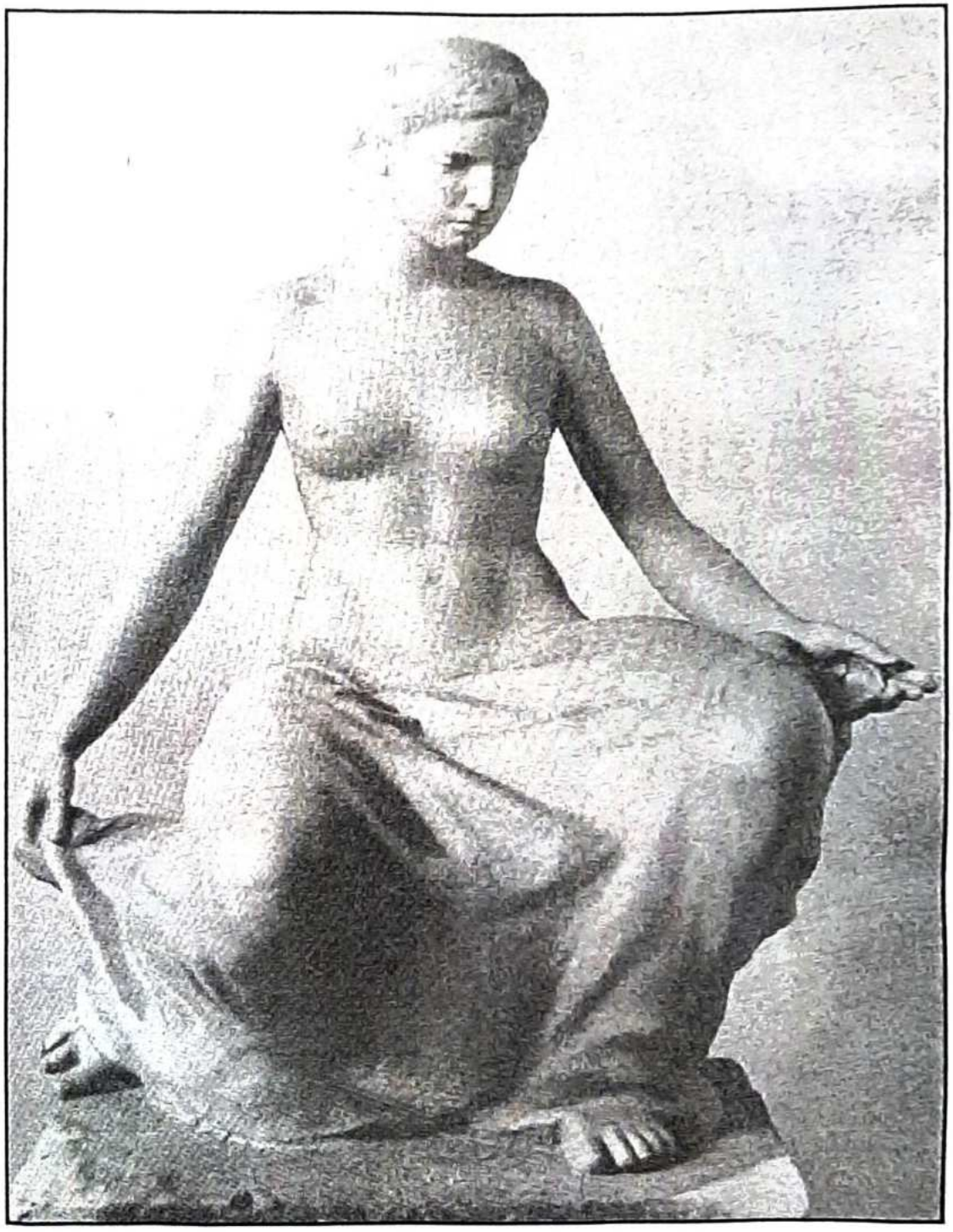
And although the bishops and later many a man beseeched him to explain the matter, King Heinrich remained silent.

News of the judgement, however, flew through the whole Reich, arousing terror and astonishment.

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Edition S, Issue 1

God does not reveal himself in super-natural miracles, rather in the sacred order of nature.

SS Leitheft, Year 1944, Edition S, Issue 1



***Life* / Monument model by Rudolf Agricola**

Franz Faber's Speech

From the left behind, yet unpublished novel by Hermann Stehrs, "Damian Maechler or the Great Razor":

Franz Faber, the poet-philosopher, speaks in the year 1923 in an assembly, in which an apostle of the religious sectarian and dreamer Häusler agitates for his "lord and master", who back them confused the dispositions of many people.

Franz Faber spoke:

"The man you have just heard – or more accurately, in whose name and spirit he has spoken to us - , calls the centuries and time as crown witnesses to his allegedly truths. But whoever does that, is struck dead by the centuries and time. He wants to hammer two things into us: first, that people can only find their salvation again, if they allow their thought as well as their action to be solely directed by the revelations of the Bible and the teachings of the Christian church; and second, that only the circumstances of the time are decisive for the corruption of people.

Let us for once speak with fearless seriousness about the Bible and Christianity!

Who among us can still manage to actually, to literally, believe in the Biblical creation of the world, in paradise, in the fall of man, the family tree of Jesus, in the death and redemption, in the Bible as the literally revealed voice of God or in his trinity? We have seen through the dubiousness of most of the so-called historical evidence and still permit others merely as symbols. By Christianity we understand something completely different than the Middle Ages or the present churches. Did this Christianity not die long ago in the Middle Ages? Does it not just appear to live on within church walls? Outside those, in the relations between the Christian folks, nothing more of

Christianity is to be felt, above all since the First World War. Did it not represent the bloodiest irony of the value of the Christian education work of the Christian churches on humanity? Precisely the Christian folks, after centuries of enjoyment of salvation, butchered each other with a bestiality the leaves any conceivable atrocity of heathen times far, far behind. And one should not tell me that the churches did not have power to oppose this bloodbath prepared by the folks! The Pope, the bishops, the church councils, the holy synods just had to withheld the community's means of salvation from each fighter, and a shock would have gone through the world. Millions of raised arms would have fallen, and the World War would have turned into a general Christian persecution, from which the old institution would have triumphantly risen in new radiance.

Out of considerations of political practicality, resistance was not dared, which in the innermost essence of the teachings of Jesus would have been founded, which all Christian churches proclaim in vain. Who goes into the churches again today? Only those lost in life, frightened to death, who in the general chaotic upheaval seek shelter in an institution which, purely outwardly, still stands with old steadfastness. They have a genuine passion to experience the delusion of their lost faith in the sensual enjoyment of old ceremonies, as if it were still the truth of their genuine faith. These spiritually flabbergasted people confusedly call their fear contemplation, their life-fear regret, their self-suggestion conviction. As soon as stable economic, social and political conditions return, these scared off people will again leave the old, honorable, emergency shelter, and the churches will stand more empty than before the war.

The serious men of the whole world, however, know that Jesus of Nazareth, whom one calls Christ, never came up with the idea to found a church. They know that the knowledge of this mystical man rested in the torch of an idealism that so purified and elevated the demands of individualism, that they became God's commandments, to whom he felt to be as close as a blood son, and who passionately rejected, cursed and persecuted any obligation over this over-worldly bond, be these fet-

ters called honorable historical traditions, holy commandments of the church or human community. The man of Nazareth, who seemed to himself to have been sent into life as a torch, who instead held it to be his task to, instead of peace, bring struggle and hostility even into the scared sphere of the family, and who was not afraid to – against the revelations of the Bible – put all over-worldly security, all heavenly reward and divine enjoyment of essence into the inside of man, and to limit the relationship to the state to a demand of worldly wisdom: he recognized man's born divinity as did Laotse and Buddha before him, and the church that bears his name on the front of its temple, conducted and conducts still today the business of a Dostojewskian grand inquisitor against his teachings and person. Because it contradicted its imperialistic instinct for power, it suppressed every word of the man of Nazareth, which has been spoken from the soul of all people of the time before and of the time after: heaven is within you yourself, a realization that is the blood of the teachings of Buddha as well as Laotze, and before which Emerson and Kant bow in reverence. The serious men know that, and they are at work to proclaim God's mercy for each person.

Until now, the folks were a matter of the church. Now this will become a matter of the folks in a deeper, human-divine sense. The scholastic sophistry of the monks is no longer religion. We no longer allow the mystery of motherhood to be twisted by the doctrine of Mary's immaculate conception, the high godliness of man to be contested by the blasphemous claim that Jesus was God's sole son. The education of human generations by God, the justification of salvation truths by Jewish historical distortions, is a hypocritical delusion.

What a paradise will open itself to the man who has realized that the beyond is not exterior to the world, a heaven above for the just and a purgatory fire below for the unjust, rather for each one, yes, I say it: for each one it is his heavenly interior, which he can reach any moment through every just word, every life-promoting deed, through every genuinely deep thought of goodness. We have never been saved and we never need to be.

For we bear within us from the start the well of all truth, the arsenal of all realizations, the light of all wisdom, the infinity of the universe, the fire of the sun, all things and beings of the earth, the play of all times, the song and the beautify of eternity. At each moment God climbs on the earth, at each moment the universe passes and emerges. Every being, every event of nature, the erection of states and churches, the creations of our art, the slogans of our wisdom, yes even our own God who hovers before us like a colorful, always moving cloth, all, all is to us a symbol of the genuine essence of our depth, of our soul.

Has anybody ever been able to loan you his living eye, so that you could use it to see, or his voice for you to speak with, or his ear to hear with? The strength of your legs determines the extent of your trips, your stomach nourishes you, your lung preserves or kills you, your heart alone makes you happy or sad. Every person is the sphere that rolls out of itself. Whither it may ever take its course. It is the same. It rolls toward where it took its start, back into God, like all rivers of the world, namely into the sea. Never believe in salvation through an intermediary! That is the greatest sin, that can never be forgiven of you by your God, for it is a sin against your holy spirit. All the teachings that speak to you are like the bread or the fruit that offers itself to you as nourishment. If it is supposedly to enter you as strength and sweetness, you must crush it with your teeth and dissolve it with your stomach, hence destroy it.

And a final thing is still to be said, which follows from it: the inalterability and uniqueness of every being. Millions have fallen in the World War, each has died a different death. Millions have experienced the horror of the same battle lasting weeks, not one has experienced the same thing. The same song that a hundred hear awakens a hundred totally separate from each other feelings and penetrates in a hundred different ways into the gears of thought and of life. But nobody but you knows your boundaries, and it can come that what others figure your victory, you will feel to be a defeat, that the fulfillments in the eyes of others are your destructions, but your failure becomes your rise. This domination of one over the other is a crime and

a foolishness at the same time. We are all kings who dress differently. Through the injustice we inflict on the other, we dishonor ourself.

But all of this I say to you only in the that each person resembles a narrow entrance to his own essence - through his days and years, his businesses and age, his faith and will, his yearning and never ending unrest -, where time does not exist nor birth, death, youth and age. But that is the same in all. It can be increased by science. No wealth makes it more precious, no poverty less. In comparison to him, gold has the value of dirt. And yet all your virtues resemble naked, freezing, starving children who knock at the gate of a castle and beg for entry.

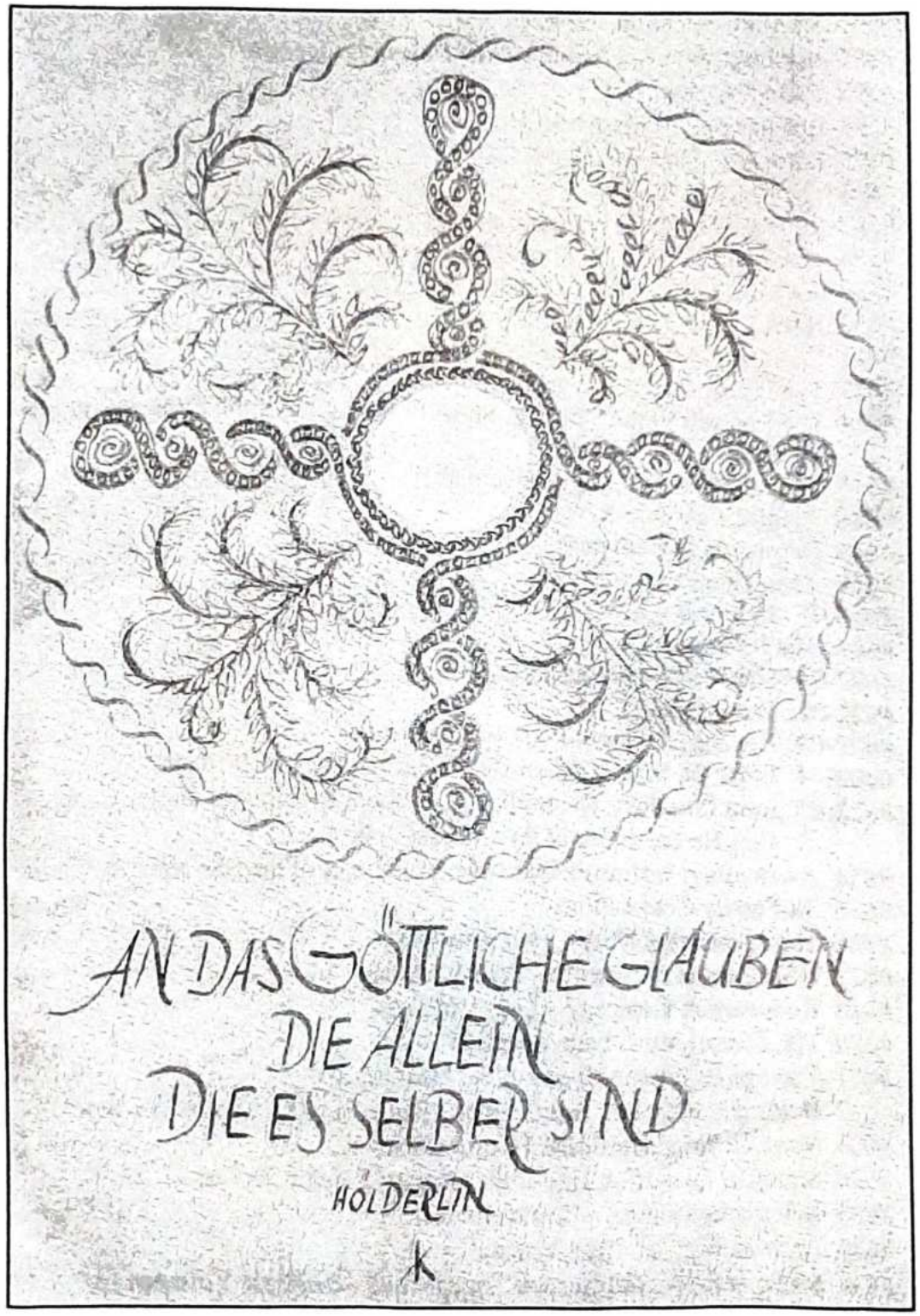
Who then, I ask in conclusion, is responsible for the miseries of the time, for the miseries of our soul? We alone are responsible, you and you! From people arise all evils, by which they are tormented, the perversions of the Popes, the bloody heretic wars, the Thirty Year Slaughterhouse that took Germany to the brink of destruction, and the World War's accursed intoxication with the destruction the humanity with the insanity of the dance on its ruins.

Not the circumstances make the man, rather the man alone makes them, he alone, only he. He is responsible for his fate. His essence is of God. The most splendid Christian who ever existed, the German master of life and thought, Eckart, was given the mercy of the realization that the soul foundation of man is at the same time the God foundation. Over all else in the world, you are in your soul, even above what you call your "I", which flickers in this existence like a light, which is like the grass on the field that is green today and flourishes and is tomorrow cut down and withers.

Only along this path of the soul, which I show you, will we reach self-responsibility of each individual and hence a new state. It is not the path of a fatalistic religious sectarianism, rather that of the purely open-eyed working. From this spirit the sole goal of the state of man and the goal of man is the state as the highest national perfection of its concept of personality. The breakthrough of this realization, however, will also be the

beginning of the rise of our fatherland!"

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 3, 1944



In the divine believe only those, who are themselves divine. **– Hölderlin**

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 3, 1944

SS Culture

Volume Eight :

Saga & Song

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Eight: Saga and Song is translated from original SS publications. The articles are primarily Nordic sagas and Germanic songs as well as articles about them. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume three in 1937 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

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The Moral Foundations of Germanic Poetry

Proving means overcoming – oneself and fate - , means recognizing the hour and following the inner star, means persevering, deciding, fighting, suffering, and, "if sacred fate wills it", willingly and upright dying – as example and symbol of the courage of the heart and the freedom of the spirit.

Fichte

Every great poetry is shaped by the world-view of its time. In the great works of poetry of each epoch, we thus recognize the basic moral forces that dominated the time when the poet formed his present into the work.

German history has, recognizable to us, previously went through three great, world-view-wise fundamentally various culture periods, *and we today stand at the beginning of a new spiritual and cultural alignment.* The first period, which is passed down to us today in just a few fragments, can be comprehended under the overall term "Germanic epoch".

Two ideals dominated it, which supplemented each other: clan and following. Germanic life ran between these two ideals and functions of existence. The clan attests existence, it is the source of life and encompasses the possessions of the large Germanic peasants and freemen. In this life area, daily work is done, of which one does not speak. Here dominates the duty of work; the clan preserves order and the continuation of life.

But above daily life stands the extraordinary, the danger! Only in it does Germanic man prove himself. In order to defend the survival of the clan and the inheritance of the farmstead against danger, the ideal of following with its moral foundation stands over the clan order. *The following is based on the leader*

idea. The community of freemen comes together at time of danger and chooses from its ranks a leader for the duration of the time of emergency. The man who was previously an equal among equals, now voluntarily subordinates himself to the whole. He has the unconditional power of decision. When the danger passes, the leader again steps before the community, gives an account and returns to its ranks.

The following gathers around the great leader figures. It was considered disgraceful to outlive the leader. If he fell in battle, his followers sought out the most intense spot of battle in order to die after him.

The tragedy that surrounds Arminius' death lies in that he thought farther ahead than his clansmen, who stubbornly held to the traditional, exterior and dogmatically perceived ideal of leadership and following. He had been elected leader for the period of the Roman invasion. He knew that the Romans would return after the Battle of the Teutoburg Forest and expected the later unsuccessful Roman punitive expedition, so he believed the danger was not over and hence did not step down from his leadership position. Perhaps he even wanted to prepare the mortal blow and launch a counter-offensive. His own clansmen considered that "aspiring for kingship", as Tacitus relates. So must his death be understood: The "murderers" were defenders of the traditional idea of following and leader. For them, Arminius was an instigator and revolutionary who threatened to break the order of the following. *In truth, however, he was the spirit pointing the way forward, who suspected the path that the leader idea later took. That during the actual folk wandering the danger became constant, was something his contemporaries did not want to see in their narrow-mindedness.* Later, kingship evolved from the Germanic leader ideal.

The Nibelungenlied.

This split in the soul of a man between loyalty to the tradi-

tional idea and the loyalty of friendship lies as the core idea at the base of the greatest Germanic-German heroic poem, the *Nibelungenlied*. We must simply discard the accessories written later in order to penetrate to the genuine Germanic core of this epos.

The Nibelungenlied lives on with Germanic men and later with the Germans. Each period has added its own, but in the basic motifs we still recognize today the anchoring in Germandom and its moral concepts. So Siegfried's death and Hagen's bearing are only understandable on the basis of the Germanic ideal of leader and following. *Hagen is to be understood as the administrator of the following at the Burgundian court.* The deceased king indeed has heirs in Gunther and his brothers, but he has left behind no full-worthy successor for the office of king. So the following at the Burgundian court is orphaned. And into this following without leader, administered by Hagen, steps a shining leader figure without following: Siegfried. The orphaned following now threatens to fall to Siegfried, for it is an old custom that the followers in peace time subordinate themselves to the best as the head of the following, as "Truchtin". Then the conflict breaks out inside Hagen's soul: The loyalty he swore to his master on the death bed is now in conflict with the loyalty of friendship toward Siegfried, with him he has drank as blood brother. *But Hagen decides for the greater idea, which obligates him not to the friend, rather to the community. Therefore, Siegfried must be eliminated, because he is a danger for the following. Here, too, Hagen is no assassin such as a folk-alien morality likes to portray him.* The only one of the later re-writers of the Nibelungenlied who has understood this basic Germanic stance is the Dithmarian Hebbel, who in his Nibelungenlied - with the core idea of the moral bearing of the fighting man – has Hagen say to the mortally wounded Siegfried: "I would not have bathed in dragon's blood; can he still fight, the man who cannot fall?" So Hagen cannot face Siegfried in open battle, because Siegfried no longer risks his life in battle; he is invincible. *Therefore, Hagen's action is justified, and only from this view does the*

Nibelungenlied reveal itself to us, in its core based on the conflicts that can emerge from the ideal of following as moral foundation in the Germanic period.

The Hildebrandslied.

As if by miracle, the sole Germanic heroic song still preserved for us, the *Hildebrandslied*, is precisely the moral struggle between the ideas of the order of the clan and the demands of order of the following. Precisely both moving and preserving forces of Germanic life came into conflict here: clan ideal and following ideal. Hildebrand had accompanied his leader Dietrich von Bern into exile and spent thirty years with him far from his clan. In his sunset years, he returns home. At his homeland's border, his son meets him, and there is talk and objection. Hildebrandt learns that his son, Hadubrand, stands in front of him. Hadubrand brusquely refuses the gifts offered by the father. And now, because of the insult, the father must fight the son. The paternal emotion must fall silent before the law of the following. They ride toward each other, and then they attack on foot. The song ends here. But a similar Nordic version shows us the tragic ending. *Only the consequential, tragic ending is possible, given the spiritual bearing of Germanic man, but not the commercializations of a later time, where father and son embrace* and the whole matter dissolves in happiness. In the Nordic version, the father kills the son, and we can presume the same ending for our Germanic version as well. So the Hildebrandslied is the splendid transfiguration of the eternal conflict in which Germanic man stood, when he was placed before the decision between the moral demands of the clan idea and those of the following idea. Then the demand of the following decided.

The Hildebrandslied also immediately shows us the spiritual and moral foundation of Germanic man. It comforts us over the lack of other surviving examples of Germanic heroic songs.

How rich the literary treasure must have been is attested by the report that Karl the Great [Charlemagne] had this poetry written down and collected over a long time. His clergy-minded son, Ludwig the Pious, had this collection of literature systematically destroyed by fanatical priests. The church believed it could raise its claim based on this theft of cultural legacy. It sounds like an afterthought of history that precisely two members of the church, two monks in Fulda, wrote down this song on the insides of a manuscript cover.

So while the Hildebandslied was preserved for us by a fortunate coincidence, the whole folk has passed along the Nibelunglied, this heroic saga, from generation to generation, down to its being written down at the beginning of the 13th century. All the Christian accessories cannot hide the Germanic core here. One must simply recognize things and look a bit deeper; then one does not become embarrassed by seeing the reason for Siegfried's death in the queens' quarrel before the cathedral or in confidential martial conversations, rather Siegfried's fate is decided in the conflict that the order of the following caused for him.

Dr. F.W.H.

SS Leitheft, Year 3, Issue 3, July 1, 1937

One should not say, the most difficult is the deed,
there helps courage, the moment, emotion;
the most difficult thing in this world is the decision,
with one blow to cut the thousand threads,
to which coincidence and habit lead,
and stepping from the circle of dark submission,
one's own creator, drawing one's own lot.

Grillparzer

SS Leitheft, Year 3, Issue 3, July 1, 1937

Walther von der Vogelweide

1165 – 1230

In his songs, the memory of Germanic greatness is still felt. His political yearning was for the splendour of a united German Reich that was supposed to rise from the strength of Germanic blood.

SS Leitheft, Year 3, Issue 3, July 1, 1937

So did our ancestors live loyalty in sagas and heroic poems. They often sacrificed life, in order to be loyal, because it is better to die in loyalty and honor than to live without loyalty and without honor.

Saga-Loyalty

When Nordic man swears loyalty to another, he keeps it to the last breath. That we know, and we do it, too. We think about the great things, think about the loyalty we owe Führer and folk. That is rightly so. For they come first. But we are not loyal to them alone, ***we are loyal in all things that we do.*** **We simply cannot do otherwise, even if we are not clearly conscious of it, because it is a special trait of Nordic man to maintain loyalty. Our ancestors, whose blood flows in our veins, were already so, and our children will also be so. Just look at them, the old heroes from Thule, and hear of their deeds! It is a chain, a single chain of ever repeating loyalty, which runs through their lives and their battles. Yes, through their lives. The man keeps loyalty to his leader and the leader to the man, the friend to the friend, and to the friend of his friend, and also the spouses to one another, to the death and even beyond it.** ***Not high words resound toward us from the sagas, but a single, unspoken affirmation that is greater than all words: loyalty!***

The Saga of Gunnar, the Slayer of Thidrandi

How Thidrandi was Killed

There was a man in the Eastern Fjord, Asbjörn von Südland

by name. He had a farmstead by Björn, Korek's son, and owed him a lot of money. And from Thorir, the England traveller, he had taken wares and not paid for them.

When they pressed him, he went to Ketil Lärm, who had a farmstead on the Njard Bay, and said to him: "Take me in with you, I have experienced bad things with Björn, Korek's son." Ketil, who knew of it, did not want to at the beginning, but they finally came to an agreement, and he took him in.

Björn learned of it and now demanded of Ketil that he pay Asbjörn's debts, but he did not want to. But he allowed Björn to come with a few men and summon Asbjörn.

But Ketil, aside from two sons, had another man under his care, who was named Thidrandi, Geitir's son, and he was Björn's friend.

The brothers said to Thidrandi: "We want to be your followers, Thidrandi, if you ride with us to the Njard Bay to summon Asbjörn."

Thidrandi agreed, and so they took off. Korek, the old one, however, warned them, in that he said it was not advisable to fight with Ketil, for he was a hot-head, and Asbjörn was a bad fellow.

They rode off, seven in number: Thidrandi, Thorir, the Korek sons and another two, who had come with Thidrandi. Before the Njard Bay, they met Asbjörn on the moor. When he saw them, he ran to Ketil. Björn threw a spear at him and hit him. But Asbjörn reached the farmstead. He went to Ketil, who sat at the fire, and demand that he avenge him. Ketil did not pay any attention to his words. So Asbjörn shouted: "Peasant, are you not a man and do you not want to avenge me, when strange men injure me? Are you not my master, whom I serve, and do you have no courage to protect me?"

Ketil spoke angrily: "Nobody should accuse me of that", jumped up, grabbed a spear and hurried out.

Meanwhile, Thidrandi and his group had arrived. Thidrandi warned they should be careful of Ketil's rage, then he already came out and stabbed through the one standing closest to him, Björn, Korek's son. Thorir, however, slew Keteil for that and

was killed by his servants. Two of them fell. Thidrandi rode off with the others.

A maid ran into the house to Gunnar and Thormod, who had been Ketil's guests, and, because everything had happened so fast, had noticed none of it. And she demanded of them, that they should now avenge Ketil. She reproached them that they truly did not keep the loyalty that guests owed each other. Gunnar stepped outside and had her show him the opponent's leader. And he throw the spear far and struck Thidrandi, who fell to the ground dead.

How Gunnar was Hunted

After it happened, Gunnar fled. Thormod said to him: "You are my friend and I will faithfully accompany you. Your fate should be mine." He said that, although he knew that he was now subject to being outlawed with Gunnar.

Nobody learned where they went.

Winter came. Thorkel, Geitir's son, received news of Gunnar and Thormod. And he took off to avenge the brother.

Ketil's sons were surprised and Thorkel had them bound. By cunning, he learned the hiding place of Thidrandi's killers.

Gunnar spoke: "Let us go onward, Thormod, I dreamed of misfortune this night. I believe the enemies are close."

So they stood and left. Through the wall of falling snow came the men, and they knew who that was and started to run for their lives. But Thorkel cast a spear. It hit Thormod, and he laid down to die. Gunnar wanted to carry him, he did not to leave his companion in the lurch. But Thormod asked him to save himself. The spear stuck well, and it would only be moments before he died. Gunnar saw that he was right and left.

Thormod was found by Thorkel's people; they were happy and stayed with the corpse.

But Gunnar ran. And he came to Sveini, who lived on the sea, "Sveinki", he spoke, "Thorkel, Geitir's son, pursues me with

his people, he has killed my companion!"

Sveinki replied: "I do not know you, but you have avenged my friend Ketil, and so I will protect you. Come with me."

Shortly afterward, the avengers appeared and they met Sveinki alone in front of his house. "Where is Gunnar, the Norwegian?" spoke Thorkel, Geitir's son.

"I cannot stop you from searching for him", said Sveinki, "for you are many and I am alone". But while they searched in the house, he hid Gunnar under his boat, that lie keel up on the beach.

They saw Sveinki come from the sea and went to him: "Sveinki, you have hidden Gunnar!" And when they noticed the boat: "That could be a good hiding place." But nobody wanted to crawl under and look. Sveinki himself went under the boat. Thorkel stuck his spear from the other side, and the point entered Gunnar's thigh. When Sveinki noticed it under the boat, he drew his knife and stabbed himself in his own thigh. He twisted the blade so that it looked like a spear wound. Then he crawled out and showered Thorkel with reproaches. So he believed that he had made a mistake and rode away.

Sveinki, however, took Gunnar into the house and they tended their wounds. Afterward Sveinki spoke to Gunnar: "They will still find out and come again, then I can no longer protect you, and hence you must leave. Go to Helgi, my friend, he will take you in, if I send you."

And Helgi took Gunnar in and told him to go into the supply room, where Gunnar remained the whole winter.

In spring Helgi, Asbjörn's son, had to ride into the fjord. He spoke to his wife Thordis, who was Bjarni's sister: "It stands so, that our good relationship depends on how loyal you are to be in the matter of Gunnar." She replied that would be seen. And he rode off.

But Bjarni came with eleven riders to search for Thidrandi's killer. For Thidrandi was Bjarni's cousin. Thordis presented herself as co-operative and said she also hated Gunnar, because Thidrandi had been dear to her. So there was no hurry with the search, they should first be her guests. And so Bjarni and his

people remained overnight. But she sent out servants and had all the neighbor's and Helgi's friends gather. So she gained a band that was ready to faithfully help against Bjarni, if it became necessary.

When Bjarni asked about Gunnar in the morning, she said: "Brother, the man my husband has entrusted to me, I will not voluntarily surrender to your swords, but if you want to fight, see here, loyal friends of my husband, and they are more numerous than yours." So Bjarni had to depart again.

When Helgi came back, he said: "I knew that I have a good wife, rightly so, that she remained loyal to her clan."

In the summer, however, Helgi fell in battle. Then Thordis sent Gunnar to Gudrun, Osvihr's daughter.

With her help, Gunnar got home to Norway, and he did not come again to Iceland. But he sent news to Sveinki that he should come with his belongings to him in Norway. Sveinki came and Gunnar helped him acquire a new farmstead and new property, and they still lived together a long time as good friends.

That is the saga of Gunnar, the slayer of Thidrandi.

The man who accepts being outlawed in order to avenge the dead host, what do you think, is he not loyal? Thormod, as a loyal companion, voluntarily shares his lot and pays for this loyalty with his life.

Sveinki inflicts a serious wound on himself in order to save the avenger of his friend Ketil. He speaks no lofty words and he is also no king, no ruler, rather a peasant. But he says: "You have avenged my friend Ketil, and so I will protect you." That settles the matter for him. And he keeps the promise he has made.

Helgi takes in the stranger, because it is called for by the loyalty he owes his friend Sveinki. When he must go away, *he expects the same from his wife.* And he places such importance on it, that he makes his whole marriage dependent on it.

How splendidly, however, does the Germanic woman

keep the promise that she has given her husband! And still, no great praise. Only a brief recognition. As if Helgi already knew in advance, his woman could not and would not act otherwise. No thanks, just deep satisfaction. For loyalty is something unconditional, self-evident, that Germanic man demands and gives, throughout his whole life.

Fritz Macha

SS Leitheft, Year 6, Issue 10 a/b, January 15, 1941

Sigurd, Knight George and the Battle with the Dragon

The fight for the homeland compels all of us again return to natural existence. All those whose bond to the home soil had been dissolved, again feel the legacy of the past arise within themselves, peasant legacy, from which all love for the homeland grows.

Now nature rests outside. The light of day, however, already grows; spring is no longer far off. This word stirs all hearts, a word that signifies the conclusion of the struggle for the rebirth of annual life.

Peasant feeling has given the struggle of the seasons glorious symbols, which beyond that are symbols of a native worldview. Symbols, whose contents are not to be fully comprehended through concepts and words, since they encompass the whole world of existence. They are eternally new and yet link, in whatever garment they may appear, to the near or the distant past – to the Germanic past of our folk. Fairy tales and sagas – yes, even the Christian legend – contain as such symbols old wisdoms and world knowledge. Who among our children would want to do without the dear guests from fairy tale land during the cold winter time? What genuine young heart does not beat with joy the first time it experiences heroic struggle?

Happy, however, is the world to be deemed, whose customs, whose native art, have preserved symbols of the life struggle. In many places, even today, winter is killed in the figure of a dragon, the physical spring queen is liberated and married to the May king. Behind the symbolic figures hides the ancient myth of the renewal of life. Only eternal readiness overcomes death. Everywhere fate, the dragon-like monster, blocks our path and denies us access to the well, denies us the achieve-

ment of the drink of life, the "glistening treasure".

The two sides of life, birth and death, day and night, winter and summer, show themselves in many forms and have preserved themselves in the symbolic wealth of our folk property, preserved even in Christian clothing, for the universe-force of the Germanic folk-soul was not to be overcome other than by the church putting it into its service. Knight George, the dragon-slayer, has hence remained the most Germanic of all heroic figures. Bernd Notke has created his Saint George from the soul-strength of Germanic essence. An old document reports: "Suitable it seems precisely at this time – Easter – to triumph with George, when the winter is driven off by the south wind and the earth enters its youthful age in the bringing forth of plants and blooms."

And when we now search in the recent and distant Germanic past for symbols of this vital life bearing, we are surprised at the plentifulness of the evidence and its directness of expression. Above all others we place the sublime symbol of life from the Edda: "An ash I know, it is called Yggdrasil / the high, covered by bright mist; / from there comes the dew that falls in the valley, always green does it stand at the ancient spring." At its base, however, dwells Nidhöggr, the horrible monster, and guards the spring with the immorality-drink and gnaws at the roots of the life-tree. "The dark dragon deep down flies / It flies over fields; in its fur, Nidhögg carries the dead..." The worm speaks thus of itself: "Poison I sniffed, as I lie upon gold. / the sparking father's inheritance; nobody dared to approach me, / no sword could frighten me."

Even the noble gods Odin and Thor involve themselves in the battle against this dragon for the preservation of the world. Their divine power works on in heroes like Sigurd and Dietrich, whose deeds are recalled by singers in the halls of Germanic kings. "Glistening worm, you have awakened terror / and fostered heroic courage: / the more fierceness grows from men, they gain their defense." Life was not to be won without death: "I advise you, Sigurd, to take the advise / ride back home: / the glistening gold and the fire-red treasure / the hoard

takes you to the underworld."

This Germanic life-bearing can be traced back to the oldest examples, which we have from the second millennium before Christ. On cliff drawings in Sweden – symbols of old custom – appear the Midgard snake, the life-tree, and Thor's battle with the worm are portrayed. Especially, however, during the folk wandering, the time of the great political expansion of the Germanic folk, the spiritual energies of a still unbroken world-view lived in the skilled crafts, as they did already in the Bronze Age. With the Viking art of the north this energy lasted even into the Christian period, yes, it experienced a mighty rejuvenation.

Confident and composed rides the sun god, portrayed on the Hornhausener rider stone, through the world, uninjured by the fateful powers at the base. On clothing decorations, woodcarvings, even in the earliest churches in the north, appears the variously formed motif of the dragon. Artist hands created from rich experience Sigurd's battle with the dragon on the door of Hyllestad. A motif from Iceland wonderfully shows life that overcomes death. In this symbol appear the two sides of the universe, the essence of the mythical god Odin is explained. Again and again, it emerges from all configurations, that the Germanic folk was conscious that the divine mission of life rested in itself, in its faith, in its energy. This energy was at all times shown a path to god. Only the weak succumbed to the dark forces.

Our fairy tales, sagas and legends, our folk-art, are symbols of the spiritual and moral life of the ancestors of our folk. We should not confuse the simplicity and clarity of their spiritual stirrings with naivete. Do we not likewise again strive for the unity of life that radiates toward us from old legacies, from which even the church of the Middle Ages long drew the energies for its alien doctrine? Are not the moral foundations of our desire the same as those of old time?

We still do not know the deeper forces that forced the Germanic folk into – for it, alien – Christianity. Perhaps it was the dangerous moment of the transition into its own, new, higher

"Sankt Georg" ("Saint George")

Woodcut by Lucas Cranach (1472 – 1553)

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 6, 1943

consciousness of life, given it by the - for it - tempting, almost similar concepts of Roman-Christian life, which was, however, petrified in formal thought.

The realization of our self again leads us to the divine order, in which we are a link, from which no spiritual transcendentalism can release us. Body, soul and spirit again form a unity, the eternal rhythm of life fills afterward as before, and life appears in all things as the continuing, divine revelation.

Dr. Mähling

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 3, March 1943

Grettir Protects Thorfinn's House

From the Grettir-Saga

Grettir's Youth

I report the story of Grettir, who was driven into the forest by his folk as an outcast, until he died, and was then taken by this folk from the grave and consecrated to immortality as Iceland's greatest hero. His father Asmund had a nice business on Bjarg at the Mittfjord. He had earlier travelled much in the world and had been successful as a businessman; but when his wife Asdis bore him Grettir, Asmund was already a little narrow-minded and clung to possessions and no longer saw anything else, - as happens to people when they have become all too satisfied and no longer have any desire to concern themselves with the business and cares of others. The child developed slowly; it could be seen that the child would be different than his well-natured brothers, more like the mother's side, for Asdis was from a family that had born kings.

When Grettirs was at the age when other children are assigned all kinds of tasks, the kind Grettir's brothers gladly and willingly did, the first sparks flew from the young steel and the sullen stone that the old one carried in his breast. For us who have grown gentle, it sounds grisly, if a youth who is forced to guard geese, wrings the goose-chicks' necks and breaks the mother geese' wings; if he splits a troublesome mare's back hide with his knife, and scratches his own father, when he itches, not with his hand, but with a sharp wool comb. Oh, and if he shows no regret, rather on top of it all, airs his scorn and rage in wicked and biting verses! It is difficult for a sheep herder to have to raise a young lion, and the herdsman around also become attentive, distrustful and reflective, as does the

young lion, unfortunately, too. Grettir grew and became a strong youth, pretty in face, course in manners and scornful in words.

Grettir's Departure

It is time for me to get out, said Grettir one day, and Thorkel, his mother's step-father, replied: it appears that way to others as well. Then Grettir lifted a stone, next to which they had camped, high with both hands and let it slowly sink down again. Thorkel and his companions watched the big stone and the youth, and they were speechless. Asmund did not say much either, when Grettir came home. He had foreseen it, he said, and if Grettir persisted in his wickedness, it would look even worse for the future. He arranged ship passage for the lost son with one of his business colleagues, Haflidi, but he did not want to take Grettir along on the trip, neither for money nor weapons, and the farewell was very cool. But Asdis accompanied Grettir for part of the way, and when they had to part, she took the sword of her ancestor Kökul from under her cloak and gave it to him. – Mother, said Grettir, there might be greater jewels in the world, but none will be as precious to me as this gift of yours.

Grettir Protects Thorfinn's House

Grettir now sailed on a ship of his father's friend Haflidi. One night Haflidi's ship struck a cliff on the Norwegian coast and sank. The district chief, Thorfinn Karssohn, saved the crew with a boat. But Grettir remained behind with Thorfinn. He liked it there, and he did not ask whether he himself also pleased.

At the time a band of robbers disturbed the country, all the way deep into Norway. At its head stood two brothers, Thorir Bogensehne and Ögmund Böse, powerful fellows, tall like tow-

ers and fearless up to the king's court. Neither Jarl Hakon nor his brother Svein, who was now his regent, could master them; Jarl Hakon had declared them outcasts, but nobody could be found who wanted to face them. Now the peasant Thorfinn had a second farm on the Norwegian coast, where he celebrated the Jule festival, and he travelled there with thirty men. His wife remained behind, since the daughter was bed-ridden, and with her a few maids, several servants and Grettir. The day before Christmas was clear, beautiful weather. Grettir sat on a crag and watched the ships sailing past. Around evening one sailed toward the island, with shields port and starboard, and it headed straight for Thorfinn's shed. Twelve men sprang out, immediately pulled Thorfinn's large ship from the shed – which otherwise required thirty men – and carried their own instead in its place. Then Grettir suspected what kind of men had here invited themselves as guests. He assumed a humble bearing and approached the twelve, greeted them and asked the name of their leader, and it was really Thorir Bogensehne and Ögmund Böse with their men. – Oh, called Grettir, but are you lucky! Peasant Thorfinn and the whole household are away for the holidays, and his wife and daughters are alone. Don't you still have a small account to settle with Thorfinn? Wasn't he there, when Jarl Hakon declared you outcasts? Well, here is everything, ham, bread and beer and other things that pleasure the heart. Come along into the house and make yourselves comfortable! – Since their birth the twelve had never been received so friendly, they figured they had found a man here, who had just been waiting to travel with them, and who must be very dissatisfied with his peasant. Thorfinn's wife was just in the process of decorating the walls for the Jule festival, when Grettir entered, leading Thorir by the hand, pleased as never. Mistress, I bring you the peasant Thorir with his men, he says he wants to do us the honor of remaining here over Jule, and that is good for us, for otherwise it would have been very empty here. – His large, clear eyes looked at her full of meaning, and Thorfinn's wife could have guessed, what he really meant, but angry eyes are blind. She had cared for and nurtured

Grettir and liked him, and now as thanks he brought the band of murderers into the house and mocked her on top of it. Blood shot into her face like a flame, and she shouted: Those are supposed to be peasants, these robbers and murderers there? And you, you bring them into the house? A wicked thanks or Thorfinn, that he has fed you, naked sparrow, for so long. - Now take away your guests' wet cloths, said Grettir, you have plenty of time to scold me. And Thorir laughed broad and dirty: mistress, you and your daughters should have everything you desire, each gets a man in her bed, and you should not do without Thorfinn. – That is well-spoken, said Grettir, woman, you have no reason to complain. – As Grettir thus renounced honor and decency, tears of shame and mourning poured from the eyes of Thorfinn's wife, and behind the door arose the sobbing of those who had listened, and then the women ran away into their chambers. Grettir and the others laughed after them, and then Grettir himself took the wet clothes and received the weapons as well, since each trusted him, and carried everything aside and brought food and beer and more beer and talked and sang so robustly and loudly, that the whole house seemed filled with laughter and joy. They were already deep in drink, then Thorir Bogensehne said: Never was a stranger so gracious to me as you, say, what kind of reward do you want from us? And Grettir: I have not yet thought about reward, but if we are still friends when we part, it can be that I wish to go with you as one of your comrades. – That was heard with a great shout of joy, and they wanted to immediately take the oath of brotherhood with Grettir; but Grettir dismissed them and said there was no seriousness in this drunkenness and they had time until the next sober day. Then they could show, if they still meant it so good with him. Thorir sat there with glassy eyes and mumbled that he now wanted to keep his promise to the mistress. Then Grettir left the room and shouted: Go to your beds, you women, so wills it the peasant Thorir. - A painful howl as if from animals answered him, and if the women's wishes had had power, Grettir would have immediately gone to hell. But he still had time to lure the twelve into an outbuilding in order

observe Thorfinn's treasures and jewels, and they pushed each other and teased along the way and did not notice, when Grettir had left them and locked them in. Grettir rushed into the house and called to the mistress; but nobody answered him, because they held him for the worst villain. – I need weapons, he shouted, there is a catch to be made here! – Thornfinn's wife's heart climbed to her throat, and she pointed out to him the helmet and armoured shirt and spear and sword above Thorfinn's bed and called to the servants that they should follow Grettir; but four stood cowardly at the side, and only four took their weapons and hesitantly followed Grettir inside. Meanwhile, the robbers had halfway noticed what had happened to them, and they broke apart the board-siding that separated the buildings; that took effort and made noise enough, but then they had to, one-by-one, climb a few steps up the narrow passage, and berserker-rage fell over them, and they howled like hungry wolves and ran forward. There stood Grettir, and as he saw Thorir step across the threshold, he threw a huge spear with both hands at him, so that it penetrated the breast and shot far out the back, and the point entered Ögmund's breast, since he followed, and hence impaled himself. But the ten pushed the dead leaders in front of themselves as a shield and poured from behind the corpses on both sides and took as weapons whatever they grabbed, and pushed Grettir in front of the house. Four he struck down here, then the six ran into the shed and took the rudder as a club – the servants stood trembling and did not dare to act against the monsters; but Grettir killed two in the shed, while the four fled. Grettir had himself received hard blows, he already staggered, but he pulled himself together, and the victory burned crimson in his heart. He still caught up to two at Audun's sheds, then he stopped, for the night had become raven black, and driving snow had set in, so that he hardly could find the farm. He saw light in all windows, which the mistress had carefully had lit for him; and she approached him at the door and put her hands on his shoulders and cried and thanked him. – Now you call me a hero, said Grettir, am I not the same one you scolded last evening? – Forgive me, she said, my eyes

did not recognize you. Take everything that I able to give you and that you can take in honor, until Thorfinn comes and can better reward your deeds, - There is no hurry with the reward, Grettir said, and went to bed with the weapons. The next day they collected the corpses and also found the two who had escaped Grettir, dead from cold and wounds, and so the one man had slain the twelve before which all of Norway had trembled.

Unconcerned about his own fate, fighting selflessly for his friends and his clan, Germanic man goes through the world – Grettir in the saga just like Siegfried and Parzival.

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 7, July 1943

The Vikings' Last Battle

It flows light green as far as the eye could see. The spring wind races across the steppe. The heroes race against it. Seven heroes from Rurik's tribe, they are. Even the names of their steeds are famous throughout the land. The grass humbly bows before the hoofs of the noble animals. Blossoms spray like snow. The weapons of the heroes glisten. Their locks, the color of honey, wave. Their hearts burn at the sight of the endless expanse. Between the fleeing clouds they hurl their steel clubs and then easily catch them while riding. The youngest's club loses itself high in the sky and does not return.

The youngest sends it a proud laugh and shouts: "Hurry ahead, my good battle comrade. Fly to the Golden Horde and report to its wicked ruler: Advancing against them are seven undefeated heroes. Seven heroes proceed to the blue sea that their fathers once conquered with threatening dragon ships. What foreign envy tore from them, should again become ours." The heroes loudly applaud the youngest's words. "Onward to the sea, to the blue sea!" it resounds loudly. "No lesser is our glory than our fathers', and even in far distant years the ancient bards could proclaim, with the play of chords, the deeds of the Vikings' grandchildren."

What darkens the sky and fills the air with mighty rustling? With eagle-like wings, a flock of birds dives downward and circles the riders, their flight becoming more gentle. From the iridescent feathers rise the heads of majestic women. Locks flatter and hooves clatter. With human voices, the female birds begin to sing, and the heroes reign their steeds. Sweet are the tones, but mournful the words. "Say farewell", sing the women, "say farewell to the red sun. Say farewell to the moist mother earth. Say farewell to all that you love. Say farewell to all that you hate. Say farewell, your courageous men, from life. Near to

you is the hour of the last battle."

"Farewell! Farewell!" It sounds mournful like the cry of wild swans. Upward fly the sorceresses with covered face.

"Did you see, brothers, the tears twinkling in their eyes?" asks the one who is otherwise the most joyous, and his voice trembles.

The sky is clear again. Silently, the serious men ride on. At the shore of a river, the heroes make their camp for the night. It quickly darkens. None speak more of the female birds. The most musical one plucks chords and sings a melody about the wonders of the world and the beauty of the expanse. The heroes' thoughts race to the blue sea. Along the river, mist rises. Large and bloody a late moon rises in the sky.

Hours pass, high and silvery hovers the moon. The sentry winces. An icy breath has struck him. He jumps up. The companions have also awakened and reach for their weapons.

On the opposite shore stands a lone rider. Black is his steed, black are garments and weapons. Based on his attire, he belongs to the bad horde. A black veil hides his countenance. The heroes' gazes sweep around. Other than the one, no living thing is to be seen far and wide.

Perhaps he, too, the motionless one, is just a deception of the senses, a night ghost that disappears with daybreak. No – listen! – he speaks. How hollow does his voice sound!

"I challenge you to battle, arrogant Viking sons. Come over to me on the open field and do not concern yourselves that I am only one and you seven. Come over, if I am not to scold you as cowardly."

A single shout from seven throats is the reply. The heroes mount and drive their good horses into the ford. Amid the snorting of the animals mixes the laughter of the black one. Mocking it is, and evil.

Such laughter agitates the forward most hero so much that he does not wait for the companions and, hardly having reached the shore, pounces on the opponent. With a single blow he cuts the black one into two halves. Then – what a grisly miracle (!) – while still in the water the others see it – two living black

figures rise in the place of the one fallen, and continue the battle. To the brother's aid comes the next of the heroes. Under united blows both black figures sink, and now in their place rise four. As the last of the heroes have crossed the ford, they are met with a wild tumult. The evil laughter is already fifty-fold and right afterward a hundred-fold.

In silent fury fight the grandchildren of Rurik. Their strength is still unbroken. The red sun finds the silver armoured men terribly surrounded by a dark swarm of hornets. Like reapers of grain, so do the heroes mow down the enemies, and the good steeds trample them with their hooves. Ever mightier, however, grows the dark band and presses the courageous men harder and harder.

Three days and nights lasts the battle. Mightily swollen is the army of the accursed. A brave warrior could not ride around it, the grey wolves could not run around it, the black ravens could not fly around it. Unstoppable, it grows and grows far and presses the heroes harder and harder.

Their strength fade, feel the heroes. Still they fight, but they know: near is the end. They will not see another dawn rise. True did the female birds sing. Say farewell to live!

Whence should help come for them?

Soon the moon will go down. Have the heroes's eyes gone dull? In the pale light blurs the dark wall of the enemy around them, becomes more distant, more unreal. Their blows strike into emptiness.

They do not trust their own senses. But no, it's about them. Between them and the black figures, a veil-like wave hardens into a protecting wall. Higher rises the wall, and higher, and closes over their heads.

Crystal glistens and precious stone. The heroes see themselves moved into the interior of the mountain, and it encloses them protectively like the cloak of a god. The evil laughter has fallen silent. Sacred silence fills the high domed hall. Already, the faithful steads have sunken in. Then, where they stand – already have in dream – the heroes also lay down to the deep, deep sleep.

Day dawns. Every trace of battle has vanished. A lone black rider fades into the distance, hardly to be recognized any more, a tiny, black point.

In the land rules from then on the bad horde, rules evil and pitiless for many, many human life-times. Among the suppressed folk, however, passes the strange news of the heroes carried away into the mountains, who at the hour of greatest need will awaken and liberate the land.

Heroes carried away to the mountains return again, even if in a different form. Not worth having lived would be life, without the belief in them, without the belief in the victory of light over the powers of darkness.

Lili von Baumgarten

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 8, August 1943

Grettir's Death

From the Grettir-Saga

In* SS Leitfheft *7, 1943, Grettir's youth and his deeds were reported on the basis of the saga. Here the death of this Germanic heroic is described. Thorir and Thorbjörn pursue him. His clan tries in vain to lift his banishment by the Allding. Lonely, hunted in the wilderness, yet unbroken, he dies. In his folk's memory, however, he lives as Iceland's greatest hero.

In the nineteenth year of Grettir's banishment, the lawspeaker Skapti and the Goth Snorri – two men, who meant well by Grettir – died. Nonetheless, Grettir's kinsmen tried to overturn the banishment, but it was not possible without Thorir's consent, and besides that, Thorir sniffed out that Grettir was also credited with the year in Iceland, and so he only had eighteen years of banishment behind him. Nonetheless, the belief was widespread that Grettir would be pronounced unencumbered the next spring, and the people at Spitzenfjord did not feel comfortable with this thought. They demanded from Thorbjörn Angel the return of the island crag or Grettir's head, and Thorbjörn Angel ran about very disturbed. He had a wetnurse, Thurid was her name, who just sat around, being of old age. Earlier, she had been knowledgeable of magic, but that had been forgotten years ago, for the bans were very strict after the introduction of Christianity. But it was the last thing that Thorbjörn could try, and he asked her for her advice. – Travel with me to the island crag, said the old woman, I must hear what Grettir speaks and whether he has salvation. If not, then I will have some things to say, which should not profit him. – Thorbjörn had no desire, no, he had no desire at all to listen to Grettir's mockery again, but finally he had no other choice, and he took a big boat, and they sailed by twelve, and the old woman lied at the bottom under a pile of old sail material. Grettir and Illugi immediately came to the ladders, and

Thorbjörn called to them that he wanted to neither charge cattle nor even mention their location, if they now departed. You must have very little to do on your farm, mocked Grettir, that the path to us is so comfortable for you. I remain by what I have said, and each word you say is spoken into the wind. The the old woman under the cloth said: "Brave men are they, but without salvation. You offer them good, and they do not take it, that is clear sign of their misfortune." And she raised her vocie and shouted: "You, Grettir, should for all the future be cursed with unhappiness, the older you become, the more so! They struck so deeper to the bones of the people in the boat that they quickly rowed sideward, but Grettir was no less cold-struck, and he cursed: What kind of devil do you have there in the skiff? – That will be Thorbjörn's old wet-nurse, said Ilugi. – The witch? Screamed Grettir, horrified. Nothing worse could happen to me! Never have words struck me like these! I know, I know, now I must finally die from her magic. But she should remember me! – And he lifted a mighty stone from the earth and hurled it at the boat and hit the bundle of rags with so far a throw that nobody had expected it. A terrible cry answered him, and Illugi said trembling: You should not have done that. – Stop it, said Grettir, and listened and heard a wail, I did not hit her good enough, unfortunately, the vulture still lies!

Well, stepmother, said Thorbjörn Angel, up to now the success is not very big, I have nothing but mockery and you a broken leg. – Be calm, lad, said the old woman, this is the beginning of the end for the men up there. – But Thorjörn could not let himself be seen anywhere without the peasants teasing him about this triumphant trip and laughing at him.

In the autumn, the old woman climbed out of the bed and was healthy. She demanded to be taken to the shore, and when she arrived there, she looked for a knotty root among the drift wood, had it dragged up and turned and checked it from all sides. It looked like it had been in a fire, and she took a knife and scraped a smooth surface on the burned spot and carved in a rune, then she scratched her arm and covered the rune with her blood, and make all kinds of gestures and talk that nobody

understood. Then she ordered the root chunk thrown into the water again, and shouted to it: To the island crag! To the island crag! – Thorbjörn laughed, for the wind was landward, but his laughing stopped when he say the chunk nonetheless float toward the island as if it had sails.

Illugi found the gnarled branch as he looked for driftwood on the beach with Grettir, for their supply was gone. Grettir observed it and said it was the devil's work and cursed, and he hurled it far into the sea. The next day the root was there again, right at the ladder, as if it waited for Grettir, and Grettir again hurled it into the sea and forbade Illugi to tell the servant about it. Afterward came bad rain weather, Grettir and Illugi had no desire to go for wood, they drove the whimpering servant out and instructed him to look himself. Lärm climbed down the ladder, found the mighty, gnarled branch, dragged himself up with it and figured in amazement he well he had done, and then threw the stump with a loud crash into the stall. – Lärm has found something, said Grettir, took the axe and went outside, and Lärm swelled out and said now Grettir should be as fast cutting wood as he in the finding. It was dusky, and Grettir did not see rightly what he had in front of him. He swung the axe with both hands and struck, but the blade slid on the smooth, hard branch and struck his leg above the knee, inflicting on him a deep wound. Then he looked more closely and recognized the chunk and said: "Now the devil is up here! You, Lärm, have for the second time brought misfortune, once, when the fire went out on you, and the other time now. If it happens again, it is the end of all of us. He went into the house and had Illugi bind the leg, and after three days no more pain was felt and the wound was closed. Perhaps it'll turn out alright again, said Grettir doubtingly, but the following night he woke up, pained by fever, the wound looked blackish-blue, the red stripes drew along the thigh. – Now the old woman is right, said Grettir, and I believe the people over there will not be satisfied with it. Lärm, you now pay twice as much attention to the ladders and every night pull up the topmost ladder from the crag. Do not deceive us, otherwise the devil will fetch you sooner than you want. –

At first Lärm was industrious and paid attention, but came such weather that certainly nobody would think to visit the island crag, and Lärm became negligent again, especially since Grettir was closer than ever to death and Illugi thought of nothing else than caring for his brother.

At Holzbucht, Thorbjörn's farm, the old woman grumbled through her toothless jaws: I have sent a message to Grettir that he can only digest with difficulty. Arm now a boat and seek him out, otherwise you will never force him to the ground. – I have no desire to be made a fool of again, said Thorbjörn, especially not by this swinish weather. – A fool are you, if you remain sitting here at the fire. Know, Grettir lies sick up there on his crag, take brave men and attempt your salvation, and I will also hold the wind favorable to you.

It was not easy for Thorbjörn to find people who wanted to risk this trip. Not, because they were afraid, but Thorbjörn's alliance with magic made them uneasy. Eighteen went finally, and they were warned plenty by those who did not want to go along at any price. They took off in a storm, but hardly had they left the shore, and the weather calmed, and a favorable wind took them to the island crag. They climbed up the ladders, more quietly than necessary, for up there lie the lazy servant and slept and only awoke when Thorbjörn Angel kicked his neck. Lärm roared, for that is what he could do best, but Thorbjörn hit him in the mouth and shouted: Now you tell us exactly what is going on in Grettir's hut, or you will die here. Lärm said that Grettir was near death and Illugi was caring for him, and so and so had Grettir's death begin. Thorbjörn laughed, and they beat Lärm until he was half-dead, and then they walked toward the hut. When they had broken open the door, Illugi stood there and broken their spears, and they could do nothing until they had ripped off the roof and broken into the room. Grettir lied there as if mortally wounded, now he got up and killed two of them, before Thorbjörn shoved a spear through his shoulder from behind. Illugi held the shield over the dying man and defended him so bravely that – for all who still have a little heart for heroism – even later, their cheeks

burn. Then Thorbjörn shouted they should pin the wild cat between the shields and capture him alive, it was enough that he alone had killed three of them. That happened, and then they went to Grettir who lied there as if dead. They inflicted several more wounds on him, but he hardly still bled. Then Thorbjörn reached for the Kars sword and wanted to pull it from the hand, but he could not, and eight men helped him in vain. Finally, they cut off Grettir's hand, the fingers loosened and let the sword go. Thorbjörn took it and cut off Grettir's head, but he had to strike several times, and those who saw it, were not happy to see what he did to the dead man, and they started to be ashamed of themselves that they followed Thorbjörn Angel on this wicked expedition. Thorbjörn Angel felt none of that, he needed Grettir's head, because possession of the island was not enough for him, and he aimed to get the reward for killing Grettir, and he said that loudly and clearly, so that all of them were disgusted. Now Thorbjörn still had to neutralize Illugi, and since the derogatory comments of his comrades had made him think, he first tried it positively. He said: How could such a heroic youth be so foolish as to share the banishment of a wicked man, and himself become an outcast? – Illugi was bound by hand and foot, but now he raised his head as proudly as ever in life, and his clear voice rang out: Wait for the Allding, then you will know, who must take the forest path. You and your witch of a stepmother, you will have nothing to say, for through treacherous magic alone did you destroy Grettir, and in addition to that you have committed the worst deed of envy when you had to strike the dying man with the sword. – You speak like a man, Illugi, and should keep your life, if you swear to me and all with me, that you will take no revenge against us. If you do not swear that, we must kill you. – Illugi laughed and shouted: Never will I be such a base coward as you, Thorbjörn Angel, never will I forget the knavish way you overcame Grettir. Murder me, then you do, what I want the most. – They waited until morning, then they cut off his head.

Thorbjörn placed Grettir's head in salt and sack and was in a big hurry to ride with it to Thorir and collect his blood money.

But his deed travelled ahead of him and filled all of Iceland with repulsion and horror. Wherever he rested and lodged, he met a cool reception, and he alone did not notice that dead Grettir sprang from the heart of his folk like a Phoenix from the ashes, radiant in the light of highest heroism.

The peasant Thorir did not invite Thorbjörn into the house. He dealt with him in front of the door, and when Thorbjörn took his bloody pledge from the saddle, he laughed bitterly: Grievous did Grettir do to me, lonely and without son I must go to the grave, and I would have gladly seen him dead for that. But not so, not through an envious deed deserving of death. I fought him for the sake of my honor, but you crawled the path of the coward and destroyed the better man for envy and vile profit.

Thorir's hair had turned white and his back bent, but now, he stood there in front of the blood merchant, straightened himself tall, and spoke: I want to tell you something and can entrust it to you as if I threw it into a manure pile: I firmly believe I had done an injustice to Grettir. Grettir was always ready to help others, yes he was always ready, and that is more than can be said of most men. This arson does not want to fit into his life, but I fear, you understand that as little as the manure pile understands it. I would rather embrace Grettir than to endure you longer before my eyes. Go to the devil, Thorbjörn Angel! – And he wasted not another word on the thief and closed his door on him. What should I still say? Grettir's mother still lives, Thorbjörn Angel, in his blind, filthy greed, dared to sue for Illugi's inheritance. Then the blindfold fell from the eyes of even the last man on Iceland, and they realized what they kept in the living villain and what they had lost in Grettir. At the Allding in the summer, Thorbjörn was banished forever from the land. Grettir's half-brother, Thorstein, is supposed to have encountered him in Turkey and killed him."

Werner Jansen

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 9/10, September/October 1943

Helgi's Return

Here is an excerpt from the* Edda's Helgi Song, *which is a masterpiece of old Germanic art and at the same time represents an example for the Germanic overcoming of death through love of mate and fame of deeds. Helgi has won Sigrun in battle against her father Högni and her brothers. But her brother Dag sought revenge. He pleaded to Odin, and Odin loaned him his spear, with which he killed Helgi. For only a deity could bring Helgi down, of whom the poet says that he towered over the throng of heroes "like the noble trunk of the ash in thorns, like the mighty elk in the morning dew, who rises his antlers over all other animals, so that the ends shine toward heaven". Great is the grief of the loving wife Sigrun. One evening her maid passes by Helgi's grave and sees how Helgi and many others ride toward the hill. Before he rides to Valhalla, the dead man appears in war custom. Sigrun spends a love-night with him in the grave hill, whose hymnic passion and daring are unique in Nordic poetry.

Sigrun herself goes to
Helgi's grave hill and speaks:

1
Now I am happy,
Since I have found you,
Like Odin's falcons.
Greedy for satisfaction.
When they scent whale.
Warm prey.
Or netted in dew
Look at the day redness.

2
I want to kiss

The dead king.
Before you cast off
Your bloody armour.
With hoarse-hair, Helgi,
Is your hair covered,
Sprinkled is the chest
From the dew of battle;
Clammy are the hands
Of Högni's son-in-law:
How should I, ruler,
Heal your suffering?

Helgi speaks:

3
You caused, Sigrun
Von Sewaberg,
Helgi to be so
Moist from grief dew:
You golden one cry
Furious tears,
Beautiful south-maid
Before going to sleep:
They fall bloody
Upon the ruler's chest,
Cold and rankled,
Heavy with worry.

Sigrun offers him the drinking horn.
Helgi speaks:

4
Splendid drink
Let us still drink,
Even if life and land
Are lost!
No one sings

For us mourning songs.
Although he sees the chest
Thrust through by the spear!
Now has the maid
With me, the dead man,
The ruler's daughter,
Joined in the hill.

Sigrun:

5
A bed have I for you,
Helgi, prepared.
Free of worry,
You royal offspring:
In my arms I want,
Noble one, you, to rest.
As I life
I spent time with you.

Helgi:

6
Nothing do I now want
To call impossible.
Not now or ever,
You young ruler:
The lifeless one
You lie in your arms,
Exhalted one, here in the hill.
Högni's daughter.
And still nonetheless,
You enlightened maiden!

When the morning dawns,
Helgi rises and says farewell:

7
Ride I must
The reddish path,
The pale steed
His course direct.
Must be west
Of Windhelm's bridge.
Before the rooster in the hall
Awakens the victory-folk.

The next evening Sigrun has
Her maid hold watch on the hill.
After sunset she comes
Out herself and says:

8
Would have come,
Had he wanted to come,
Now Sigmund's son
From Odin's hall.
Hope for Helgi's
Return fades:
Already the eagles sit
In the ash branches,
The folk moves
Toward the dreamland.

Translated from the Edda by Genzmer

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 1943

King Olaf's Strange Encounter

One day King Olaf Tryggvissohn and his men sailed on his ship "Long Dragon" southward along Norway's coast. When they came into the fjord of Nidaros, the crew had to row, because only a soft wind blew, leaving the sail empty. But the king was not in a hurry. He was in a good mood and showed his men all kinds of tricks. With his standard-bearer he dueled a while in the usual manner, the sword in the right hand. Then he took the sword in the left hand. And then he dueled with two swords, one in each hand. And always did the king drive Ulf before him to the starboard wall. Those were worthwhile games. Finally, however, the king climbed onto the ship's edge outside the rudder benches and ran along there, playing with three open daggers at the same time, so that one was always in the air and the handles of the others in his hands. And never did one see the king grab wrong or one of the knives fall into the sea. And the crew rowed the oars more vigorously than ever and laughed at the king.

Then Olaf sat down amid his warriors on the aft deck and talked with them about this and that. Kolbjörn, the marshal, sat next to him, and Thorstein Ochsenfuss, An Schätze from Jämtland and Bersi the Strong, Einar and Finn from Hardangar, Ketil the High and his brothers, men from all of Norway, from iceland and from the islands in the west, a select crew, handsome fellows full of strength and daring. One saw that. None was over sixty years old, aside from Bishop Sigurd, and none under twenty, besides Einar Bogenschüttler, who back then was just eighteen, but the best archer in the whole land.

"Now I hold all of Norway in my hand", said the king and grabbed into the air with his right hand, as if seizing something the others did not see. "You have received it from God's hand", Bishop Sigurd said sullenly.

"Yes", said the king, "from God's hand and not yours, bishop. I make all of them bow to Christ, Stavanger and Hardanger, Vik and Sogne, Möre and Ramsdalen, the provinces on the sea and those in the mountains, and now Helgeland and Upland as well. Those were the most difficult morsels." "But you also have sharp teeth for it", said scald Hallfred, the Icelander. "Many have come to feel them."

"That may be", said Olaf, "but now Norway in an empire, and the bells chime over the whole empire."

"I admit it", said Hallfred with a bit of a laugh, "that I can accustom myself to the chiming of the bells only with difficulty. And it's the same for many, even if they don't say it."

"Sensitive ears you have as a scald", said King Olaf.

But Hallfred pointed to his heart and said: "Here inside, King Olaf, sits one, who does not want to hear it. He took all too much time, Christ, before he came to us. The mother probably taught each of us something else."

King Olaf looked at him a long time. Then he said: "Where the bells chime, is the empire and the king's rule."

"That you have received from God", said Bishop Sigurd again. "One is master. He in heaven."

"And one is king in Norway, bishop", said Olaf. "One must be master and one must be king, if the land is not to become the spoils for foreign kings. Always think of that."

"One should be king in Norway and on the islands", said Hallfred. "And only one is master in heaven. But I still feel sorry for all those, who had to leave everything", and at that he pointed with his hand toward the mountains, swung across the sky and pointed down at the sea with an impressive gesture. All knew, what he meant.

Bishop Sigurd gave him a dark look. "The teeth will still have to bite often and many", he said, "before these idols and magicians have left all of Norway."

Everyone looked toward Olaf to see what he would say to Hellfred's daring words. But his heart was light that day and full of good things, in that mood in which he enchanted all. Laughing, he showed his teeth. "Norway, homeland!" he

shouted. "Hail to him, who has given it to us to rule. We want to hold it firm with our teeth. Nobody should tear it away from us as long as we live."

"Hail King Olaf!" shouted the men. And Hallfred began a poem to this honor:

"Sensing the weather of battle-light,
southward travelled the king..."

The ship passed close under the coast, into the fjord, around a rock nose that jutted far out. The birds on the shore rose. A silver cloud of beating wings strove toward the sky. A thousand open throats screamed shrilly.

The pine trees that ran up the mountain, one after the other, glistened from the bright activity. Lights on all branches. One heard the creek mightily rushing in the gorges, so softly did the sea breathe.

Suddenly, all heard the shout of a clear, sharp voice. A man stood close to the ship on a rock wall upon a stone plate. Everybody looked at him. One saw that he wanted to travel along and requested admittance.

King Olaf gave the helmsman a wave, so he pressed the ship a little under the rock. The men raised the oars and swung them on the land side. But before the ship was all the way there and glided beneath him, the stranger was already standing on the stem of the ship, close next to the golden head of the dragon, and bowed from there toward the king, who sat high on the aft deck. It looked like the man still tottered a little from the jump and was just trying to get his balance. Then he stepped between the men who were at the front of the ship, a peasant from the area who wanted to travel along a bit, as long as one tolerated his company on the ship. That as no merchant, as they had first thought.

It was a very stately man in old-fashioned cloths of green peasant baize. Probably a man from deep in the mountains. Around the hip, he carried a wide, leather belt with a pretty, copper clasp.

He sat on a roll of rope and looked at the men standing or sitting around him straight on and without shyness; all of them felt a little uneasy under the blue fire of his gaze. It was as if he was testing them and found a reason to mock each one.

"That was not a bad jump, that you made down to the ship", said Vakr Ramnisson of Götaelf.

"That was no bigger jump", said the stranger, "than the one you made, Vakr, when you, from being a friend of Thor, became a Christian. Good jumpers in that regard are you all."

It was uncomfortable, what the man there said.

"Do you know, with whom you travel, peasant? Be careful! And where did we get acquainted, so that you think you know something about us?"

"An old acquaintance", he said, "from the time of your fathers. Now forgotten. But now I want to travel with you a bit."

"And whither do you want to go?"

"Out of the country", said the man ominously.

"You look like you're fit for a military expedition."

"I have many behind me, but I want to retire."

"You don't look that that yet", said Bersi the Strong, and in accordance with his custom, to test everybody – as if it's only worthwhile to talk with a man whose strength he has tested – he reached for the hand of the stranger and tried to pull him from his seat. It was a brief and sharp struggle, but then Bersi was lying on the ground so firmly that no further proof was necessary as to who was the stronger. Bersi had not experienced that any more since his early youth. Suddenly, everybody felt, like fire and drunkenness, that they had to compete with the stranger. But none could match him. The whole ship looked at the devil of a fellow. And now the words flew from his mouth, sharp and fearless, and were just as well-aimed as his moves. Each got his. Finally, it ended with him running outside along the ship wall, over the oars, which did not stop rowing. And while doing that, he did not just play with three daggers alone, as King Olaf had done, rather with four, so that two were always in the air and one in each hand. It was a fast game, as if the daggers danced over his head like flames. The whole

crew stared at this peasant who played so. He could indeed do more than travel with oxen.

Finally, King Olaf called to him, and he climbed onto the ship's aft-deck, took off his cap and stood so in front of the king. One saw that his head-hair was red and stood over his forehead like a fire.

"When a stranger like you and peasant steps before Norway's king, he bows", said Thorgrimm Thorsteinsson loudly. The peasant turned to him and said: "You descend from men, Thorgrimm, who were not accustomed to bending their backs before another – other than perhaps to him, after whom you were named."

"You are an articulate and capable man", said King Olaf, and signalled all to be silent. "Are you from the area here?"

The red-bearded one looked at King Olaf long, and then a laughed a little, like one, who had sorrow in his heart. "Yes", he said, "from the area, I am probably from here, too."

'From what province?" asked the king.

The man made the gesture that Hallfred, the scald, had made, when he spoke of the old gods. Toward the mountains he pointed, and then swept his across over the sun and down into the water. And at the same moment, all knew, who that was. A wind howled down from the mountains, and the sun flew as if a cloth, and the water started to rise. But nobody was able to think about the ship, which now danced dangerously close to the cliffs. All stared at the red-bearded one, who now stood large and powerful before their king, and saw the sacred hammer in his hand. And then they heard the man's heavy voice.

"Yes, King Olaf", he called, "I am from this area, from Helgeland and from Drontheim, from Hardanger and Stavanger, from all of Norway and from the islands, from the mountains and from the valleys, from the clouds and from the sea. And it is my work, that such a land today exists, which gives you pleasure and of which you can be king. When I first came here, it was ice land under the feet of giants. But I slew the giants who sat on the mountains. Trees grew there and creeks flowed there. I strangled the trolls who are enemy to gods and men.

There on the meadows grew my flowers, my goats climbed up mountain paths. And people came and built huts and ploughed fields. I blessed the grain for them. They then had bread. I blessed the sea for them. They then had fish. I blessed their table. Then children grew. I, King Olaf, and my family, we made it so, that this became an inhabitable land for the children of men. And hence they honored me, men and women. And this was my folk, long time."

But then Bishop Sigurd pulled himself together and showed courage, raised the cross from his breast, and held it toward the red-bearded one. "Depart, you idol!" he shouted.

Then the man laughed again, soft and bitter. It was like a crying in the wind.

"Yes", he said, "now another comes. My hour is past, according to Allwalter's will. And my friends have it hard, and you, Olaf, persecute them and kill them and fulfill the fate. One day it comes for each of us. But I imaged it differently, the wolf, who devours us, different the snake that is supposed to swallow us. Now comes the gentle one and overcomes the powerful. But no one escapes fate, and no one knows it in advance. For the man on the cross, too, the hour will one day come."

"Depart, idol!" the bishop shouted again, and held the cross close before the eyes of the red one.

Then he raised the hammer, and lightning struck like a golden snake, crashing down the mast. And then it was as if he caught it with his hand, before it did damage. And for a third time one heard the bitter laughter. All of them we never forgot it to their death.

And then they saw how the man threw himself in a mighty leap over board and, holding the hammer above his head, plunged down into the sea and disappeared.

At the same moment, everything was different. A gentle south wind blew, caught the sail and drove the ship in sunshine across the gentle-waved water deeper into the bay. It seemed to all of them as if they had awakened from a dream or numbness. King Olaf rubbed his face with both hands. And when Bishop Sigurd cleared his throat and wanted to open his mouth, the

king motioned to him to be silent.

Before them lied the houses of Nodaros, ships on the shore, the mighty roof of the king's house and the new cathedral with its pointed dome and wide tower. Evening had come. The sun went into the sea. The bells chimed softly across the water. All of them stood up like the king and uncovered their heads.

"We pray for all, who know how to die like men", said the king.

Will Vesper

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SS Culture

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Great Kings

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Nine: Great Kings is translated from original SS publications. The articles include Kaiser Friedrich II, Kaiser Heinrich I, Duke Heinrich II of Silesia, King Karl XII of Sweden, Geiserich and Friedrich the Great. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume five in 1939 to volume eight in 1942. The original illustrations are also included.

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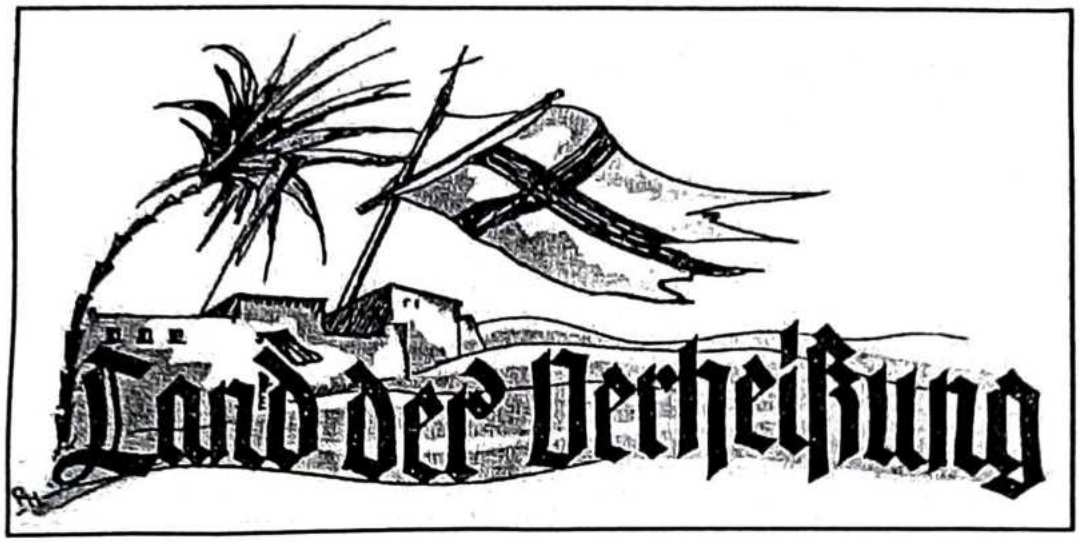

The Promised Land

The shadows are hard in this land, so there is actually no transition between blinding light and deep darkness; morning does not dawn, rather it bursts, all at once, radiant. Evening does not softly fall like back home in Germany; the fireball quickly sinks behind the pale stone mountains and casts desert and dry steppe into a blueish-purple glow, and night swiftly falls over the dark, widespread landscape.

That, then, is the Holy Land, the Promised Land! Kaiser Friedrich II gazes out into the expanse of the night, over which the southern stars glisten in variety. Only Hermann von Salza, the silent loyal follower, the Master of the German House, stands with him. The Kaiser has heavy thoughts. He finally speaks, softly and carefully formulating: "I am confident the Egyptian Sultan plays an honorable game. He and I, we are a couple lonely men in this world. We have comprehended that one cannot force anybody to a faith that does not fit him. He wants to turn over to me Jerusalem and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, free access and safe pilgrimage path. What more do we actually want? If I bring this back home, there will be no more crusades. It will finally come to an end, that the Holy See year after year agitates thousands of warriors into this land,

forces the rulers to put aside their most important tasks and liberate a grave that in reality has disturbed nobody."

Hermann von Salza nods: "I believe it is not pleasant at all for the Pope, if there would one day no longer be any reason for crusades to Palestine. We Germans would then no longer waste our energy in this foreign land, rather build up for ourselves a great Reich in the north and east, much larger than the Papists would like. I have information that the Templar Order and the Order of the Knights of St. John want to do everything so that this imperial move fails, and the treaty with Egypt is not made."

The Kaiser says nothing, just listens into the night. From the distance clatters the soft beat of horse hooves. The figure of a rider nears the camp and passes the chain of sentries. Two German warriors lead the rider on his little spotted horse to the Kaiser's tent. The Arab jumps down, crosses his hands over his breast, touches his forehead and the ground with his right hand. It is a good-looking, slender, young man with a fine nose and very big, almond-shaped eyes. He pulls a parchment roll out of his colorfully-sewn jacket and hands it to the Kaiser with a proper bow, and then remains standing silently. Friedrich has returned the greeting, formal, polite, but yet in the bearing of somebody of higher rank, as is demanded by the custom of the orient. He breaks open the parchment roll – it contains a letter in Arabic; a second letter in Latin alphabet and Latin language falls out.

The Kaiser first reads the Arabic, then the Latin letter, spontaneously reaches to his side, takes the jewel-encrusted dagger and hands it to the Arab rider: "Express my imperial gratitude to Sultan Malik al Kamal – may the Eternal One add a hundred years to his life! He has treated me like a noble opponent. And take you this dagger of mine as a souvenir, for the message that

you have brought me has perhaps saved my life."

The messenger bows. Two of the younger German knights lead him to a tent to provide him with refreshment.

Friedrich II, however, grabs the hand of the Master of the Knights of the German House, and in bursts of great emotion says: "Herman, do you know what this is? The superiors of the Templars and Knights of St. John have sent a joint letter to the Sultan and informed him, that on Sunday I intend to ride to Jordan for the customary pilgrimage to the water where Christ was baptised. They have advised the Sultan to have me seized during this pilgrimage and have me killed. The Sultan sends me this letter and personally warns me. That is the seed that Pope Gregory has sown against me!"

* * * * *

The great old caravanserai of German pilgrims is full of colorful life. The Sultan has made his return visit to the Kaiser. The two have already been sitting for four hours with only a few advisors in the great, carpet-hung chamber. But outside wait the German knights and stand the Sultan's entourage: his huge, motionless Negroes in their Persian armour, elegant Arabian masters with small, upward pointed helmets, round shields and long white garments, Kurdish cavalry officers in their dark custom with the red-stained, long drooping mustaches, sheiks with green turbans, which identify them as distant descendants of the Prophet, who have distinguished beards. Standing out from all of them, tall, with ivory-colored face, a short, pitch black pointed beard and large, almond-shaped eyes, is the Sultan's military commander, Emir Said, whom they call "Ruk ed Din", "Pillar of the Law".

The warriors of both rulers

quickly find each other. One of the German knights have drawn the outline of a castle with sand on a stone plate, and now they play "siege" with each other, contemplating how one could undermine the tower and drive fire passages under walls and counter-passages. The tall Emit watches with interest.

From time to time, one or the other looks up at the window, where the Kaiser negotiates with the Sultan.

When an old, white-haired Arab comes down, the Emir stops him and asks: "Should I go up?"

"Your presence is no longer necessary. The treaty was finished two hours ago; the Kaiser gets Jerusalem without the mosque as well as a free pilgrimage path to it. The city remains unfortified. The Kaiser sends no warriors into it."

One of the German knights asks in clumsy Arabic: "If the treaty is already finished, what are they still doing up there?"

The sheik smiles a little, half out of politeness and half out of joy to have glimpsed into the secrets of the great men: "You won't believe it, but both of them discuss mathematics and the deeper meaning of numbers."

The German knight shakes his head.

At that moment there is movement at the door. Surrounded by his clergy and a few armed men, Patriarch Gerold von Jerusalem enters. As if at a signal, the conversation breaks off. It is as if a spirit of opposites enters. The Patriarch, a tall man, passes right through the middle of the men and bestows his blessing here and there. Some of the knights bow, others act as if they do not see the blessing. They are the Kaiser's vassals and the Patriarch is the representative of the Pope who has excommunicated the Kaiser. The Arabs stand motionless; only one of them, a long-bearded man with scarred face, responds to the Patriarch's blessing by making a defensive motion against the "evil gaze" and mumbles: "I take my refuge with the one God against the lies of those who serve three gods!" Without the Patriarch saying a word, it is as if the spirit of religious hatred, which has already drank so much blood on this earth, assumes bodily form among the ranks. The Patriarch walks through the narrow, arched entrance of the house in which the

Kaiser and the Sultan still negotiate. Only two of his priests follow him, the others stay thickly balled at the entrance. In the courtyard the conversations have fallen silent, as well as the knights' debates about the played siege. One hears the voices upstairs swell, and then the Patriarch's figure becomes visible at a window. The Patriarch leans on the open window arch, he speaks to the Kaiser, but he speaks so loudly that everybody in the courtyard hears it. They are supposed to hear it: "...This peace, Kaiser, is a betrayal against all of Christiandom, a shameful renunciation, yes, what is worse, it is a sale of the Holy Grave to the non-believers. You have indifferently allowed this city to remain undefended. Without walls, without garrison, only on the word of a non-believer Sultan, do you want to accept this city, and – for the ridiculous gift of this apparent possession - let yourself sell off the secret right of Christiandom to fight with the sword for the Holy Grace and to glorify the name of Christ in the blood of the heathens!"

The Patriarch shouts, while the Kaiser has already contemptuously turned his back to him: "In the name of the Holy Father of Christiandom, I pronounce the ban against religious services over Jerusalem, no bell chimes, no Holy Mass will be held, where the excommunicated foot of the Kaiser steps, who has made a shameful treaty with the non-believers, who has robbed the church of its sacred right to call out for the fight against the non-believers for the Holy Grave. Cursed be, whoever keeps community with the excommunicated Kaiser, cursed be each of his steps, cursed his friendship with the non-believers, with their Prophet of lies!"

The shrill voice penetrates into the courtyard. It is the voice

of the hatred that has devastated this land for more then a century. All of the horrible images of the folk-fighting for this grave again emerge. Before the Arab Emirs and warriors arrises the terrible image of memory, passed on from generation to generation, of how the First Crusade stormed Jerusalem and massacred the Islamic population, so that the blood in the alleys reach up to the horses' knees. In the crusaders re-awaken all the horrible things they have told about the Mohammedans, about the secret dungeons where one tortures prisoners and the bloody crudeness of the Turks. As if automatically, both groups have stepped apart. When the Patriarch has finished shrill scolding speech, one of the Kurdish cavalry officers roars one of the most base Arabic curses – that is used at best by the donkey and camel drivers – up toward the window. Here and there, hands already feel for the weapon. When the Patriarch, followed by his clerics, strides toward the gate of the courtyard, the warriors of the occident and the orient stand as if forming a lane, one left and the other right of him. The Patriarch, however, raises the cross from his breast toward the Kaiser's warriors: "Blessed are those who do not tire to wield their sword against the non-believers!"

A tiny spark would suffice at that moment in order to set both groups against each other. Then comes – without weapons, just the small, light dagger at his site – in his colorful silk garment, one of the Kaiser's pages down the steps. Almost involuntarily, the gazes turn toward him. Then the same Arab, the young messenger who had brought the Kaiser the letter, steps toward him. They greet each other, the German a little more clumsily than the other, who has grown up among the customs of the orient: "You will remember, that you brought me bread and water in your tent, when I rode to your Kaiser!"

"It was only a little thing, but it was a sign of peace!" says the other, quickly mustering up his language skills.

Suddenly, the tension is broken. The hands leave the weapons – it is as if the spirit of the two men who negotiate up there, or have perhaps long since sunken into serious-friendly conversation, again radiates something onto the following.

Then the big Emir Said also steps up to the page: "I, too, want to thank you, that you have accepted my son like a guest. My house is yours, it it open to you all days."

"I would be pleased, if I could see it – the Kaiser says it is quite alright for us to be friends with you, despite the difference in faith."

The Emir raises his eyebrows a little, perhaps surprised that the young man raises such serious questions with him. Then he waves to one of the older German knights and says: "This man from your army also says that the Kaiser wants to put an end to the fighting over religion!"

The grey-haired German nods: "Uninjured, naturally, the truth of our faith, which is revealed to us through Jesus Christ."

The Emir looks at him, considers a moment: "You know that my faith, too, is revealed, furthermore several centuries later than your Christ."

"You know", said the German, "that we possess the word of God written in the Bible."

The Emir smiles very faintly: "You know, that we possess the word of God written in the Koran – how do you want to prove that your revelations and your word is the right one?"

"We believe it, Emir! We believe that we posses the right word of God!"

"We believe that, too, only that our word of God is younger. You have been in this land long enough and know that everything that your priests say about our Prophet are lies, that he was really an honorable man, who was really convinced his whole life that God spoke to him. How do you want to prove that we do not have the right word?"

The old knight looked at him thoughtfully. Yes, and if that was true – and one could not pass over this objection with loud scolding against the "prophet of lies", like the priests liked to do – then perhaps he was also right? Then God would have spoken twice? Finally, the old knight composed himself: Then – since you refer to God and I refer to God, and both of us have a holy book for ourselves and both a revelation for ourselves – God himself would have to speak."

"For my experience", the Emir said, "God has spoken. You know this land. If a man is completely alone in the desert, then he hears the voices in the sand and in the wind, then he listens into himself. And if a man is chosen, then God calls him before his face and speaks to him in the desolation of the desert and shares with him his secrets, which the man cannot otherwise figure out. See then, one is so tiny before God, a grain of sand in the hand of the Eternal One. He cannot know what is good and evil. But so, in the desolation of the desert, in the great void, God calls him to him, the one who is a true prophet. And so did he give to Mohammed – his name be praised -, who was a man like us, his truth as a mercy. He revealed to him what man could not know; for nobody is great, other than God."

There is much nodding in approval in the circle of the Arab warriors, when the tall Emir has spoken what they all feel.

Both young men look at each other, the young Arab has a stern expression on his face.

Then the old knight collects himself: "We do not feel it that way. We have no desert and we also hear no voices in it, from the dead sand, from the dead wind. Everything lives where we live. Even under the snow, the grain of seed lives in the earth, in spring the forest is green back home in Germany, green is the field, all flowers sprout; in the summer the grain fields rustle, in autumn the forest is dark red – but always, everything lives by us. And think you – even in the smallest grain of seed, is God. God is in the forest and in the year, is in all things that have life. God is also within us. Look - I am, after all, no priest, I now just say what I think. In every man is a little spark of God in there. Hence man is not all that small, rather small and big at the same time. He shares in God. ... But how should I explain that to you? – God is just in everything that has life, is in our conscience, in our heart."

The Emir looks at him very thoughtfully: "God is a creator of all things, so could I dismiss your thoughts. But I know that I would thereby do an injustice to you. Up in Persia I found many people who affirm the faith of our Prophet, but still think like you. There were many blondes among them; perhaps all

the blonde folks think like you. But now – what stands in the Bible about all of that you have said, and what do your priests about it?"

The old knight looks at him amazed, surprised and a little insecure. "I have just said what I think about God and how I feel him – no, our priests say little about it!"

"Then you have two faiths – on the one side, you are Christians; but if you just want to be completely yourselves, then you think totally differently and have a second faith. See, that is the difference between us. You have set out to conquer the Holy Grave, and have wanted to believe that in the day and in the battle – but the other faith is always closer to your hearts. We, however, have from the best man of our folk a faith in which God really speaks to us as we feel it and as we understand it; that is why all your armies have not been able to snatch this land away from us. One can only triumph with one's own God."

At that moment the Kaiser and the Sultan together walk through the gate of the house – the conversations break off and the warriors greet them.

A glow radiates from the faces of both rulers. When Friedrich II has accompanied the Sultan to the gate, he again says: "In mathematics there is more piety than in all the patriarch's of Jerusalem and in all the dervishes who will now scold you again. Mathematics are eternal and the same among all folks – otherwise, however, God probably speaks to each folk in its language."

The Sultan nods: "May I say something and ask that it not offend you? Consider once, why your priests speak to your folk in Latin, and why the Pope can never be a Ghibelline?"

The Kaiser smiles: "Yes, it sure is a turned around world. The priests should seek God's peace, but preach religious war, the rules, however, should led religious wars, but instead make pace, pursue mathematics and speak of how diverse God is."

* * * * *

In his room, however, the Patriarch sits and writes to the Pope: "And from such sinful association with the Saracens can nothing but doubt emerge. It has now already gone that far – horrible to say! -, that men who set off to liberate the Holy Grave today ask whether the revelation of the Prophet is not better than that of Christ, or even if both revelations are false or both true, or even – an abomination to think! – in the conflict they call on reason for help and let it decide, which religion is the better one. Holy Father, with horror I see a nest of heretics leave this land, only with fear can I image what will become of you, your power and your income, if that call to reason and even the fearful false doctrine that each folk experiences God in its own way, spreads..."

* * * * *

Race is a unity of body and soul, physical and spiritual characteristics. The deepest religious feeling of a person are in the end racially determined. Between members of different races, one cannot contest the correctness of a religion at all. Here it only comes down to it, that each folk fully lives its own nature. It is only dangerous and harmful, when a world religion raises the claim to be allowed to spiritually rape people of different races and to fanaticize them for often very worldly goals of an ambitious priesthood.

SS-Stubaf. Dr. Johann v. Leers

SS Leitheft, Year 5, Issue 2, May 15 1939

Heinrich the German !

When in the year 800 *Karl the Great* [Charlemagne], in the Aachen cathedral, placed the imperial crown on his head and assumed the Kaiser title, it was - after almost four hundred years of Germanic wandering through almost all of Europe, all the way down into Africa, after continuous fighting against external enemies (and much worse, other against each other) – the first time that on Germanic soil, under the leadership of a Germanic tribe, the Franks, a mighty Reich stood! But even the size of this Reich, which stretched from the Pyrenees to the Elbe and from Italy to the North Sea, and the means needed to create the Reich – we know of the bloody methods by which Karl conquered the Saxons between the Rhine and the Elbe and on both sides of the Weser – indicates how little strong this Reich could be in the long-run. In reality, it stands under only one man: when Karl dies in 814, the Reich totters and collapses. Already after a few decades, the foundations of three new empires rise from the ruins, which are strong enough for the future, namely the fundaments of Germany, France and Italy.

The eastern Reich, which under Heinrich I will be Germany, initially experiences almost a century of continuous decline. But it is like a miracle: despite inner disorder and external fighting, this Reich holds together: under the pressure of need grows for the first time *a kind of spirit of community* of this folk of same race, which is deeper than the quarrels of its leaders among themselves or the greed of external enemies could destroy! – And in this, in every regard fiercely contested, Reich, the *Saxons* - whom Karl had to bloodily forced into the Reich – are the most loyal of the loyal, when the Reich is at stake: They hold the borders against the Slavs who push from beyond the Elbe and the Saale; they are also the ones who drive back the Slavs, and on their shoulders rests the greatest burden against the new enemy from the east, Hungary! But they are

also the ones whose dukedom, which stretches from the Rhine almost to the Weser and Elbe and from the North Sea to Thuringia, who maintain the firmest inner discipline and are hence called upon to also establish order in the greater Reich!

How great was the actual, healthy strength of the German tribes despite all internal chaos, it is only an indication, that even at Karl's time peasant settlers from Bavaria penetrated into the Alp valleys and through their courage, their tenacity, created and held the Ostmark, today's Austria.

But the Reich of the Germans *as a whole* does not rest: in the tribes of the Franks, Bavarians and Swabs, hence in the greater portion of the land, there is quarreling among the rulers and against the whole. The higher clergy clearly involves itself in the conflict and likes the division, as it has often done even down to our time. And in the hands of the bishops, who back then were simultaneously powerful secular masters, war was a tool of their will! – Only so it is also possible that external enemies can romp on Reich soil as they desire: the Normans, Vikings with their fast boats, penetrate deep into the land along the Rhine, Elbe and Weser, and the peasant cannot defend against the Hungarians, whose fast cavalry on their plunder raids advance up to France and Northern Germany!

The last king of the Germans from the tribe of the Franks, hence from the region of the middle and lower Rhine, is nothing but a plaything in the hands of the powerful for their petty purposes!

So all call for strong leadership! And King Konrad does the only great thing in his life, when dying in the year 919 he orders his followers to elect as King Duke Heinrich of the mighty Saxon tribe, whom he had fought his whole life due to his strength. And in Fritzlar, in the land of Hesse above the Eder, Heinrich is then elected king!

Heinrich's ancestor from the proud family of the Luidolfinger, which had its homeland in *Engerland in Westphalia*, had still stood against Karl when he subjugated the Saxons. But already a generation later, the Saxons under the Luidolfinger held the German border against the Danes. Heinrich's father

acquires Thuringia, whose Duke Burchardt falls in battle against the Hungarians, and thus rules a mighty Reich from Westphalia to the Saale and from the North Sea to the Thuringian mountains. Heinrich himself fights with success against the Slavs between Saale and Elbe, and shows early that he is a courageous man.

Yet another enemy does be become acquainted with early enough: *the clerical masters*, above all the Arch-Bishop of Mainz, who as "chief chaplain" plays a special role in the Reich, is envious of the young duke because of his strong, united dukedom. To take it away from his, any means is justified. Due to their decree, the duke must dissolve his first marriage with the daughter of the Count of Merseburg. The saga even claims that the pious Bishop Hatto wanted to have him murdered, as he had already had done to another duke. But the strength of his dukedom did not let Heinrich be injured by this hostility.

Such an experience – which back then illustrated the position of the church toward a strong Reich – caused the young king to, from the start, assume a clear stance: When the Arch-Bishop of Mainz anointed the just elected king in Fritzlar and wanted to crown him, Heinrich refused it. *He did not want to be king by the grace of the church*; that would not help the Reich at all. He said it was enough for him to be king; the other honor he did not desire, it remained available for another, who was more worthy than he. Certainly, the Arch-Bishop understood the hardness of the king's will from these words: Had not the Reich almost bled to death due to the discord promoted by the church, had the young king not himself felt the falsity of the church, which for the sake of its power did not even consider the duke's marriage sacred? He rejected church power over Germany. *Duke power should go before church power, and master of the dukes is the king!* – Very soon it was the misfortune of the Reich – and how often even later! – to abandon this clear insight. Somewhat more than 150 years later Heinrich IV – also a king from Saxon family – already bent his knee to a Pope in the snow of the castle courtyard at Canossa.

Since only the Saxons and Franks have recognized the new king in Fritzlar, his first concern is to win over the other dukes, those of Bavaria and Swabia, so that they *voluntarily* place their strengths at the disposal of the Reich. He does not resort to Karolinger measures of force against those absent, rather *with clever confidence* in himself he waits until, under the pressure of their own difficulties, first the Swabs swear allegiance to him, and finally the more stubborn Bavarians also join him. And even though Heinrich allows both dukes their dignity in their territory, as well as the sovereignty rights of the church, he then reaps in exchange their loyalty, which benefits the Reich.

How necessary it was to achieve the unity of the Reich precisely now! One just has to look at the borders of this narrow German Reich of the time, pinned in between Rhine and Elbe, North Sea and Alps. Internally divided, it would have completely fallen victim to its surrounding enemies: the border against the Danes is already lost, in the west the Franks push, the Slavs beyond the Elbe are always restless; even the Czechs, who had once pledged allegiance to the great Karl, declare independence; the continuous Hungarian raids devastate wide stretches.

It is time for internal unity to finally be achieved. It is achieved in the year 925, when the western border against the Frankish empire is also finally secured. In the year 1925 the Rhineland celebrates its 1000 year anniversary of membership in the Reich. And today we experience only all too clearly, how internal unity cannot be overestimated in terms of external security. *It is Heinrich's greatest service to have created precisely this insight,* in order to later forge it hard by directing the collected energy outward and then demonstrating its value before the eyes of his German Reich. We experience that today in a similar way.

The unity internally is forged; it is *put the test* befitting it! Precisely now, the *Hungarians* again penetrate the borders from the east and advance in devastating cavalry columns toward Italy, the Frankish empire and flowing back through Ger-

King Heinrich I.

He was the first among equals, and he was offered a greater and genuine human reverence than later Kaisers, kings and rulers - who demanded it in accordance with alien, Byzantine ceremony - were allotted. He was called duke and king and he was a leader a thousand years ago.

Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler

Woodcut by Ernst Dombrowski, Graz

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many's provinces. Nobody is a match for them, alone each tribe is inferior to them. Only *together* can they be mastered. Indeed, initially Heinrich – whom the others do not yet understand – negotiates just for himself an armistice with the Hungarian enemies and even pays them tribute. But when he does not waste time, rather builds *border fortress after border fortress*, creates small fortified places, admittedly still quite primitive, but strong enough to harbor the surrounding peasants and defy the Hungarians, then the others also realize that the armistice with the enemies was no betrayal, that *Heinrich* was no weakling, rather the *far-sighted leader!* More than a hundred such forts have been found today in Saxony and Thuringia; cities emerged from many, like Quedlingen, Nordhausen, Pöhlde, Duderstadt and others. In a few short years Heinrich has here completed a genuinely kingly accomplishment for the protection of his Reich. However, the Hungarians were *horsemen*, and the German was not accustomed to fighting on horseback. Heinrich, however, created from his Saxon peasants under the leadership of their counts an effective cavalry troop. They exercised often enough when, for example, it was time to cross the Elbe and show the arrogant Slavs who was master in the land.

In 933 the armistice expires and the *Hungarians* come again, demanding their tribute. One does not know precisely where the battle as fought, which was unavoidable when Heinrich refused tribute, at Merseburg or on the Unstrut at Riade. The king is at the battle, his army is well-enough exercised. The Hungarians do not even have enough time to draw the bow; they are already on the retreat. For a long time after that they did not dare to enter the Reich, the Magyars, and even though 22 years later Heinrich's son, Otto the Great, had to face them before Augsburg's gates one more time, the last time, he knows that the German folk received the strength for that in Heinrich's school!

However, with the victory over the Hungarians, Heinrich's task is not yet finished. Defense is not his goal with which he can leave his Germans to themselves. He must elevate them above themselves, he must give them a greater task. We already

mentioned once Germany's narrow borders back then. *Lack of space*, like with us today, hampered the peasants back then, too, and pointed commandingly beyond the Reich's borders, where there was enough space without folk, completely aside from the fact that beyond the Elbe was ancient German land, from which the ancestors had wandered westward and southward centuries ago. *Heinrich directs his folk across the Elbe into the land of the Slavs.* He initiates, what then for 200 to 300 years gives the Germans a true goal, the *colonization of the east*; Heinrich I sets the goal that Heinrich the Lion served, that the Hansa pursued, the German Knights of the Order and whatever they all may have been named, the goal that opens for the Germans the path to the Baltic lands and into regions that Poland again wants to dispute with us today.

Brandenburg, the fortress of the Havelländer, the Heveller, is his first acquisition. In the middle of the winter of 928/929, he crosses the frozen lakes and swamps and becomes master of the Heveller land.

Earlier, as duke, Heinrich already had to defend himself against the Daleminzier in the region of later Meissen. Now Heinrich remains master for all time of their land. *Meissen*, the city, was founded by him, a fortress in the newly acquired region.

Heinrich also advances where Karl the Great once made his power felt, into the land that has become important to us today: the *Czechs*, who had settled on ancient German land inside the Bohemian mountain chain, had declared their independence in Germany's dark time of the eighth century; Heinrich crosses the mountains with a force, in which all German tribes are represented, assemblies his army in Eger, and *in Prague the Czech Duke Wenzel pledges allegiance* to him, the first genuinely German king!

Other groups of German tribes cross the lower course of the Elbe and conquer *the land up to the Oder.* And even though the Slavs make the attempt to cast off the yoke, the fate of the land is fulfilled in the year 929 at the Battle of Lenzen. Under the mighty protection of the sword and of a unified Germany, the

German peasant from the west, south and middle of the Reich can cultivate fields on new and rich soil, pregnant for the future. The merchant can come with him and the craftsman; the rich history of the peaceful German conquest of the wide eastern land starts its wonderful course.

And when finally, in the north, the Dane - who in his time had also taken advantage of the Reich's weakness to raise up – remains inflexible, it is Heinrich's last deed to again annex the *old Sleswig province* between Eider and Schlei.

Heinrich himself sees his task as ended. As if he still wants to show it to himself and his folk, shortly before his death he convenes in 936 in Erfurt a Reichstag of the united, strong and greater German Reich. What a transformation in eighteen years, since Fritzlar, where only two dukes pledged allegiance to him, where a German Reich in disintegration waited the fearful question of its leader. Heinrich had not disappointed Germany, he has become its leader: From disunity into unity, from insecurity of borders into safety toward west, east and north, from weakness against the external enemy into the strength of victory against the most feared enemy, Hungary, from modesty within poor borders into the wide space of a vast, fertile region beyond the Elbe. He remains the leader for the greats of the following centuries, for Otto I, his son, for the Hansa and the knights who opened up the distant east. The narrow, but unified, Germany of Heinrich I is the cradle of the larger Germany, of the Greater Germany of our days.

What name is hence more fitting to Heinrich than the name: *Heinrich the German!*

Otto Buchholz

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Wahlstatt – Martyrdom for Europe

Of the Meaning of a Small Battle, Lost at that...

Seven hundred years ago today – the Battle of Wahlstatt! Warriors stand at Europe's eastern border, there, where its core land, its heartland, where German land begins, and await an opponent, who likewise comes from the core land of a different, strange, racially-alien culture, await him, withstand him, and fall...

Seven hundred years ago the invaders - who were no longer accustomed to resistance, who viewed destroying, annihilating, burning and plundering as the purpose of existence – experienced that there were still opponents in the world, that after 7000 kilometers of triumphant advance a folk still arose, a folk in iron, a folk of brave men, who also knew how to die for what lie behind their lines.

Seven hundred years ago today a German leader dies on the soil of his homeland, Duke Heinrich II of Silesia dies with his small army, falls for his homeland, which, however, is the outpost for the Reich that does not even fully notice this outpost battle, much less arm an army that can defy the cavalry hordes from the east. Heinrich fulfills a task that nobody gave him, other than his blood and his feeling of honor.

Hence he falls as a hero and fighter for Germany, which back then did not even exist yet by name. And heroes are all of them to be called, who fell with him... April 9, Day of Wahlstatt, German Day of Remembrance!

* * * * *

But in order to know something about this battle at Wahlstatt, it is necessary to answer two questions, which probably everybody will ask:

First, who were the fighters who faced the Mongolians at Liegnitz Wahlstatt?

Second, how could a warrior folk from such eternally distant regions advance across almost 7000 kilometers to the lands of the German border province?

Leader of the brave army that faced the tartars at Wahlstatt was Duke Heinrich II of Silesia. He stands in the ranks of the Piasten Duke, who sought to establish state forms in the eastern lands, as one of many who decisively participated in the reconquest of the eastern region for the German folk.

Already his grandfather Boleslaw, who took possession of the Silesian dukedom in 1163, had made beginnings for a German colonization. But the "Polish economy" in his land prevented many things. Nonetheless, he could already show his son Heinrich I levelled paths, which he immediately and energetically strode. German like the large part of the blood legacy in Piastendom, is also the young duke's wife selection. Hedwig, a count's daughter from the House of Meran, becomes his wife, who faithfully stands at his side in all works until death. He then becomes the carrier of the second great colonization wave in the east, the creator of the Silesian border province of German tribe. He has it proclaimed it all German provinces: Settle in the east. He offers free farmland. Thousands follow his promise. He also offers craftsmen, young warriors and teachers special freedoms, and can thereby turn Silesia's young cities and fortresses into German nucleuses. German, too, become the military force that Heinrich created for himself.

Powers consisting of foreign folks avoided such determined advance. Heinrich expanded his borders, made Silesia much larger than is enclosed within today's borders. When rule fell to his son, Heinrich II, this family reigned in the following regions:

In the northwest to the Spree (rule of Barnim-Lebus).

In the north and northwest into Pomerania and past the War-

the (Kalisch, Posen, Zantoch, Schrimm).

In the southeast to the San and beyond the Tatra into upper Hungary.

Through the duke's land ran the "High Road", that ancient pathway from the Oberlauditz through Liegnitz-Breslau-Krakau-Sandomir. The German settlements also followed this road up to the forests on the Dunajetz, to the eastern slope of the Tatra, into the Zips district.

The picture of the splendid development of a great family must still be supplemented through the connections between the Dukedom Silesia and the young state of the German Order Knights. In Marienburg and Liegnitz lived one will and one goal. Heinrich sent his son with an army to the aid of the knights, hard pressed in the fight against the Prutzen. Together, the victory on the Sigrune is won and Marienwerder is founded. And in the battle against the Mongols, German Order Knights stand at the side of the young Heinrich, as many as can come in such haste, and the military alliance is sealed in blood at Wahlstatt.

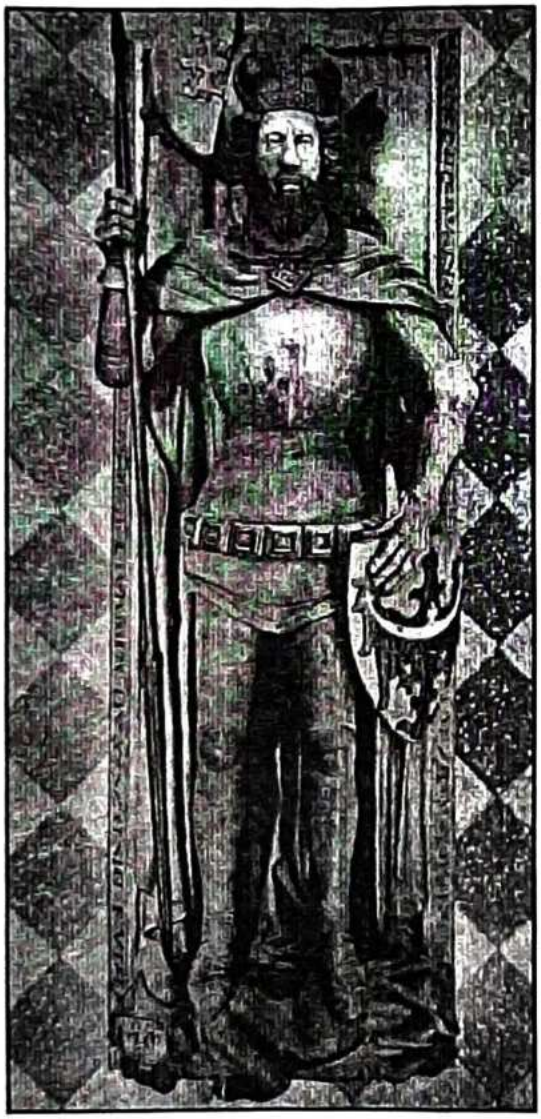
Duke Heinrich II, who was only allowed to rule three years, from 1238 to 1241, continued his father's work with the energy of his youth. He rounds the borders of his land and now wants to proceed with the internal development, when he is called to arms. His army, with which he hurriedly sets out, knights, German Order Knights, Silesian army, pages and peasants, numbers according to the most recent research at most 10,000 men, probably less. He is faced at Wahlstatt by at least 40,000 Tartars...

Mongol Invasion of Europe

The Mongol columns or, as they are also called, Tartars, are unconditionally one of the most amazing events of all

world history. Again and again, Asia's huge space spits from its deserts and folk-regions armies and wandering folks, who constantly expand their empire westward across the wide deserts and steppes, across the more than 7000 meters high Pamir and the mighty highland of Tibet. So arises one of the mightiest concentrations of power of all time.

The Mongolian military was not just a disorderly horde wandering. No, with its splendid organization it looks downright modern. We find a kind of general staff that plans campaigns, reconnoitres the land with scouts, that in advance precisely determines separate operations, ensures communication lines for each army group to the headquarters, that watches over the careful equipping of the armies and precisely organizes them from the smallest unit of the scout troop to the division – all of that at time when Europe was just at the beginnings of organized army command...It is certain that this army possessed "fire-snakes" that spread massive terror. Whether they fired Chinese gun-powder or detonated burning oil in the manner of our flame-throwers, is not certain.



Grave of Duke Heinrich II in the Vincenzkirche, Breslau

With the help of such organization and the flowing fanaticism within each man, it was possible to move such mighty armies, often more than 120,000 men, across such endless expanses, more than 7000 kilometers. The tough steppe horses did their part.

Their main weapons were

above all the bow for distance and the axe for close combat. Such weapons have even in our day been found at Wahlstatt.

Was thus Heinrich's Silesian army already numerically inferior to the Mongols, then the clash of cumbersome knights and untrained peasant-warriors with these war-experienced, highly mobile horsemen had to invariably go in favor of the Tartars. Heroically, the small army fought to the last man. Duke Heinrich II falls with all his men.

And nonetheless – the Mongols do not exploit the victory! They indeed still draw up to Liegnitz, but then they turn off and turn around.

Did the resistance of a previously unfamiliar kind of people and warriors, despite their defeat, make such a strong impression? Certainly, for each mile of advance showed them that they were entering into the German core land and would just be coming into the core of resistance.

Was it disputes over the inheritance of Jenghiz Khan that caused the turn around? Possibly. We hear of these things in old chronicles. But it can probably also be assumed that the sight of German land seemed uncanny to the sons of the steppe. Along all of the endless stretches, they had always been surrounded by only one kind of landscape – the accustomed steppe of the homeland. Now they entered unknown land. Now they saw forests, saw tree-covered mountains, raging, rushing rivers, solid houses, compact villages, walled towers, castles, cities, bridges and roads. That was unknown to them, that was uncanny to them. Here they felt the end of their military skill, even though they had still been able to defeat the small advance guard – they no longer had complete confidence in their strength.

Be that as it may – the glory is initially owed to the one who sacrificed, who risked his life, even if it seemed pointless.

That is Heinrich's deed, that is the deed of Wahlstatt 1241!

SS Leitheft, Year Seven, Issue 1a

Karl XII

A Hero from the Germanic North

Our comrades from the Germanic north, who stand with us at the front, as well as we ourselves, must again and again hear from a certain side, with what right man ascribes warrior virtue and warrior spirit to the Nordic folks...because none of the Nordic states had undertaken a decisive military campaign in the last two hundred years. And because even today, despite the Bolshevik threat against the north, one sees that these states are only ready to form a legion, and Sweden is not even willing to make that small contribution...

The critics forget that all three Nordic states once conquered mighty empires, that Sweden produced a Karl XII, a hero, who, however, back then soared in spirit over his folk. In his intellectual goal-setting and his personal action to heroic death, he can, however, still be an example for us today.

This man was born on June 1, 1682 in the royal king's castle in Stockholm, the hero, who again elevated Sweden's military glory after the times of the Vikings. As warrior-king, and resolute warrior with constant smile, as a man of dignified calm, as an ideal of Nordic warrior nature, but also as the carrier of the typical weaknesses of Nordic nature, is how he has gone down in history.

The young prince started his leadership role unusually fast. Already the fifteen-year old was a finished man full of self-consciousness, self-assuredness and self-confidence, pitiless in his love of truth and incorruptible in his sense of justice. At that age he already also took over the business of the ruler. He made the coronation an event in his sense: instead of as customary having the Arch Bishop ceremoniously place the crown

Karl XII

In him flowed together blood steams from the most diverse provinces of Germania, from the Rhine Palatine, from Holstein, Denmark, Lower Saxony, Sweden, Brandenburg, Norway and Hesse.

In this man lived Viking spirit. Against a superior number of enemies, he defended himself. He shied away from battle with nobody, not even the ruler of the huge Russian space, Czar Peter.

The Swedish folk honored him as a man of its best traditions. And hence it also gave him its best, men and sons, and also everything it possessed in terms of prosperity. Although he could leave behind for the land nothing but his spirit and his attitude, he was for the Swedish folk for a long time the purest embodiment of its heroic age.

Germanische Leithefte, Year 2, Issue 3-4, 1942

on his head, he rode into the church already crowned, took the crown off while his forehead was anointed, and then put it back on his head again.

Nordic-strong and youthfully determined, the young king takes over his duties. He gets up at dawn, works the whole day and wants to personally know and arrange everything. He feels, despite all secrecy, the intrigues that ambitious neighboring rulers plot against Sweden and the plans of its young king. Soon he clearly sees the hostile powers: Denmark, Poland-Saxony and Russia, powers that numerically surpass Sweden's population by more than ten-fold. He feels that a decisive historical hour is approaching here, which he can no longer avoid and also does not want to.

In a swift campaign he forcibly bends the Danes. Then he seeks the decision against August the Strong of Saxony, but the Czar of Russia, despite all assertionss of peace, already breaks his promise and invades then Swedish Latvia. Nonetheless, Karl forces the Saxon ruler to renounce his crown of Poland, and now pounces with his small army on the Russian bear. In mighty marches, he individually smashes the individual Russian armies. It already looks like the wide land masses of the east would have to bow to his will – delegates from all of Europe already gather in his tent in order to establish good relations with the hero of the north – then fate seizes the spokes of this wheel of victory; the hero, who in brilliant loneliness and with Nordic self-consciousness wants to bear, suffer and direct everything alone, is struck by a Russian bulletin in front of Poltawa and thrown onto a stretcher.

Now that typically Nordic characteristic – to carry responsibility and duty, plans and decisions alone – means doom for Karl XII. This joy in responsibility and boundless self-sufficiency – which also characterized Friedrich the Great, Bismarck and many great Germans – can lead to doom, when these men must prematurely leave the stage of their deeds and have neglected to implant their plans into likewise striving successors as obligation. This mistake proved especially damaging for Karl XII; because he had close confidants in neither the politi-

cal nor military sphere, the folk in distant Sweden did not understand at all what its king planned and demanded of it.

So the bullet in front of Poltawa really decided the course of victory and the work of this hero. Indeed, he and his thousand brave men fought their way through the Ukraine and Balkans to the Turkish border, tried the mighty gamble, to get the Turks to fight against the Russians. He even established a kind of sovereign territory with a firm camp inside the Turkish empire, and thereby became uncomfortable for the Sultan. So Karl had to decide to undertake the most daring accomplishment of his life; as a wounded man, disguised, by night and fog, to try to reach back then Swedish Stralsund, clear across the Balkans and Germany, almost two thousand kilometers distant. On December 1, 1714 he broke through the ring of besieged Stralsund and himself led the defense of the city. But the fortress fell, and Karl fled in a rowboat clear across the Baltic Sea to Trelleborg in the homeland. After fifteen years of military campaigns, the heroic king again stepped on Swedish soil in 1715.

But through his absence and inner distance, he had lost the confidence of his own folk. The folk had bled dry due to the wars of his all too lofty plans. Sweden stood alone, but its king still carried the fire of the hero within himself. He wanted to regain the lost land somewhere else. After 1716 he twice invaded Norway.

But fate intervened again. On November 30, 1718 the king was mortally shot in front of the fortress Frederiksborg.

On February 26, 1719 his folk carried him to the last resting place.

Did Sweden here carry its last hero to the grave?

SS Leitheft, Year Seven, Issue 7b

Germanic Man Under the Palm Trees

The Military Campaign of the Vandals to Africa 1500 Years Ago

The sun shined hot across Africa's soil... Radiant in the glory of triumphant arms, in difficult battles on unknown soil and under a foreign climate, lives on within us the concept of the German Afrika Korps under its leader, Senior General Rommel. Between sea, sky and desert stand the comrades there at the front against England, which wishes to possess all of Africa, in order to secure its threatened supply lines. But he does not find that peace here. Europe does not renounce Africa, which has always belonged to its living space – already since the first Greek settlements in Tripoli and Libya, since the victorious Roman wars against Carthage, and – a special page of honor for Germanic man – since the landing of the Vandals under Geiserich in Africa.

The mighty accomplishment of a great leader and his Germanic folk deserves precisely today our attention: Although it is 1500 years since then, although today u-boats, planes and panzers win the path to Africa – the blood and the courage are still the same. Whence came the Vandals back then and what led them to Africa?

When at the beginning of the first millennia after Christ, the Germanic tribes in the north set into motion, and sought new land and new pastures, the folk of the Vandals also set out in order to find a new homeland. They first wandered eastward and settled for decades in Silesia, deep down into present Hungary. But then there was a new trek, this time toward the west; they crossed the middle Rhine

and advanced into the landscapes of present France, and then continued southward into Spain. They wanted to stay in the land stretches of southern Spain; they again set hand to the plough and gave the region their name: Andalusia, which was originally derived from Vandalusia. That was around 420 AD. But back then Spain also became the refuge for other Germanic folks, and besides, it still stood under the rule of the Roman emperors, who did not want to give up their possession. There was discord and heavy fighting between the Goths and the Vandals and between both tribes and the Roman army, which primarily consisted of Germanic mercenaries. Good blood was shed on all sides, and given the old German inclination toward thick-headedness and disunity, the tribes would have wiped themselves out.

Then Geiserich, king and leader of the Vandals, devised the daring plan to lead his folk of peasants and riders onto the sea and to find new, independent land in north Africa. A heroic song is this trek of an entire folk. A few excerpts from the book "Geiserich" by Hans Friedrich Blunck (Hanseat. Verlagsanstalt, Hamburg) gives us a picture of it.

Geiserich rode to Seville, and the folk of the Vandals crowned him king and Wittis queen. Indeed, many thought it would be better for Geiserich to separate from his wife and take a wife from one of the great families. But he remained faithful to the woman who had accompanied him in years of distress and was mother of his sons.

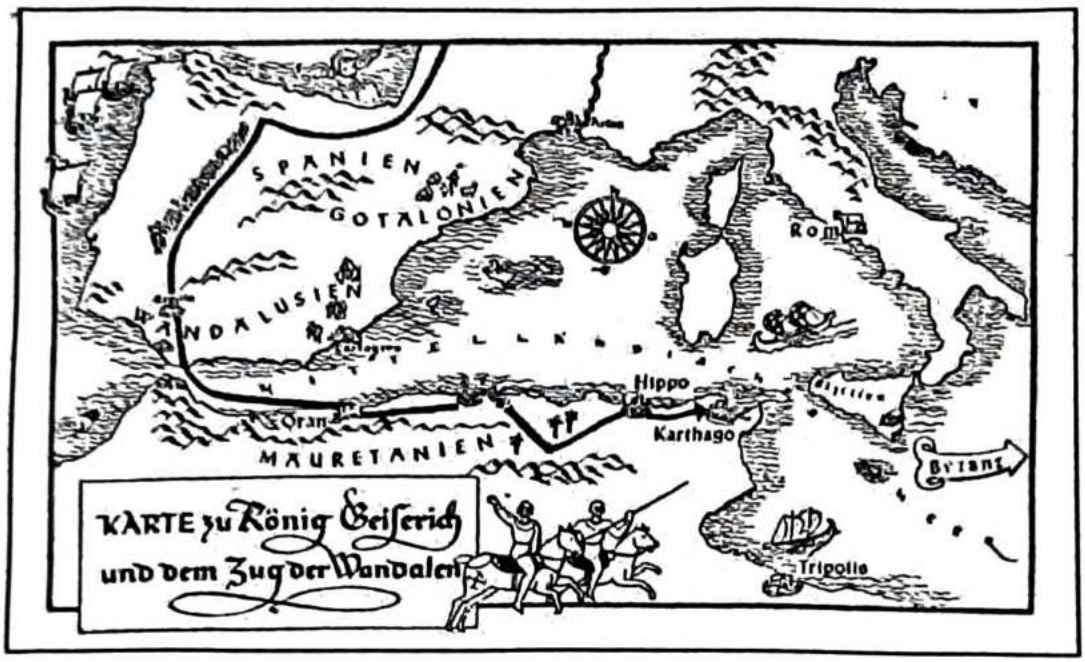
Wittis was sickly, but she was full of joy over the honoring of Geiserich, whom she loved. And although she even now did not stop bothering and complaining, and her illness often made her depressed, she nonetheless experienced that day in Seville as the crowning of the long years of wandering that were behind her.

In this period a message once came from the emperor, in which he demanded Geiserich to leave Spain or else to negotiate subjugation with him. That letter, as well, was presented to

the king's council, and the counts became unsure. Heldikus presented a letter of the Burgunder to the emperor, in which they urged him to accept them into his service. "We Germanic men fight each other", wrote the leader of that folk. "If we are beaten, we have lost the battle, if we win, you are the victor. If in our internal fighting both sides perish, you gain from it. Take us therefore into your service, and suggest to us what payment you give us." The counts were ashamed of their army commander, wanted to have nothing in common with him, and Geiserich had the letter put onto the wall of the castle hall and showed it to everybody who sought it out, mumbling and quarreling.

He did not answer the emperor's message. Inside the king, after he had held court in Seville for a while and done some reorganization, sent instructions across the land and ordered, as if for a great trek, to count all the people who belonged to the Vandals, plus horses and cattle one could not do without. Unrest gripped the folk; one asked around, but one obeyed. Then the king set out and rode with a small entourage to the fleet, although many warned him due to the insecurity in the land. He visited each harbor and counted the ships, then he resided again in the castle at Cartagena, ordered his swift boats to sweep the Mediterranean Sea and take the wide freight ships of the Romans to Palma or Cartagena. Their power stretched to Sicily. His scouts sat in Rome, they sat among the Suebians and West Goths; they reported to him that disunity prevailed among the enemies and that the great attack of Aetius against southern Spain had been postponed again. His scouts penetrated to Byzantine and portrayed to him the splendour of the city, they travelled into Hun land to the court of King Ruhlas, they came from Africa and reported the troubles of the imperial regent Bonifatius, who from Carthage fought against the moors as well as against the court in Rome.

Geiserich built fast oar ships, cavalry of the sea. He took the nobility from the saddle and compelled them to travel on tilting ships; the dukes, who had been placed at the head of a thousand men, the Hunnos – as were called the captains of one



hundred men – he ordered to months of training on boats, and whoever wanted to be named a non-commissioned officer, had to have distinguished himself in a sea battle or before foreign coasts. Whomever Geiserich could reach, he convinced with his passion as well as the power of the king's word, to love the sea. He needed many men!

Scouts came and scouts went, Addac was their mediator; Rome, Byzantine and Carthage, the three cities of the ancient world, were their destination. Nobody knew the last of Geiserich's plans; one advised back and forth until the advisors were tired of it, and the people were taken over by a dark gathering fate or by blind faith in the young ruler. And the ships came in, the ships went out. Often, one did not return again, then the women cried and the old people grumbled over the crazy king of the Vandals, who had leapt from the back of horses onto the white manes of the waves. –

Only when the time was ripe, did Geiserich reveal his plans.

* * * * *

He had called a Thing Day of all Vandals for spring. They

gathered at Cartagena, by foot, by horse, by ship. And the king told them, how it stood. He spoke of how the Romans were assembling a new army in Gaul, that the Suebians were arming for the summer, because their king sought the hand of Isberthas and hence the throne of the Vandals, granting them only a short time of peace in the night before Bracara. He thus suggested to his folk to leave the land of Spain, in which death faced it, and as in the times of the old fathers to once more take to the sea. A horse land, wine land, wheat land or whatever one called it, should it conquer, where it could remain forever; endless was the land in the south and richer than all lands. And greater than all Spain's cities was Africa's head, was the city Carthage.

Silently, the men listened to him; they knew Geiserich spoke the truth. But it was hard for them to digest his words, for they had hoped that precisely he would preserve for them Spain and peace. Then the king spoke a second time and read the letter of the imperial regent Bonifatius, who invited the Vandals to come to Africa and help him. And he added: the folk must decide between life and death. The battles of the coming summer would belong to the Goths, if God did not help. But one prays to the same god on both sides. So it would be better to wander; he had prepared everything and would lead the Vandals on ships into the garden of the lord.

* * * * *

In the last week of the month of May, Geiserich gave the order in Carthenga as well to embark, and the people climbed

with horse and wagon, all housewares and small animals abroad the ships. Eighty-thousand heads with property, animal and wagon, left the mainland.

On May 29 of the year 429, the ships of the Vandals simultaneously left Cartagena and Julia and many small harbors and pushed into the sea. The greatest trek ever undertaken in human history to that point – the trek of an entire folk – began! A superhuman exertion, a gamble worthy of the gods.

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The sea hardly moves, but the ships, the five-hundred ships, travel and travel. They come from all harbors. A forest of masts such as the sea has never seen has separated itself from the land. Incessantly the oars reach over the waves.

Small, fast communications boats race back and forth, fast cruisers push ahead to the Tyrrhenian Sea; they watch the emperor's ships, which lazily leave their harbors, in order to see what is going on in the western sea.

And again and again, more ships join in, clear shouts sound from ship to ship, when people recognize each other. The little boys sing songs they learned at campfires, adding new tones they have composed about ships and sea travel. Happy and curious, the women sit in the shadow under sails, full of confidence in Geiserich's luck. While the emperor assembles a new army under the slopes of the Pyrenees against the freedom of the Vandals, the persecuted cross over to a new continent.

Geiserich summons dukes and ship captains to him. He gave the fleet under Obotho and Arvad the order to advance eastward and to – without losses of their own – cut off supplies to the cities Hippo and Carthage. One will be there in three months. Only in three months? And no fighting in between? Young Arvad, who had the fast oarsmen beneath him, was a daredevil; where was he supposed to get the patience for three months?

* * * * *

In the inlets the sea had washed into the coast, thousands of the best Vandals have been waiting for weeks. They had a miserable life; the north wind blew into their hiding places, the sea frothed incessantly before their gates, and whatever they invented to kill their boredom, failed.

One morning, however, they could stretch the half-stiff limbs and had to hurriedly scale the gorges along climbing paths. Then they moved at the double across the heights; the warriors saw a large army that poured out of the gates of the city of Carthage.

Geiserich immediately sent out his heralds and loudly demanded that the enemy commander present himself to him. He had it proclaimed that the battle between related folks was against god's will, and that the Alane Aspar could fight him alone. The folk of the one who falls, should leave Africa.

That was as baffling as chivalrous a suggestion, which by itself stopped any advance. There was nothing else for Aspar to do than to face his opponent; the army commander of the fleets of two emperors had to laugh involuntarily at the cunning Vandal, who escaped his trap and saved himself through a duel.

He carefully advanced. "I want to do you the favor, dwarf king", he called, "although I would rather have you in service than as opponent." And loudly: "Do you want us to fight on horse or on foot?"

Geiserich seemed to reflect, he looked back, half turning his head, to see how far back his units stood on the rearward hills in safety, and then signalled that both armies should stop. The huge Alane saw it, he saw through everything.

"Do not wait so long, Geiserich, my little son, or do you cling to life? You seem to look for wife and children, in order to greet them one more time. Oh, little chirp, you have run into the horns of a citizen army and imagine things. Now you have Alanes, not Romans, in front of you; little traveller, and are afraid."

Geiserich bit his lip. Actually, the duel was no longer necessary; his army had established itself on the peninsula's narrow

point, and the enemy could charge it. But he had deployed himself; it also seemed good to him to stuff the big mouth of this emperor's servant. Without answer, he rode at Aspar; the shields crashed into each other and sparks sprayed from the blades. The armorers of the fighting men rushed in, holding sword and wooden shield ready, if the masters demanded them. They came together so heatedly, they fought like once in the hillock paths of the homeland, and were seized by blind rage the more they felt that they were equal, the Patricius of East Rome and the slender hero Geiserich.

Two armies watched breathlessly, and many men sighed and prayed aloud for their masters. Some took courage and rushed in, but the fighting men were too buried in ferocity, they thrust at helpers and disturbers, took new shields from their armorers and fought like bears.

At the moment of exchanging shields, however, Geiserich again saw that the army of the Vandals was firmly positioned, so that nobody could reasonably attack it from the front. He fought down the crude rage and reflected, that he was his folk's king and that fate depended on his well-being and his cunning. He covered himself more carefully, observed the enemy and suddenly struck Aspar's shield rim with a wide swing, so that the center split into two pieces. For the space of a second, as Patricius shouted for his armorer, Geiserich had a defenseless man before him. He already wanted to thrust, when an armed man from the group that had pressed in sprang up: "Do not kill him, king, he is your friend!"

* * * * *

Aspar considered. How was the fight for Carthage actually any business of Byzantine? It had enough problems in the east and wanted to be rid of all wars in the west. "Perhaps your emperor will order you to fight against me", Geiserich pushed. "How should I trust you?"

"Be smart, Geiserich, make peace, when I offer it to you. It can only get worse."

"You do not answer my question, who guarantees my safety, Apsar. See, perhaps today you are tired and come again in a year in order to attack me from the gates of Carthage."

"If I swear to you, never again to go against you, Geiserich?"

Now a barely visible smile came to Geiserich's lips. What were the emperors without the field commander Aspar? "We should be friends, Patricius! Swear you, never again to campaign against Africa; I swear to you, to spare Byzantine as long as you live."

What kind of an offer, did this kid want to conquer the world?

The Alane saw a grin in the half-darkness of the lamp and became distrustful. But he could wait no longer, Byzantine waited for him. He also had the feeling that it would be good for him to for always break off the fight against the Vandals. Never, Aspar told himself, did he ever again want to duel with Geiserich, who was his twin star, even more radiant than his own glory of a hundred victories for the East Roman empire. "We want to swear, Geiserich, to be secret allies of each other."

"So I accept your peace, if you sweat to never stand in arms against me. That is the codicil that I demand from you."

"I am pleased to have become your friend, king!"

Geiserich nodded; he had lost and won. "How should it be otherwise between us, Aspar." He wrinkled his brow; he resented the words of the young man, as if everything was not finished and the peace was a ceasefire out of need.

Geiserich signed. The treaty was the gain of a continent and the security of peace for his folk. But freedom, for decades the bright shield of the Vandals, seemed given up. It was as if Geiserich had followed the path of the Goths, Aspar's example; the master of Africa became the emperor's vassal.

Only Marcian and Addac know the most important part of the agreement. It was the oath that Aspar would wage no new war against Geiserich. And Aspar was Byzantine.

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"Africa seems to have enchanted you, king!" Before Geiserich stands Heldiko, the chancellor, writing paper in hand, just as the door closes shut behind a few men. "Here you have the proof that the homeland did not forget us even after a hundred days and more of travel – and you want to break the bridges and renounce hereditary rights in Silesia? Don't do it, king, remember, that our cradles stand there and that ever new cradles are built there, whereas here in Africa fighting and the desert – and luxury – always devour more men than makes great!"

Geiserich stands up from his throne. He wavers in his decision after all. He knows the chancellor's prophetic meaning, feels too, that with his strength alone, the young empire cannot be held, as proud as he is of the deed of his life...

And the chancellor starts again: "King, remember. We have sat between Elbe and Weichsel, happy in the work of plough and axe. Our settlements ran far down the Danube to its mouth, and our warriors rode deep into the wild land in the east. The empire of the Vandals was as wide as the flight of the swans, which we have made our symbol. Then we wanted to and had to move toward the west, had to fight against Rome and – what was worse – again and again against our own blood. Godigisel remained at the battlefield against the Franks. Gunderich exhausted himself in the fight against Goths and Suebians. Let us not speak of those whom Emperor Probus hired and sent out against Britain, where they settled in the town of Vandelsburg near Cambridge. – And our trek to Africa – did it drink no blood? We must preserve the supply from the homeland, king, precisely for the sake of this your empire. Difficult, nonetheless, will be the path from Silesia to Africa."

"Good, so be it. Get me the messengers, write for them my will: King Geiserich and his people have remained Vandals – even under the palm trees!"

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 10b

The Great King

"We have today a glorious history behind us and one likes to draw comparisons with this history. It in German heroes have often fought, apparently hopelessly outnumbered. We should not, however, make any comparisons with the period of Friedrich the Great. We have no right for that... Friedrich the Great had to fight against a superior force that was downright crushing. When he waged the First Silesian War, 2.7 million Prussians stood against a state of then 15 million. When he was forced to wage the third war in seven years, 3.7 or 3.8 million Prussians faced 50 or 54 million others.

"One man with an iron will held the banner high through all setbacks and never failed his folk, and when he felt like giving up, he always pulled himself together and then again took the flag into his strong hand.

"What do we want to say about ourselves today?"

Adolf Hitler on January 30, 1942

The Thirty Years war of 1618 to 1648 was a catastrophe of the greatest scope for Germany.

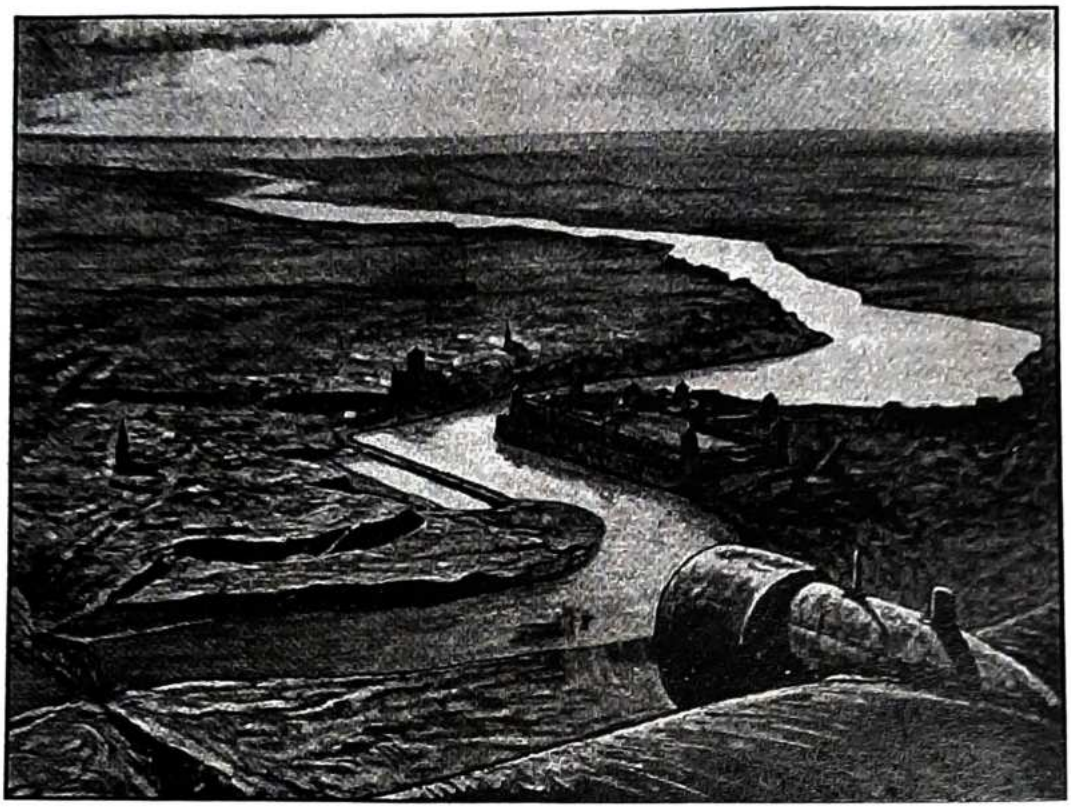
Soon, however, the battle cry of Fehrbellin proclaimed to the Reich the resurrection through Prussia's power.

Decades, however, still passed before Friedrich II received the crown of Prussia, in order to then as shining example resurrect everything heroic, that had seemingly perished in blood and dirt and distress and misery. Carried by the highest moral seriousness, he saw beyond his Prussia the Reich:

"Day and night the fate of the Reich lies on my heart, I alone can and should now preserve it."

With prophetic clarity, he recognized his calling and for its fulfillment gives himself and his state as high and hard law

the inviolate sacredness of honor.



Defensive fortifications against the east. View of the Narwa. In the background, left, the German Order Knights castle. Across from it on the right, Russian bank, Moscow's threatening fortress Iwangorod. In the year 1700 Karl XII defeated Czar Peter at Narwa.

Prussia's concept of honor became an appeal to all healthy, Germanic forces in Germany against the dishonor of rulers, the squander of the dying out imperial house, the French claim to power and the Russian greed for land.

The Germany that had become politically deaf and dumb obtains through him the doctrine, that not the through the rulers *inherited*, rather only the *living* power should raise the claim to leadership in the Reich.

This living power, however, bases itself on cleanliness and incorruptibility, "I am the first servant of my state", said Friedrich the Great, and he thus placed himself in opposition to the prevalent view of his contemporary rulers. Their principle was: "I am the state", as Ludwig XIV of France expressed his claim to power. That is the deepest cause for the hatred that

Friedrich encountered among his enemies.

In defiance of this hatred, in order to preempt a world-wide coalition of opponents at the last hour, he breaks forth in an overwhelming assault and takes possession of Silesia. Large portions of this land were due him as inheritance.

Through Silesia's conquest, the Prussian territory was rounded off toward the southeast politically and strategically. One hundred twenty years later, from the Silesian bastion, the issue of German unity in Friedrich's sense was solved on the battlefield of Königgrätz.

At the same time, however, with the acquisition of this German peninsula jutting into the Slavic sea, a province constantly threatened by foreign, Alpine folk masses is finally re-won for the German folk. Under Friedrich's development, especially through the promotion of agriculture and mining, the land blossoms; a living protective wall of the Reich against the east.

But for this land, yes, for his life and his crown, the king and Prussia must still fight through many terribly difficult war years. When Prussian seems lost after the great defeat against Austria and Russia at Kunersdorf in 1759, Friedrich writes: "My unwavering loyalty to the fatherland and honor let me undertake everything, but hope does not lead it!"

All of Germany holds its breath when Friedrich defies the defeat of Kunersdorf and the following year already at Torgau gloriously triumphs.

The irresistible attacks by the Prussian grenadiers, radiant victories, gravest defeats and new resplendent resurrections make the image of the unique king appear to the folk in genuinely heroic greatness. Through his example and his deed does he form out of Prussia the steel-hard core of the new, emerging Reich. Prussia's honor became Germany's cause, and the spirit of the great king continues to work within the Germanic folk like elemental force of nature.

The days of the aging king, however, were still filled with fearful concern for the Reich's future. Friedrich knew how the Russian rulers had tried to conquer East Prussia in the Seven Years War and that the new Czarina sought absolute domina-

Weichsel plain in the land of the German Knights Order.

tion in the Baltic Sea region. She also had the firm intention to bring "neutral" Poland under her exclusive rule.

It had to be concluded from that, that Russia, in permanent possession of Poland, whose border reached almost to the Oder, would not only greatly threaten Prussia and Silesia, rather could also put tremendous pressure on all of Germany.

The Russia danger tore the king from his peaceful plans; for now the task fell upon Prussia, to protect Germany and Europe against Moscow's domination and to extend its borders against Asia as far as possible. At that hour it became clear how fortunate it was, that Friedrich had started the necessary conflict with Austria as early as possible. Never would Russia have joined in Poland's first great partition in 1772, planned by the king – certainly not without a fight – so willingly, if Prussia had not been able to throw onto the scale its recent glory and its sharp sword.

So lonely East Prussia was finally connected to the core land with a bridge.

The successful increase of his power against mighty Russia, by peaceful path, heightened the king's reputation to legendary greatness.

The Hochmeister castle at Marienburg, the beautiful Weichsel plain, that had once been won by the sword and plough of the German Order Knights for the German folk, were now again saved for Germany by Prussia. The king himself wrote:

"It is only right, that a land that had produced a Copernicus no longer languishes in barbarism of every kind, into which the tyranny of the rulers had sunken it."

More movingly than before in Silesia, Friedrich here carried out the peaceful development of agriculture and commerce. Like once under the protection of the German Order Knights,

Friedrich the Great during the enemy attack against the Prussian camp at Hochkirch in 1758. In the resulting battle, the Scotsman Lord Keith, loyally devoted to Friedrich, also fell as a Prussian Field Marshal. The king himself was wounded.

German and Dutch peasants created the grain chamber of the Danziger Werder from the Weichsel delta, and colonists from the most diverse regions of Germania, in union with the Germandom that was still remaining there, transformed swamp and sand into blooming gardens and fertile land.

Bromberg and the Netzgau are such creations of the great king.

Every success, every accomplishment, even the king's most noble wishes, however, remained overshadowed by the concern for the future. He saw the eternal companions of life, the dark, care-filled hours, stride along the life path of the German folk as well. In his testament of 1768 he hence urgently admonishes:

"In light of the position of our provinces, realize how necessary for us is a strong army. Think about the forces of Austria, Russia and France, add Sweden to that, and if you want, also the Reich troops. By all appearance, not all of them will fall upon us like in the last war. Nonetheless, there is no doubt that the enemies who do attack us will try the utmost to achieve full superior force. But it is the command of cleverness to take a look in advance at all possible cases and to prepare for them in time."

Most dangerous, it always seemed to him, was Russia. About this future opponent he says elsewhere:

"Czar Peter I has given that until then unknown (Russian) folk the first push, but how far has it since then come, and how crazy and blind is Europe, that it contributes to the rise of a folk that can one day become its doom."

All bitterness and all suffering the king foresaw, Germany later had to taste. It has stood against every possible opponent, it had to fight, succumb and again triumph.

But through the discipline of suffering, which the great king had to impose on himself and his Prussian folk, an inexhaustible well of strength was opened up for all of Germany. She gave it the great politicians and field commanders, who strode ahead of their time with Friedrich's consciousness of honor; men who were often not born in Prussia, but who felt inwardly

related to Prussian nature and bound their life with its fate. "Fritzish" it was, when Marshal Blücher later declared that if kings did not want the folk uprising against Napolean, one should chase them away; or when the Prussian Minister Freiherr vom Stein gave his weak king in 1813 the decision between singing the proclamation of freedom "To My Folk" or going to prison in Spandau.

When half a century later Bismarck's iron hammer blows forged the work of the Reich and regiments of all German tribes were victorious in 1870/71 at Metz, Mars-la-Tour and Sedan, then the yearning of the German in the sense of the great king seemed to have found their fulfillment.

But this Reich was most deeply humiliated in 1919 at the same place where it had radiantly arisen in 1871 – in Versailles.

While the masses pledged allegiance to democracy and Marxism, the bourgeoisie had given priority to humanity, freemasonry, the "economy" and world trade – over the Prussian virtues and the realizations of Prussian politics.

Germany was hence severely punished for that by fate. The simple musketeer, however, who had fought out there for four and a half years as a soldier of the World War, understood the great king.

After difficult fighting for the soul of the folk, he appeared in the person of Adolf Hitler at the grave of the great king, in Potsdam, as Führer of the German nation.

And today the fight rages against that Russian doom, against which Friedrich had already once fought.

The same consciousness of honor, which Friedrich lived as example to his state, becomes alive again in Adolf Hitler's Reich.

The National Socialist Reich, assembled with the sons of all German tribes, with allies and volunteers from all of Europe's lands, fights the mighty battles of defense just as heroically as the great king did back then.

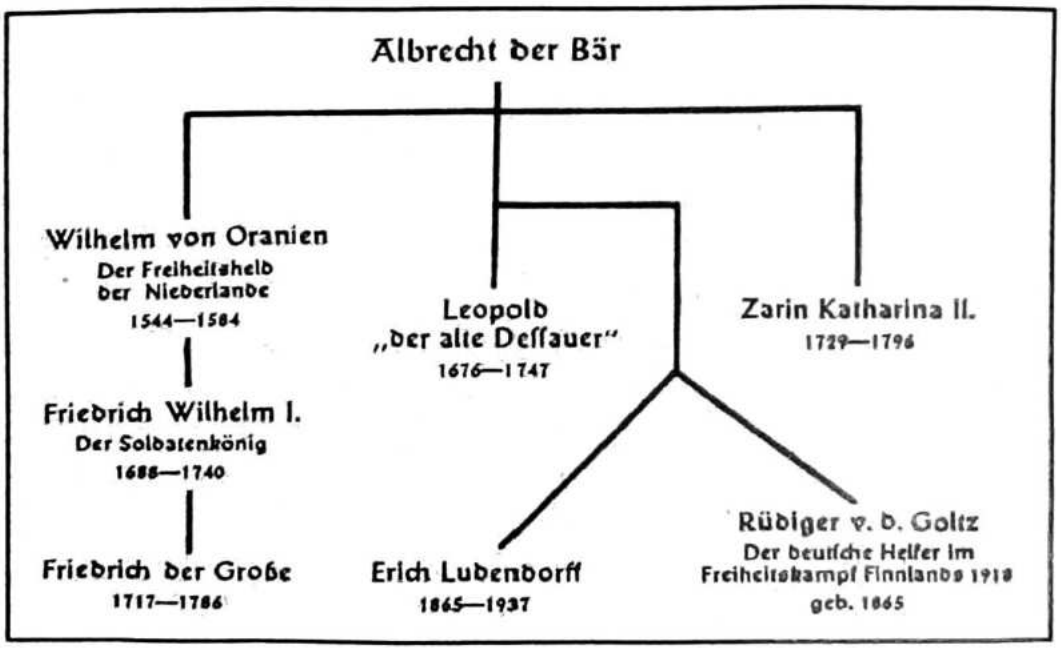
According to the Führer's will, the duration of the coming peace should also correspond to the greatness of the victory.

The concerns that the great king had for his beloved east, will today be permanently banished by the Führer.

The thorough cultural work in Prussia's eastern provinces should be followed by the greater Germanic culture accomplishment in the immeasurable spaces of the mismanaged, wide lands in the east.

Germanische Leithefte, Year 2, Issue 3-4, 1942

Descendants of the Eastern Colonizer Albrecht des Bären (1100 – 1170), who was invested with the present Mark Brandenburg in 1134.



SS Culture

Volume Ten :

Heroes

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Ten: Heroes is translated from original SS publications. The articles include Klaus Stoertebecker, Andreas Hofer, Captain Friedrich Hensel, General von York, SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke, Corporal Ofenbach, an unnamed assault gun crew, SS-Unterscharführer Christiensen and SS-Brigadeführer Fritz Witt. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume four in 1939 to volume ten in 1944. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
December 2004

Klaus Stoertebecker

Knight, Peasant and Pirate

It is the year 1401. The populace crowds onto the Grasbrook in Hamburg. Men, women and children, everybody who can walk, have hurried out to witness the bloody spectacle. The people converse in whispers, casting shy gazes around. It is as if they still fear the mighty one who now lies in chains in prison, as if the pressure of the last decade still weighs on city and citizenry.

The bloody scaffold has been erected in the middle of the square. The executioner and his assistants stand ready to carry out the senate's sentence, according to which "said Klaus Störtebecker, as a pirate, should be executed by the sword." The executioner's gaze sweeps around. A malicious smile distorts his face.

How do they crowd, how do their necks stretch! Now they cannot wait for the death of the man whom they cheered just a few years ago. The women already hold cloths ready in order to

catch a few drops of blood from the executed man and to keep it as protection against evil spirits.

And there are the aldermen, their faces pale. Many among those who pronounced the sentence now tremble in the face of death before the hour when the Lord God will put him in front of the judgment seat.

The executioner weighs the sword in his hand. It is not his to decide right or wrong. To him, the dishonorable one, whom each citizen flees, all men are the same, righteous or unrighteous, if the senate's judgment subjects them to his sword. But he knows, in the German Reich many scoundrels live like honest men and many honest men as robbers, for there is no longer any justice in the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, since Wenzel of Prague wears the crown of the Reich.

The knight lurks in his castle for his prey like a bird of prey. He pounces with his men on the covered wagons of travelling merchants, beats down whatever stands in his way, plunders the wagons, extorts ransom money from the prisoners, strangles whoever cannot ransom himself, and calls it right.

And no king, no Kaiser hinders him, for Wenzel in Prague wears *the crown of the Reich.*

With "Hussah!" and "Hoiho!" the rulers' knights race across the fields, trampling the peasant's seed and harvest in frivolous and blasphemous arrogance, and nobody hinders them, for…

Wenzel in *Prague* wears the crown of the Reich.

The cities have also used the time. The Dudish Hansa [Hanseatic League], an association of the merchants of Lübeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne and many other places, has become a powerful federation, to which rulers and king bow. The Dudish Hansa wishes to be the master of German trade. Through clever treaties, it has gained control over the trade of the kingdoms of England, Denmark and Norway. But the goal will only be achieved, when Störtebecker's head falls. The Hansa does not want to give up the success achieved; even what was wrong, must become right, before a new Kaiser comes. The aldermen and senators have long known that Wenzel's hour has come, that the nobles, seven in number, have

dared and done the unprecedented, to declare a German king unworthy of his crown and in forfeit. A Reichstag is to be called that brings a new order.

But before that, Störtebecker's head must fall, so that he does not stand up as a free man and demand his right against the cities.

Nikolaus Schoke, the sea hero, the victor, the conquerer of Klaus Störtebeker, as the city council calls him, is absent from the ranks of the senators. In vain he did beseech the senate not to tarnish the cause of the Hansa with murder. He did not succeed against the others. There was nothing else for him to do, than to leave, to atone for the senate's sin, now his as well, at

the Holy Grave in Jerusalem and ask for forgiveness.

Klaus Störtebeker knows nothing of the imminent changes in the Reich, nothing of the seventy comrades who had been taken prisoner with him; he does not know that Goede *Michel*, his loyal comrade, was defeated at the Jade and taken prisoner, or that the fight for the freedom of Frisian men, whose leader he was, nears its end. He also knows nothing of the letter of his old friend Kenno *tom Broke*, who swore by his life that Klaus Störtebecker was no robber, rather a prisoner-of-war. He also does not know that this proud Frisian chief with snow-white hair bend his knee before the hard shopkeepers and pleaded for mercy.

And if Klaus Störtebecker had known it, he would have prevented it. He had no mercy to expect from the Hansa. He was the mortal enemy of the Hansa until Nikolaus Schoke overcame him through betrayal and wile in peace.

Steps clattered. Keys clanked. The heavy, iron-plated oak door of the prison cracked. A priest enters, four city servants in the door.

Now Klaus Störtebecker knows his last hour has come. He has already been in prison a year. He is ready. He rises:

"Priest, I know my fate and need no comfort. You should accompany me, for that I thank you."

The priest gazes into the fearless face. He had expected to find a remorseful sinner and finds a stubborn man, stubborn even at the hour of death.

"Klaus Störtebecker, I admonish you. Little still separates you from the moment when you stand before God's judgment. Repent your sins. Use the last hour to do good. Before God you require the mercy of the eternal church."

Klaus Störtebecker laughs aloud, hard and dry.

"Priest, what I have done, for that I will take responsibility before God."

The priest recoils from such arrogance. Soft, almost pleading do his words sound:

"I have come to hear your confession so that you will not be damned for eternity."

Klaus Stöertebecker stretches himself. The chains on his hands cling:

"Good priest, you should hear my confession. When I was a lad, the word went through the German lands: King Wenzel lies like a stuffed pig in his castle in Prague in Bohemia and does not give a damn about the Reich and Rome."

The priest makes the sign of the cross: "Klaus Störtebecker…". He just waves him off:

"I come from a noble family, priest. Where the Kaisers rode, my fathers rode for the reputation of the Reich and for God and Christ. I can hardly count the ancestors who fell in the crusades to Rome and Jerusalem.

Peasants, knights and Kaisers, they were the pillars of the Reich, which is of God. Wenzel became king, noble knighthood perished. Rulers, cities and – hear it well, priest – also the church destroyed the Reich, when they took freedom from the peasants. On his deathbed my father took my oath to never do the same as those who dwell like robbers in their castles and fortified houses and ravage the Reich. He said knights and peasants are two branches of a tree. Many branches have withered, but within us still lives genuine knighthood, and above, far from here, on the sea, in Friesland, still lives free peasantry. The Frisians have preserved their right over time, each of them can wield the sword and wear the white belt of the knight. There the peasant is *noble* and noble is *peasant*. Whenever a Kaiser rides, a unit of these peasants rides in his closest entourage, not behind, no, next to the rulers of the Reich; for they are subservient to no one and think themselves equal to kings. When no Kaiser calls you to cross swords with the Reich's enemies, descend from the castle of your fathers, ride toward the north until you reach the free, open sea, and become a peasant. One day the old Kaiser, of whom saga says he will come from his mountain, will come and call you or your sons for the fight for the Reich."

A sigh comes from Klaus Störtebecker's breast. Then he continues:

"News reached me of these peasants' difficult fight for free-

dom. A chief reminded my family of an old oath that bound our house to the court of the peasant.

The black Margarethe, Queen of Denmark and Norway, threatened the freedom of Frisian lands and the cities of the Dudish Hansa, based on a promise from the traitor Wenzel, who had sold free German lands and cities to Denmark's crown for red gold. The Dudish Hansa suggested an alliance to the Frisians. The Hansa wanted to contribute money, grain and bread for the war, Friesland ships and blood. I became leader of the fleet of the Liekendeeler, as you call the Frisians, cause the peasants share in equipping the ships and equally divide the profits. I defeated Margarethe on water and on land. I relieved your city Stockholm, I cleansed the Baltic Sea of Danish pirates. No longer the Danes, we were the masters at sea.

Then the cities started to fear us. For a long time already, you wanted to ruin Frisian trade, which is older than the cities are.

The Hansa treasonously allied itself with the enemy, with Margarethe, and betrayed, like Wenzel, the cause of the Reich. I was up to that day the leader of the Frisians and naval commander of the Hansa. Now I became the mortal enemy of the Dudish Hansa, because I saw that the shopkeeper cannot fight for the common good.

War raged hard and difficult. I took away Wisby, the city of thirty towers in the sea, the birthplace of the Hansa, and drove the cities from the Baltic Sea. I only spared the Greifswalder merchants, who had remained loyal to me. One offered me a cease-fire. I again believed in a honest attitude and observed the cease-fire for two years. We sent our ships to Norway and Spain on peaceful trade trips, and the cities?"

Again and again, the priest tried to interrupt Klaus Störtebecker, but he fell silent before the masterful gaze of the man in chains.

"And the Dudish Hansa, during the cease-fire, put together an alliance against us. It sold its own city Wisby to Margarethe, it called the Knights of the Teutonic Order against us, Count *Edzard* against Eastern Friesland, Count *Gerd von Oldenburg* against the city land *Butjadingen*, the Arch Bishop of Bremen

against Würden and Wursten and the land Hadeln, they called the destroyers of the Reich against peasants and freedom. Now the Frisian word had become true: God's friend and all the world's enemy! A war raged such as the world has never seen. You took one of our ships, stuck the men in barrels, rolled them onto the market-square and decapitated them. I countered the shameful deed, for each of our men I hanged ten of your sailors from the spars. On every coast burned wrong fires. Your ships ran aground, we had to defend ourselves, the world stood against us.

The tears of widows and orphans flowed. I had to act according to the law of war, which knows no mercy, eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth. But I tried to make up for what could be made up. I kept strictest discipline over my ranks and never tolerated robbery or violence, when not required by the war. The gallows at Verden on the Aller testify to Störtebecker's justice. I took the booty that fell into our hands to the huts and houses of the poor. Ask in Bremen, ask in Verden, ask in your own city who has not eaten Störtebecker's bread. There are cities where one will still distribute my donations in hundreds of years.

The peasant could no longer bear the blood burden of the fight. Friesland needs his hands for the plough and the dike. I had to withdraw from the Baltic Sea. But I wanted to preserve the freedom of the Western Sea [North Sea]. The cities made peace, although I now demanded new works as collateral. We looked forward to a restful sleep after years and pulled in the sentries.

Then Nikolaus *Schoke* cowardly surprised us in the night, in the middle of peace.

One denies me a knight's arrest. One indicts me like a robber, one says only rulers, not the folks, have the right to wage war.

Therefore, I am supposed to be a robber. And there is no Kaiser and no right..."

Klaus Störtebecker falls silent.

The priest has folded his hands. He starts once more:

"A sacrifice, Klaus Störtebecker, will win for you heaven and God's mercy. How should the treasure, which you gathered,

help you in death? One will contribute to many churches and cloisters, eternal requiems…"

"My treasure, priest, are the tears that are shed for lost freedom. They flow into the sea that saw my deeds."

Head held high, Klaus Störtebecker walks to the door, waving servants and priest aside with a masterful demeanour. For the first time, the sun greets him again.

The carts roll, an endless column.

Klaus Störtebecker on the first, in chains, watched by twenty

city servants.

He is followed by his comrades in war, with whom he is supposed to be united again.

Silent, motionless stands the crowd.

Klaus Störtebecker stands before the block. He looks toward the long line of comrades, who are supposed to follow him in death, as they have followed him in war, loyal and fearless. The blossom of Friesland.

A shadow falls upon Störtebecker eyes. There is one who looks up at him with radiant blue eyes, fifteen years old and yet a man.

Now fearful doubts befall the man facing death. If he has done right, God must give a sign, must save those there.

An alderman steps to the block: "Klaus Störtebecker, you have one last request, as long as you do not ask for your life."

The crowd waits breathless. What will Störtebecker demand? Clear and distinct resounds the answer to the question across the wide square:

"So I ask you then, release those comrades whom I still walk past in death. Take it as a sign of almighty and just God. The power of the Dudish Hansa will pass, but the peasant will become free. Then a Reich will arise, more unified and more powerful than ever before. The free peasant will wield the knight's sword, a hero of peasant blood will walk before him, and the Reich will be eternal."

The crowd whispers. The aldermen tremble. They look at each other, pale and confused. Klaus Störtebecker calls God as a witness to the justice of his cause. But, in accordance with old custom, one cannot deny the last request.

"So be it, Klaus Störtebecker!"

Once more resounds the shout, which has spread fear and terror in hundreds of battles, from seventy throats: "God's friend and all the world's enemy! Freedom for Friesland!"

Then the executor's sword swings into the air, a crushing of bone, a thud, blood colors the sand.

But the women do not rush in as usual. Eyes widen.

"There, there!" they shriek...

The rump rises…

The body staggers back and forth like that of a drunken man. The step becomes more sure…

The body without head walks…

Past the first comrade…

The first comrade is free…

The body walks, walks, walks…, the long chain of chained men…, the second is free…

The third…

A cry of terror rips the air. The executioner rolls a log before the feet. The body collapses heavy to the ground.

Klaus Störtebecker, knight, peasant and pirate, cheated in death as in life. But in the sea lies his treasure, of which saga says, it is not of red gold; millions of tears, shed for the remnant of lost freedom.

But God has spoken. The day will come, when the peasant is free, the peasant who is a king on his own soil, who recognizes only one power over himself, the power of the eternal Reich.

Erich zu Klampen

SS Leitheft, Year 4, Issue 8, January 15, 1939

Andreas Hofer

A German Peasant Leader

In the Peasant War, the German peasant tried to rebuild the decayed Reich by his own strength. He failed and had since then withdrawn from the political life of our folk. Only in Prussia do the peasants play an active role in the rise of the state, although they are simultaneously pushed down into servitude in wide stretches of eastern Germany.

When the existing state order in Germany collapsed under the onslaught of the French Revolution, the best – foremost among them, Freiherr von Stein – realized that the foreign claim to power could only be cast off, if all branches of the folk united in the struggle. They hence introduced general compulsive military service. Its prerequisite, however, was the liberation of the peasants. For Stein believed that only the peasant – who as once before in the time of the ancestors sat as free man on free soil – could defend the fatherland with weapon in hand. But even earlier, peasants had in many places been bearer of the folkish resistance. Mark and Hessian peasants had fought in the free legions of Dörnberg and Schill. In the Rhineland the peasants organized a kind of folk militia against the French at a time when the bourgeoisie surrendered to western influence almost without resistance. Exemplary for all freedom fighting by German peasants, however, was the rebellion of the Tyrol peasants in the year 1809, was the figure of the upright landlord Andreas Hofer.

Despite all Habsburg claims to power, the Tyrol peasant has always known how to maintain his freedom. Next to Switzerland, whose leadership very soon passed into the hands of the trade cities Zurich and Bern, in no land has the German peasant been able to preserve his privileges as in Tyrol. The Tyrol provincial parliament does not – like elsewhere – consist solely of nobles and clerics, who at best are accompanied by the bour-

geoisie. Here the peasant, too, has equal rights in seat and voice since the Middle Ages. Despite their defeat in the Peasant War, the Tyrol peasants kept these rights.

In 1805 Napoleon had separated Tyrol from Austria and given it to the young kingdom of Bavaria. Despite being related, Bavarians and Tyrolese were separated by a wide chasm. The mountain people looked down on the Bavarians, they did not want to recognize them as masters. Now the Bavarians even started to create a modern union state according to French pattern, which ruthlessly ignored all inherited rights and customs. The freedoms of the Tyrolese were not supposed to be valid anymore, they were supposed to be the same as all other subjects. The Tyrolese considered that a breech of the peace treaty, and even more as a breech of all right. Germanic consciousness of right still lived within them. They were fully of the conviction that right cannot be made or changed by men at all, rather that it was born and grew with men and was hence not subject to any arbitrary alteration. Anarchist and revolutionary was whoever tried to change this old right. If Bavaria adopted a new constitution, it started revolution, the peasant had the right, if he resisted it. This had an especially clear expression in the military sphere. Since Kaiser Maximilian had organized Tyrol's provincial defense, Tyrol was considered a natural fortress; whose defense the Tyrolese themselves should, and wanted, to take over in the moment of danger. The Tyrolese riflemen still did it during the World War in a unique manner. But the Tyrolese have always only done military service in their own land, never outside it. So when the Bavarians started to draft peasant lads in order to fill the auxilliary contingents that they had to provide to Napoleon, these recruits resisted. Imprisonment and beating punishments did not make the folk more willing. Discontent grew.

Other factors came in. The bad economic situation was naturally blamed on Bavaria. More important was the embitterment over Bavaria's enlightened church politics, which disregarded all old customs and drove the clergy to resistance. In this peasant land the clergy, too, consisted of peasant sons, who still

fully felt part of the folk, and if it came down to it (as it did), were also willing to fight with weapon in hand for the rights and freedoms of their brothers.

I cannot go into the details of the heroic fight of a small tribe against a world empire. Only the main points are recalled here. Three times the land was liberated from French and Bavarians, three times Innsbruck was conquered, four times there was bitter fighting on the mountain Isel before Innsbruck, Tyrol's mountain of heroes. Only the last time did the peasants have to leave the field. A ridiculously inferior number of peasants, without sufficient weapons and supplies, held off the trained and well-equipped troops of the greatest military power of the time. They offered victorious resistance not only against Bavaria, rather France and hence Napoleon as well. In the beginning, the peasants were supported by Austria. In 1809 Austria armed itself for the great clash with Napoleon and also allied itself with the folkish and German forces inside and outside its borders. Austrian troops entered the land. The threads of the movement came together with popular Archduke Johann. Kaiser Franz promised in a solemn letter to the peasants, who were loyal to the Kaiser and credulous, to never leave them in the lurch and to never conclude a peace that surrendered them.

But Habsburg promises have at all times been cheap; and the Tyrolese are not the only Germans who fought trusting the word of a Habsburg Kaiser and were ruined because of it. The upright peasants simply did not want to believe that the same Kaiser could right afterward approve a ceasefire that sacrificed the Tyrolese, yes, that he even sold off his own daughter to Napoleon as the price of mercy, while Tyrol still persisted in resistance. They simply did not believe the reports from Vienna and fought on. When finally even the most loyal to the Kaiser and most trustful mountain man had to realize that Kaiser Franz had betrayed the land and disappointed the loyalty of the peasants, it was already too late for surrender. Now the only thing left was fighting to the bitter end against a world in which injustice seemed to triumph.

Carrier of the Tyrolese liberation war was in the last analysis

Andreas Hofer

Whoever loves his folk, proves it solely through the sacrifices he is willing make for it.

Adolf Hitler

Woodcut by Ernst Dombrowski, Graz

no individual man, rather the whole folk. In many meetings there was no leader. From an ancient bond followed a joint, meaningful unity. Without orders, each took the post befitting him. More increasing from the multitude of peasants one man increasingly stood out, less as leader than as symbol of the whole movement: Andreas Hofer. The landlord was certainly no genius. He was a peasant and innkeeper and also had diverse trade on the side that caused him to travel a lot through the land. Everybody recognized his stately appearance; he was conspicuous just by the unusually big beard. The main trait of Hofer's essence was loyalty, the most German of all characteristics. He was loyal to the last breath to his Kaiser, his land and also his faith. Even when he governed as regent of the land in the Innsbruck castle, elevated by the glory of victory, he remained the simple peasant, the comrade of his comrades, enemy of all pomp and useless pageantry. One might ascribe all kinds of mistakes to him, and can also say that the task given him was bigger than he. But it is still indisputable that he alone gave a face to the fight. When even the most loyal comrades gave up and fled to Austria, he held out. To the end he refused to flee the homeland and take himself to safety. Even when there was no longer hope, he remained in the loneliness of his mountains. The past, the essence of Tyrol had become alive within him. It was as if he could not separate himself from his homeland as the source of his energy. And it must have been the most bitter moment for this upright man, when he learned that one of his countrymen had become a traitor. He willingly allowed himself to be led off by the foreign henchmen. His task was fulfilled. No, there was still one more thing for him to perform. Unbroken, fully conscious of his right, he faced the French military court in Mantua. He went to his death upright. He refused the blindfold. Standing, he himself gave the order to fire. Only thusly did the Tyrolese peasant become for all time the martyr and hero of his folk. The blood deed bred men.

Andreas Hofer and his countrymen had rebelled for the sake of Tyrol, not Germany. Even though Andreas Hofer in his proclamation to the Carinthians occasionally spoke of the need

to offer resistance against the enemies of the German nation, Germany was not and could not be life content for this peasant. They only knew the mountains of their homeland. Had they known the world, they would have hardly had the courage to oppose it and assert themselves. Nonetheless, because the Tyrolese, above all Andreas Hofer, were German in their innermost essence, their fight, beyond their own thought and desire, became a German victory. In the same year 1809, which saw the greatest expansion of Napoleonic imperialism, the forces of resistance stirred everywhere in Europe. At Aspern Napoleon had to admit defeat for the first time. In North Germany the free corps called to fight, even if in vain. In Spain, France's action could not break the armed resistance of the folk. But nowhere were the limits of Napoleonic power as visible as precisely in Tyrol. Here it was proven that a folk that remains true to itself and is conscious of its strength can set limits to even a superior power, yes, is almost invincible.

Certainly, the peasants were defeated. Tyrol was divided up. The land's freedom initially sank. Habsburg left the German front and sought Napoleon's friendship. Only reluctantly did it four years later join the German uprising. But nonetheless, Tryol's war of liberation remained an obligating experience for Tyrol and for all of Austria, yes, for all of Germany. If the few thousand peasants knew how to fight like that, must it not be possible for the whole, united folk to overthrow foreign rule? As little as the German uprising of 1813 is conceivable without the political education work of men like Fichte, Arndt and Jahn, without the political reform work of von Stein and Scharnhorst, just as inconceivable is it also without the fight and the death of Andreas Hofer. He added to the planning and thinking of the others the example of the deed.

SS-Uscha. Dr. Franz

SS Leitheft, Year 5, Issue 2, May 15, 1939

The Transylvanian Leonidas

In the year 1809 a small garrison under the command of Transylvanian Captain Hensel holds the road from Tagliamento to Tarvis in a swiftly constructed barrier-fort for 82 hours against the French, and thereby covers the retreat of the army of Archduke Johann against the advancing superior force of Napoleonic troops under the command of Prince Beauharnais.

On the Col di Cos, a second barrier-fort is placed, which, however, soon falls into the hands of the superior enemy. Captain Henzel has been bypassed and dies a hero's death along with his men. But an entire Austria army is saved through this persevering by a small combat group down to the last bullet.

Captain Hensel reports with the assembled garrison of his barrier-fort to his supreme commander. Archduke Johann steps before the companies. His voice resounds clear and happy into the hearts of his soldiers.

"Comrades! I have named Captain Friedrich Hensel commandant of this barrier-fort. Captain von Hermann will defend his fort at the Predilsattel. You know what kind of task you have taken over. The captain and you, my officers, have the order to employ your forces to hold up the advancing army of Vice-King Beauharnais for forty-eight hours, so that I have the opportunity to reform the southern army in the area around Villach and lead it toward the north.

"Comrades! More than two thousand years ago the Spartan King Leonidas undertook the defense of the narrow pass of Thermopylae with three hundred men against the mighty army of the Persian king long enough for his homeland's fleet to have the opportunity to attack the Persians. The Persian king was enraged when he found the narrow pass occupied and vainly hurled his troops two days long against the spears of the brave Spartans. A Greek traitor led the Persians on small paths

in the night behind the Greek lines, and all had to fall. Ephialtes was the scoundrel's name – names of traitors and heroes live long. I do not wish the fate of Leonidas and his loyal followers on you, comrades. But if it is decided you for, then die as heroes and live on in the history of our state just like the brave Spartans."

The archduke has removed his feathered hat from his head and wavesit high in the air. Hensel's voice rings out loud like a rousing fanfare: "Long live the Kaiser!" And howling, the officers and soldiers join in with hails and cheers. The drums dully thunder the general march.

Archduke Johann leaps onto his steed. The staff gallops off in the direction of Travis.

Now Hensel stands alone with his soldiers. In the late afternoon the shrill sound of Gallic horns resound from the Malborghett and French cavalry becomes visible on the road. The barrier-fort's garrison has strict orders not to shoot until Hensel has given the order; above all, artillery chief Rauch is not to let his batteries come into play.

The fort lies there dark and quiet. From the Fellatal valley downriver of Malborghett, camp fires everywhere shine up to the rocks, and from the community sounds the song of the enemies, who enjoys the innkeeper's barrels.

A golden May day with the thousand-fold chirping of birds has dawned. Captain Hensel has gone out to the field sentries before sunrise and given them the order to pull back to the fort as soon as the French advance in large columns. Then he has inspected all battery positions and visited the battle stations of the sharpshooters.

The troops know that May 15 will be a day of heaviest fighting; each individual man is conscious of his importance. If they succeed in holding off the advance until the 16th, then the army's retreat will be secured and its reorganization carried out. So far the garrison has suffered few losses in terms of wounded men, and only on the Col di Cos have a few deaths been reported. The morale of the troop is excellent, for the captain has been generous with food and wine, and the night has

passed calmly everywhere.

Around seven in the morning a French officer patrol rides with a far visible flag across the bridge. A negotiator requests to be taken to the commandant. Prince Eugen Beauharnais, in polite words, demands the fort to be surrendered, since the whole French army with 70,000 stands in front of it and resistance does not have a chance.

The First Attack is Beaten Off

Hensel has the negotiator informed that he has the order to defend himself and not to negotiate. Hardly has the negotiator returned to Malborghett, when the French infantry is already deployed for a general attack in densely massed columns. When Hensel sees the advancing battalions, a stone falls from his heart – the prince still does not have any artillery at his disposal, for otherwise he would not have the infantry attack. It is a magnificent military spectacle that unfolds before the defenders. As if on the exercise grounds, so exact and precisely straight, do the companies and battalions deploy. The flags flatter in the wind, the eagles glisten golden in the morning sun, and the wind carries the rhythms of the marches, which the horns hurl into the air, to the ears of the sharpshooters and artillerymen.

One can already recognize the faces of the attackers, then the order for the artillery to fire rings out, and salvos are fired from all guns into the advancing enemy, who is mowed down by entire lines as if a huge sickle had been swung down from the sky. But the French advance as if on the exercise ground; their lines, shot up by grape-shot, close together, new battalions move in, and collapse under the artillery fire. After the fifth salvo, the splendidly executed attack falters, probably about a hundred and fifty paces in front of the barrier-fort, and now well-aimed sharpshooter fire strikes the shaken ranks, which are no longer able to close up. In wild flight, the survivors run

back, followed by the shells of the twelve-pounders.

From Col di Cos, smoke signals report most extreme danger. Captain Kupka makes a sortie and drives back the French battalion that had worked its way up to within a few paces of the breastworks, but only with significant losses.

The Night Attack

Shortly before dark falls, the innkeeper Ressman manages to reach the fort by a long detour, and he reports that the prince is preparing a night attack, and that the French artillery still is not there. Hensel sends Ressman to Villach with the wounded.

It is a pitch black night. The whole garrison stands at battle stations. The canons are loaded with grape-shot. Nothing stirs. All listen tensely into the darkness, which is only penetrated by the sparkle of the stars. French retreat signals resound in the distance. Hensel waves to his trumpeter: "Blow the Zapfenstreich."

The corporal stands at attention and puts the trumpet to his lips; first resounds the loud tune, "Homeward, homeward, you soldiers!" – Is that an echo or does the comrade at Col di Cos answer? There is a deep sadness in the notes. Is it the last Zapfenstreich that his brave men will hear? Hensel peers into the night. Nothing moves. The snow glistens from the tops of the mountains; one can clearly see the daring silhouette of the Mittagkogel set itself off from the dark night sky. Hensel thinks of his homeland, his mother, his siblings; but his spirit quickly returns to reality. It seems to him that he hears muffled marching.

It is shortly before midnight. The French have advanced in several attack columns, but the sentries have not been sleeping. Hensel has the signal "fire" given three times. Nothing stirs. A few orders sound softly in the night. Suddenly, a huge flame from burning hay piles shoots up and illuminates the field ahead with pitiless brightness, where battalion next to battalion

march forward.

Then the guns speak.

Roaring shouts from the charging battalions. The jerky illumination makes the soldiers in their bear-fur hats look much larger than they are. The inconstant light distorts the view horribly, one time blazing high with an upwind and then sinking again – but it is light enough for the artillerymen and riflemen. With machine-like precision, the salvo fire rolls into the charging enemies. Captain Kupka has the riflemen shoot in alternating salvos, artillery chief Rauch's canons tirelessly spit their deadly lead into the attackers.

Again and again, the French regiments rush forward, but they do not get across the barrier put down by the furious grape-shot fire. Retreat signals are blown. After an hour fight, the French pull back. But the bullets of the Austrians still find many enemies until Napoleon's soldiers have rescued themselves from the range of fire.

The Last Fight

Hensel does not go to rest until morning dawns. His guns have reaped a terrible harvest. The dead lie in rows and piled into walls. French medics drag off wounded. The commandant calls the officers and higher non-commissioned officers to a conference. Some are wounded, but all are in a good mood. Hensel first gives the order to evacuate the wounded. The only slightly wounded must also go back. The order issued to him by the archduke has been fully carried out. The enemy has been held back forty-eight hours. Hensel could retreat with clear conscience, but he does think of it, for every additional hour means a great advantage for the Austrian army; his officers are of the same opinion. A wounded lieutenant is sent as rush courier to the archduke to report that Hensel will continue to resist the enemy.

A new attack by the French does not come, but instead a ne-

gotiator comes for the second time on the afternoon of May 16th, who demands surrender. If it is refused, the whole garrison is doomed to death. He does not receive an answer.

The French wait for their artillery. It only arrives in the evening and is put into position during the night. The morning of May 17th is misty. Light rains falls. The clouds hang deep in the valley. All men are at their posts. Hensel and Kupka have thoroughly discussed the situation. Today the decision will fall. The friends are convinced of that, for the first heavy canon balls of the French are just being fired against the rock overgrown breastworks of the barrier-fort. The barrage lasts all morning and it inflicts great damage on the brave defenders. A messenger from the redoubt on Col di Cos reports that the redoubt can be held no longer, for four enemy battalions have worked their way up the hill, and the two platoons of sharpshooters cannot withstand a bayonet charge.

Around noon smoke columns rise up from Col di Cos. Right afterward several regiments advance from Malborghett and deploy on the meadows. They approach at a fast march. The flags flatter, the horns resound shrilly. Again, the guns of the small barrier-fort reap a bloody harvest among the ranks of the attackers, but this time the prince knows no turning back.

General Pacthold's rangers have climbed Col di Cos and can now bypass the fort. The end fight starts in the early afternoon. The French have worked their way forward to just under the rocks on which the batteries stand. Now Rauch's grape-shot does not reach them anymore, but rolling bombs race into the densely packed columns and tear horribly bloody channels in them.

The fort is poorly setup for combat on two sides. A great explosion shakes the fort. The powder magazine has been hit and flies into the air. The gentlemen of the war commission, who never wanted to spend money for practical fortification works, would have a heart attack from fright, if they could hear Hensel's curse directed against them.

Now it can only last minutes. The canons of the chief artilleryman continue to work calm and sure and hinder the

army's further advance, but the French charge through the breech made by the explosion. Battery I falls. Blockhouse II is encircled. Escape is impossible. Captain Kupa is seriously wounded. Further resistance seems pointless to him. He wants to surrender with the remainder of his mostly wounded men, but he is killed by the charging French.

Hensel stands at the breastworks. Surrender? No! Fight on! Damage the enemy as much as possible. Rauch's battery still fires, so defense is still purposeful. Every cannister that strikes the enemy, helps the fatherland, hurts Napoleon! A last group of sharpshooters surrounds the leader. They shoot like crazy. Again and again, the French must pull back. They now charge into the fort by the hundreds. Hensel defends the entrance to the battery, which fires incessantly.

Then a bullet grazes Hensel's temple. Blood shoots in a high arch from his forehead. He presses a cloth against the wound and rushes, dagger in hand, at the French, who leap at the breastworks in a bayonet charge.

"Courage, comrades!" is his last order. Then the bayonets bore into his breast.

But the battery of the chief artilleryman still roars and spits death and destruction into the enemies, until enemy mines blow up the entrances. For eighty-two hours the brave men have held back the advance of the 70,000 man strong army, have bravely resisted a more than two-hundredfold superior force. Napoleon losses more than seven thousand dead and wounded in front of Malborghett.

Heinz Reimesch

Anyone can tomorrow already, like this captain, be all on his own. Then he only obeys the inner command. This, however, calls to him to act as if the fate of the whole folk depends solely on him.

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 4, April 1943

"There are cases, where the highest risk is the highest wisdom."

General von York on December 30, 1812

"Act According to the Circumstances!"

Insterburg. Mid-June 1812. Napoleon's great invasion of Russia is fully in process. The great Corsican has assembled half a million soldiers, only the smaller part French; Europe's other folks should this time bear the greatest portion of the burden, above all the Germans. Napoleon has forced 200,000 sons of the German folk under his banners.

The city is full of troops. The emperor has been expected since the early morning hours. Again and again, ordonnances race past, high officers ride along the parade position. The populace pushes and shoves in the streets. General von Grawert has already been waiting hours for the wing of the Prussian corps. There, a jumble of voices! Far in the distance a roar swells: the emperor! Now he is at the latitude of Poland, now among the Italians, now he must be with the Rhine Bund. Already individual shouts separate from the chorus of voices: "Vive L'Empereur! – Long live the emperor!" Now General von Grawert rides toward him in order to report. Since the noise had been so great, this silence seems even more cool. It is so great that one can suddenly again hear the hooves of the horses.

The emperor airs his three-cornered hat and rides on. His eyes search the eastern horizon. They have a wicked glow. Like the eyes of a feverish man. If this stern bridle-hand holds your fate, Prussia, then woe onto you!

* * * * *

Fate has given us Germans many a hard shell to crack in the course of history. But the most difficult task ever put to German men is to march with the Grand Army to Russia. Above all, this holds for the Prussians. For if Napoleon is beaten, then

the whole Prussian corps of 20,000 men will presumably be pulled down with it – that is as good as certain. But if he triumphs, he will – it is as good as certain – wipe still uncomfortable Prussia from the map. Then nobody is still able to stop him from doing it. The rumor already grows that he has promised Silesia to Austria in exchange for his military assistance. The Prussians feel the yoke severely: In the Paris treaties Napoleon did not only extort the service of the Prussian auxilliary corps, but also free passage and the right for unlimited requisitions. East Prussia has already been completely plundered. That is why the Prussians are silent, when the emperor rides past. If they must march at the order of their king, they can only do it silently. If they would ever open their lips, a song of hatred must pour out. Although they also have reason to distrust the Russians – for they had left them in the lurch in 1807, after all – the best Germans nonetheless stand on the other side, among them Freiherr von Stein. A number of young men, among them Clausewitz, have even offered their dagger to the Czar against Napoleon and come together in the German-Russian legion. Germans here as there under foreign flags!

* * * * *

General York, who in mid-August takes command of the Prussian corps, feels obligated to the honor of the Prussian name to carry out his king's order as correctly as possible. He keeps a tight rein on his corp, keeps some distance from the French – he is subordinated to Marshal Macdonald, who leads the left wing – and fights bravely, where it is demanded of him. He does not think much of the Prussian patriots on the opposing side. As a young officer he himself once had to take off the uniform due to action on his own and had stood for seven years in foreign colonial service. Now he only wants to be a Prussian and has become a fanatic of duty. "Old Isegrimm" is what the soldiers call him, they think his nature "hacked iron". That is the man to whom fate puts a world-historical decision.

* * * * *

When Napoleon's main army is defeated and moves westward in full dissolution, the left army wing must on December 20th finally start the retreat as well. Macdonald gives York command of the rear guard. So now the Prussians are supposed to cover the retreat in order to at least preserve their most fierce enemy's army. And if they perish in the process, what does the Frenchman care? Perhaps he even hopes it is wiped out. The weakening of Prussian fighting power can only mean a reduction of the danger to him. The psychological burden is huge. But York tries to follow the bitter path of duty to the end. This path has now become a narrow ridge for him. For he must in any case preserve the corps for his king. The Russians under General are in hot pursuit, and soon the Corps Wittgenstein also tries to cut off Macdonald's retreat from the south. After heavy defensive fighting, the Russians push between the main body and the rear guard, on the first day of Christmas York is cut off. He could still fight his way through to Macdonald, if he sacrifices his artillery and baggage. He reminds him of his soldierly obedience and orders the breakthrough. On December 29th this order reaches him. The law of duty demands that he dares the most extreme and possibly to even sacrifice his corps. The absurd thing is that this order only helps the real enemy. Should the Prussians be pulled down with the destruction of the Grand Army?

* * * * *

Since the beginning of November, the Russians have been trying to establish negotiations with York. Wittgenstein and his subordinate commander, General Diebitsch, both of German blood, make him offer after offer. He should join them and take Macdonald prisoner. On December 25th Diebitsch still suggests a neutrality pact to him. As a good German, York can only yearn for the end of foreign rule. But is this here not a political decision? And is it his, is it the soldier's job, to take this deci-

sive step? Can he take responsibility for the consequences of this step, which he cannot foresee? Only the king can decide here. On December 5th he sends Major Seydlitz to Berlin in order to get instructions from there. Seydlitz does not come back. On December 29th he sends a courier. Finally, on the 29th, at the same time as Macdonald's order to break through, Seydlitz arrives. But what he brings, is meagre enough: York should "act according to the circumstances!" For the burden of responsibility again falls on him. Is there not a higher duty that commands to break through the limitations of the accustomed and normal, if fate demands it? But should he be so presumptuous to proclaim himself executioner of fate? Does not the fate of the whole Prussian state depend on his action, even more: that of the whole German folk? Will his step not release a storm, of which he does not know, if it will become a hurricane that destroys everything?

* * * * *

These thoughts fill the general in the sleepless night of December 29/30th. All the same: "there are situations, where the highest daring is the highest wisdom". When Diebitsch arrives in the Poscherun mill at Tauroggen on the 30th to receive York's decisions, the shadows of night have fallen away from him. His regained sureness radiates toward the negotiator. York signs. The Prussian corps – it is agreed – should now occupy the coastal stretch between Memel and Tilst and remain neutral until the decision. This treaty, which opens East Prussia to the Russians, must lead to a break between Prussia and France. A letter from the Czar, however, provides the foundation for future Prussian foreign policy: It promises Russia will wage war until the final restoration of Prussia and Europe's liberation.

In a detailed letter York takes responsibility before his king. He ends his justifications thusly: "I earnestly await Your Majesty's instructions, whether I proceed against the real enemy, or whether political circumstances demand that Your Majesty condemn me. Both I will await with loyal devotion, and I swear

to Your Royal Majesty, that I await the bullet on the execution grounds as calmly as on the battlefield upon which I have grown grey. I hence ask Your Majesty for the mercy to take no consideration of my person in the judgment that must be made."

* * * * *

So in that night of the mid-winter time, while the snow storm raged around the huts of Tauroggen and bitter cold held the earth in chains, a new spring of folks germinated. In the thunder of battles the Germans pulled Napoleon's star down from the sky, and it burst. At the beginning, however, was the deed.

Heinrich Gaese

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 4, April 1943

SS-Obergruppenführer and Waffen-SS General Eicke

SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke Fallen

There was the news, unfathomable at first and paralyzing: the Obergruppenführer fallen! The men stopped for a few moments, silent; they started over toward their officers, as if hope could still be found there. But they only saw determined defiance. They no longer paid any attention to the ice-cold wind that threw itself against them; before their eyes were still just the images of the fiery days and nights they had passed through, were plains and forests, thunderous villages from which the enemy retreated, slowly, after bloody fighting, were the ice-cold days of winter during which they had clawed themselves firmly into the earth. And amid the tense joy of survived battle, amid the stubbornly fought through days, weeks and months, the name of their commander was preserved for them as the embodiment of a compelling, penetrative passion. His face appeared to them again, which had again and again turned to them, fatherly and commanding, strict and kind at the same time: the face of Obergruppenführer Eicke. Now he lies other there, behind enemy lines. They had heard his reconnaissance plan thunder overhead just a little while ago and thought: There he is again, "Papa" Eicke, our Eicke; the first among us, in battle as in life.

Then the memory fell silent and they still only followed the softly subdued voices in which a hidden rage rang. They took up their weapons, the assault troop was already assembled and ready for battle: a strong assault troop, and they were now just wild, determined men. They assembled for the attack, and before their pitiless thrust the mass of Bolsheviks scattered like dust, who in superior force had keep the triumphant ring around the area where their commander lie closed. They paved a bloody path, and where they came, there was no mercy.

So did they bring home to the middle of his division the body

of their fallen commander. The swarms of attacking Bolsheviks pushed in again; firing, the men made their way back, and surrounded by their loyalty, the spirit of their commander was among them like in the glorious old days, like in the hours of distress and horror, and they thought they had done well by their "old man" like once in dark and nicer days.

Often the death itself, more sharply than the life, impresses the political and human profile of men who are carried by just one thought: to carry the battle flags of the Führer forward. When one of these men falls, the final decision falls over the spirit which filled them, and the oath hand is placed over the flags of a world in which a manly life is again and again demanded into readiness, and it is an unique act of affirmation; but just life itself, which demands the strength of the swearer to a never faltering, never tiring action, tests and impresses the constancy of the decisions. The trials are what forge the life of such men to highest purity.

On the difficult path of trials behind the battle flags of the Führer, behind the flag of the Schutzstaffel led forward to the great crowning of his soldierly life, SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke passed the hour of final accountability as worthy as that first hour, in which he committed himself to the Führer of his time. The outline of a political soldierdom has been fulfilled with a life that rested on an invincible heart. This heart had chosen, and will and spirit were directed by it to the deeds of a loyal life.

With SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke the concept of political soldierdom has experienced a not-to-be-ignored determination. He stands in the front line of the men who combine the virtues of soldierdom with the passion of political thought to pull up the sinking Reich. Severity and pitilessness are the characteristics of such essence, but this severity, this pitilessness encompasses a great and full love for the permanent among the fleeing manifestations of time, for that constancy of the folk, which he protected against the always threatening, pulling down swamps. If the barracks and exercise grounds are the school of soldierly virtues, then the field on which they must prove them-

selves goes beyond that: It is not just about arming for war, rather about the constant struggle for the Reich. And here the soldier's virtues fully manifest themselves: bearing, discipline, comradeship, loyalty to the sworn ideals, courage in the execution of orders, obedience to the one who himself stands in strictest obedience to the commands of the Reich's fate: the Führer!

On the fronts of the World War, SS-Obergruppenführer Eicke had already passed the test of his soldierly confirmation with that loyalty, courage and his obedience that befits a soldier. But the century taught that another readiness is also necessary, if the life of the Reich – which back then, like hidden flags, was carried back over the marching back armies – was to be pulled out of its impotence. So the essence of the political German grew into the soldier, developed itself and became henceforth the all determining expression of his life. Soon this life stands in the orbit of the Führer; here the lost unity is recognized again in daring outlines. The interpretation of political soldierdom, which is designated by the Führer to be the foundation of a German rebellion, is after all just the interpretation of his own essence: henceforth it can only mature in the orbit of the ideas that are here proclaimed and lived.

One of the Führer's oldest comrades also becomes one of the first leaders of the Schutzstaffel of the National Socialist movement. The image of a German order - which the Reichsführer obligatorily sets for the men of Schutzstaffel, and the oath to inviolate obedience demanded only from the best and the most loyal – is, after all, the gradually perfecting expression of the spirit from which the Führer wants to secure and increase the inner and outer existence of the Reich. Bound to this spirit and himself a part of it, Standartenführer Eicke comes even during the period of struggle to a SS unit assembled in the Palatinate.

The year of the rise to power is a call to new tasks. The revolution is not won until it works in all depths of the folk, and so the day of the final National Socialist rise is for then Standartenführer Eicke, too, a new, silently made preparation. It finds its temporary conclusion in the establishment of the SS-

The Commander's Grave

Totenkopf-Division, whose command he assumes on October 16, 1939.

SS-Gruppenführer and Lieutenant-General of the Waffen-SS Eicke is its commander, when the division assembles for the western campaign. After several days of forced march, it enters the mighty battle of encirclement in Flanders. It fights its way forward through Cambrai and Arras, it fights at La-Bassée-Channel, at Le Cornet Malo and Paradis. Its charge breaks the resistance of English elite regiments.

On June 22nd of the year 1941 the division stands assembled for the fight against the revolt of the Bolshevik world of masses. At the front of his division, Gruppenführer Eicke forces the breakthrough through the fortified Stalin Line.

Then the great attack and pursuit battles are fought. The war in the east gets broader. It gets harder and more pitiless. It demands even more spiritual strength, even more readiness to resist, even more daring to size and hold the law of leadership in war. Under the leadership of its commander, the Totenkopf-Division has fought a genuinely heroic fight, and miliary history even today values its accomplishments as absolute prerequisites for greater strategic successes. Never will the men of the Totenkopf-Division forget that most difficult test of their psychological and physical energies in the winter battle of the 1942, in which they – cut off for months by a vastly superior opponent – withstood all attacks and replied to all demands to capitulate with the famous expression of Gõtz von Berlichingen, painted on boards far visible.

The division followed its leader on the path of tests, and their victories – as well as the praise accorded the brave stand of the division in the difficult days of the winter defense of the fortress Djemjansk – are owed above all to the strength and daring of the man who led it.

The Führer awards him the Knight's Cross and later the Oak Leaves. He is promoted to SS-Obergruppenführer. All of these awards and the golden party badge are nice and worthy confirmations of a life begun and lived fighting, but the final honor that the fallen Obergruppenführer receives is the mightiest, and

not without being moved do we hear, how it happened: Covering the fallen man with their bodies, the men of the division cut a bloody road through the enemy masses and bring the commander back to their midst.

SS-War Correspondent Cornelius van der Horst

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 4, April 1943

A German Non-Commissioned Officer

Simple and objective, the following report by a company commander portrays the heroic deed of a German soldier for whom victory meant everything, his own life nothing.

"During the infantry action of the 1st Military Engineer Battalion in the bridgehead Woronesch, the company's position was attacked on October 4, 1942 at 11:30 by five Russian T-34 tanks. The tanks advanced at a speed of 20 to 25 kilometers per hour, passed our own position and took position about 300 meters behind our position. The fifth tank stopped at a distance of about 30 meters behind our trenches in order to cover the other tanks.

"Corporal Ofenloch observed this and, without regard for the charging Russian infantry, ran to this tank and placed a magnetic mine on the rear right, downward sloping portion of the hull. But since the tank was smeared with a concrete-like mass, the magnetic mine did not hold and fell off. Although Ofenloch had already triggered the mine, he picked the magnetic mine up again and held it against the tank until it exploded. The armour was penetrated, the tank burned up. Corporal Ofenloch's left lower arm was ripped off.

"By allowing the tanks to roll over us, the company had no losses. As a result of the great speed of the tanks, the enemy infantry could only follow at a considerable interval and could hence be easily held down by us."

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 8, August 1943

Our Heroes Saga: One Assault Gun Alone

The detachment had received the order to pull back. Slowly and carefully, the men left their cover. The wounded are distributed on sleds. Camouflaged with snow shirts and heavily laden, the men push toward the distant forest.

Only one assault gun remains as the last one in the abandoned position. A non-commissioned officer and four men have the task to cover their comrades' withdrawal with this gun. The cold had gotten much worse around dawn. Cowering in a gulley, the men and their gun observed every enemy movement.

Now the enemy has noticed the withdrawal. Already the first shots whistle, already the first shells whine in. A deep roar becomes audible. The Unterscharführer pulls the binoculars from his eyes. He notices five T-34s, approaching in a curve the small German battle group in order to cut them off from the forest and shoot them up on the open snow surface.

One assault gun faces five enemy tanks. The fight is not even. The Unterscharführer knows that he saves the lives of over a hundred comrades, if he takes up the uneven fight.

The enemy tanks have meanwhile neared the forest where the comrades have hidden with their sleds. The first shells of the Russian tanks already whip into the forest. The grenadiers throw themselves into the snow. A few reach for their handgrenades. Then they hear a sharp muzzle retort and see a snow fountain shoot up just in front of the foremost enemy tank. They see their assault gun advance, turn and fire.

The gun leader of the German assault gun has ordered the attack. He must beat the enemy to it. The Soviet tank canons flash. A hot battle begins. The roaring and whistling of discharges and strikes fills the air. Mighty explosions resound. Tongues of flame shoot high.

Suddenly, the battle noise breaks off. On the churned snow field the grenadiers find not only four shot up and burning T-34s, but also, engulfed in reddish-yellow flames, the German assault gun. An Unterscharführer and four enlisted men have remained behind on the field as the law commanded it.

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 7, 1944

Our Heroes Sage: Victor Even in Death

The Danish SS-Unterscharführer Christiensen had joined the Waffen-SS, because he did not only love his homeland with his mouth.

It happened in the east, where his battalion was cut off. Reinforcements were supposed to come across the bridge at T. The assault troop that was supposed to ascertain the undamaged condition of the bridge was led by Christiensen. The task was complete, and Christiensen wanted to pull back with his four men. Suddenly, they were surrounded by Bolsheviks. After being taken prisoner, they were taken to the next village. The Bolsheviks had indeed taken away their weapons, but not found Christiensen's "iron rations", an explosive device. When they stopped in front of the battle headquarters of the Bolsheviks, Christiensen dropped the explosive device and stepped on it. Eight hours later the encircled battalion was freed. Next to the mangled Bolsheviks, the comrades found Christiensen and his men, who had valued victory and freedom more highly than life.

Whoever takes victory seriously,
does not ask what price it costs!

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 9, 1944

Fritz Witt

On June 14, 1944 the commander of the SS-Panzer Division "Hitler-Jugend", SS-Brigadeführer Fritz Witt, amid his men at the fighting southwest of Caen, met a hero's death.

The young SS-radiomen of his staff were just huddling at their equipment in the fruit gardens of Caen when the suddenly downward rushing hurricane of the heavy ship gun shells hurled them together and threw them into the foxholes between the poppies, wall remnants and thorn hedges of this Norman stretch of land. For days the British and Americans had been pushing at this sector, trusting the devastating effect of their far superior ship guns, which constantly intervened from the sea against Caen in order to here achieve a crossing of the Orne.

Days ago they had already come across once, before the determined counterattack by the SS-Panzer Division "Hitler-Jugend" threw them back again.

Now one can no longer distinguish the strikes and the discharges; it rages in the air, it explodes and bursts and crashes without pause. One only still pays attention to the howling that constantly rips the air. It seems to the young volunteers - since the strikes and the roar of the heavy calibers come closer and closer, leap across the road and there hurl together crushed wires and telephone poles -, that the English over there have sought precisely their gardens and the road behind them as the target of the devastation. Then it is suddenly quiet. It is almost uncanny and nobody dares to stir. Then a shout and an order come from somewhere. One tells the other and they can hardly grasp that during the bombardment their commander has fallen. One of the salvos that passed over the road has destroyed something that is dear to all of them: the life of their Brigadeführer.

Brigadeführer Witt was more than their commander. He shared joy and suffering and all the exertions with them. He was a soldier among soldiers and comrade among comrades.

SS-Brigadeführer Fritz Witt, commander of the SS-Panzer Division "Hitler-Jugend", holder of the Oak Leaves to the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross, met a hero's death on June 14, 1944 at the foremost front in the defense of Caen.

They did not only obey and follow him, they admired and loved him.

The idea does not live by itself in this world, it requires men who embody it and transform it into the deed. One of these men, a towering personality in the service of the idea of the Reich, was 36 year old Brigadeführer Witt. He had experienced an unprecedented rise. That would not have been possible if, in addition to all talent, he had not been a born leader. Idea and deed were one for him. He was an enemy of all ambiguity and half-measures. Even his language avoided any circumlocution and only permitted what belonged to the matter.

He was soldier, leader and political fighter and his motto was: What my conscience says, that I do and I do not deviate from it.

The SS-Panzer Division "Hitler-Jugend" was in the actual sense his division, which he had created with perseverance, thoroughness and love. He was no exercise master for his young team, rather their teacher, their friend and advisor, who always understood how to think into their cares and even in punishments often acted against the rule, because he correctly knew it.

When he then fell in their ranks, a great tremble spread through his division, and the shadow of a deep sorrow fell over it between the radiant colors of summer and the red of the war around Caen. What a comrade, what a personality, what a life came to an end!

In thoughts let us again follow the course of his path. In the year 1931 a young man reports to the SS-Sturm in Hagen in West Palatine with the concise words: "My name is Witt, I want to become an SS man." Back then the textile worker Witt, born on May 27, 1908 in Hohenlimburg and grown up in Hagen, was also one of the army of millions of unemployed. But he was one who with determination acted against this condition in the debates in the factories and machine halls, in meeting hall brawls and street battles, and strove for a change. Among the 120 men from whom Obergruppenführer Dietrich after the rise to power welded together the Leibstandarte-SS

"Adolf Hitler" and made it into the germ cell of the later SS-division, is also the SS-Oberscharführer Fritz Witt. In 1935 Witt is company chief in the SS-regiment "Deutschland". When in 1939 the war in Poland starts, he is the first in his division to receive the Iron Cross First Class. As battalion commander in the French campaign, he outstandingly participates in the capture of 22,000 Frenchmen and receives the Knight's Cross.

The great test of the eastern campaign again sees him in combat. Taganrog, Rostow, the bridgehead at the Don and defensive fighting at the Asow Sea are places of his action. The German Cross in Gold, the Infantry Assault Badge, high Romanian and Bulgarian decorations bear witness to it.

In June 1942 he is assigned to form a panzer grenadier regiment of the Leibstandarte-SS "Adolf Hitler". The Battle Group Witt performs excellently, and the young regiment commander is decorated with the Oak Leaves. Before a period of about a year, Witt is called from the battlefield at Charkow in order to take over a new task: the creation of the SS-Panzer Division "Adolf Hitler". This division is Witt's personal work. Its members have fought excellently on the invasion front against a greatly superior force.

So had they gone into battle: a community of officers and men sworn together for better or worse under their beloved commander. Only ten days he did lead in this fight, then fate called him from their midst.

His work, however, the SS-Division "Hitler-Jugend", will live on, and where it marches, its commander also marches along.

SS Leitheft, Year 10, Issue 10, 1944

SS Culture

Volume Eleven :

Beauty

Translated from Original SS Publications

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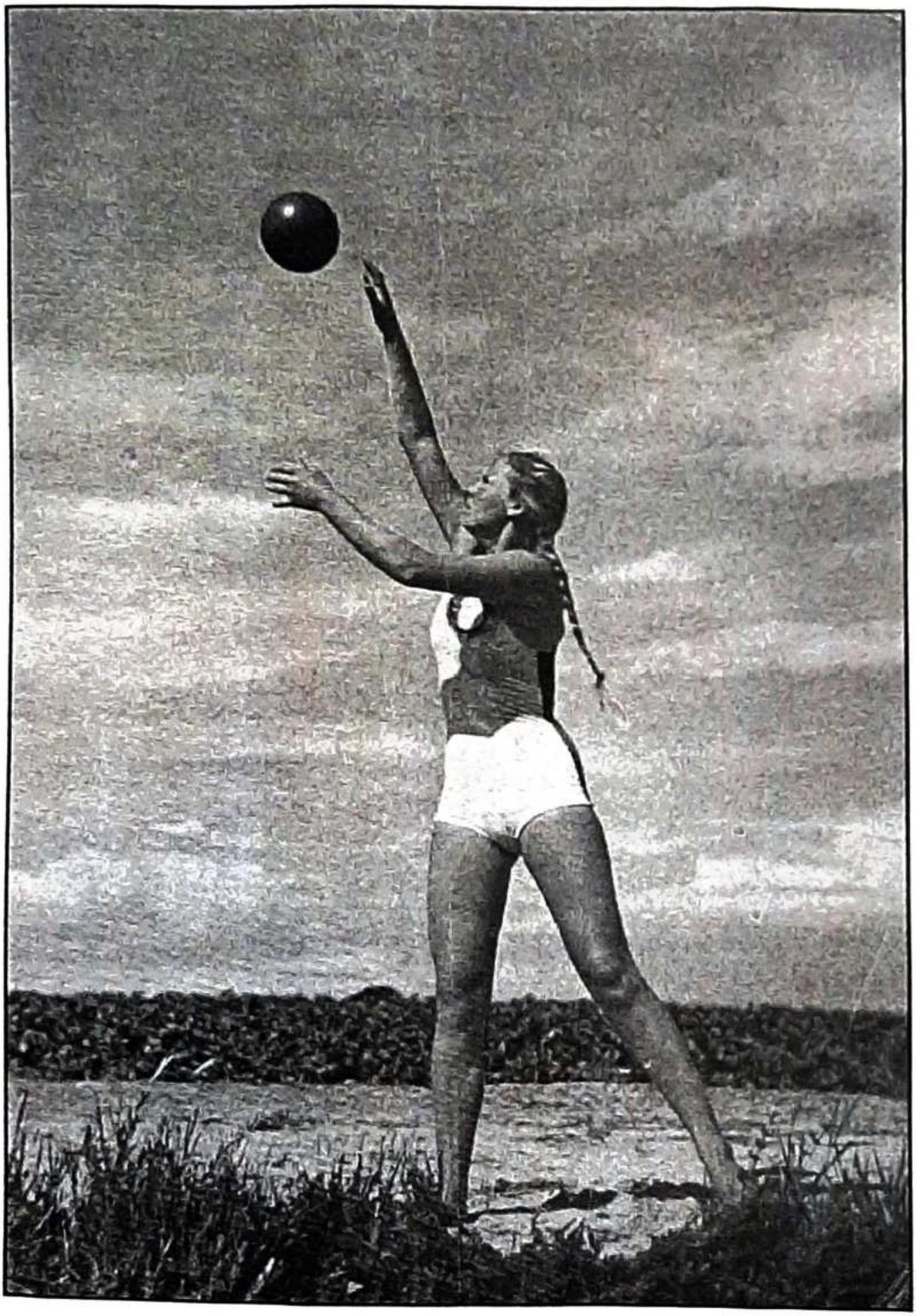
Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Eleven: Beauty is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about beauty, the arts and nature. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume seven in 1941 to volume nine in 1943. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
December 2004



What We Find Beautiful – That is Race!

There were once strange people in Germany. Their slogan was – and in the jewized Anglo-Saxon world it is still screamed at the top of the lungs – the assertion of the equality of everything that bears a human face. These strange preachers, erring lunatics and intentional liars, should have marched with us, when we entered the ghettos of Lublin and Warsaw, or when we drove together the first black prisoners in the west! Then these equalizers would have had the right material for observation, and we would have gladly allowed them to voluntarily mix into the ranks of their crooked-nosed, flat-footed "brothers" or among the thick-lipped Negroes. - That such thinking could ever find any place at all among our folk, is because within a clan many really consider it a coincidence, if the children come into the world sometimes black-haired, sometimes blond-haired, sometimes tall, sometimes short, sometimes slender, sometimes chubby. Even our peasants, who are refined breeders of farm animals with precise knowledge of breeds of domestic animals, appear to have forgotten everything within their own home and think human breeding is nonsense, if not to say immoral.

It has already been a success that the concept of race is expressed in our folk at all.

But long is still the path to the implementation of the consequences that must be derived from the scientific knowledge for all and each individual.

And it is ever more difficult to affirm the working of the laws of race in those spheres that appear to be so far removed from the physical-external that they are considered unconditionally a private matter. And even if the equality of the countenance is

no longer believed, many still want to think that men are the same when it comes down to feelings, love, aversion, beauty and justice...

Madonna in a Thousand Forms

Now everybody knows that people are most honest, when they believe they are not being observed. We encounter this condition, for example, where religious periods clothe their religious feelings in forms, words and figures. When a pious woodcarver sits down in order to, with much effort and skill, portray the mother of God in his art, he will put into this work his deepest concepts of dignity, gentleness and beauty...and beyond that all those concepts that his surroundings, his folk-comrades and race-comrades, carry in their heart. Now Christianity intentionally took its path across lands, folks and racial territories and has on this path everywhere had the high image of the Madonna, the Mother Maria, erected. And if we would collect the Madonna images from all the world as samples, we could only be amazed how this one image is reflected in the hearts of the many races of our earth. We see the Gothic Madonna from Germany light-blond, tender, with blue eyes, see the Negro portrayal pitch black, with corkscrew licks and thick lips – see the Madonna from China, slant-eyed, with wide cheek bones. And even within the same continent, say in Europe, the dominant racial group is clearly expressed in the image – how many comrades have noticed the difference between the one found in the churches of Silesia and the Polish Madonna images beyond the border! How strange and incomprehensible to us is the famous Mother of God in Czenstochau! And how friendly, loving and motherly does the mother of God look at us from the old German images. It is as if a mother from her folk with her first child is immortalized over there, and as if this mother is really the mother of all of us, "our dear wives", as the German characteristically calls the Madonna...

Many Folks – Nonetheless *One* Ideal!

Making the rounds among the folk we can also determine something else, apparently the exact opposite: that namely one and the same image of highest beauty appears among various folks and even at various times and in totally different stages of development.

When, for example, the soil of the ancient world, hence the Hellenic-Roman folks of the time two thousand years ago, today reveals marble statues, then it is as if one of our brothers, indeed the best looking one, is there chiseled into stone. Only a few externalities of the ancient figures seem strange to us, but without hesitation we take them as examples, and for centuries the German world, lacking it own supreme masterpieces, admired the Greek art works as an ideal.

What is the explanation for that? Was this ideal forced on us, were we persuaded or misled? No, that is not possible in that sphere of feelings. We can certainly learn how to comprehend Chinese, Mexican and even Eskimo art from the conditions of its existence, its culture and race, but always only as Chinese, Mexican and Greenland works.

The word "race" gives the key to the explanation. And if we had nothing more about the Greek works of art, no text and nothing written – from these portrayals we could see they were men of Nordic blood, immigrants and descendants of the great tribe that even today still fills our land with its blood.

Among our Germanic ancestors, it was the opposite. Their art works, presumably carved in wood, have long since perished in the damp German soil. But here the witness of the fairy tales, sagas and heroic songs speaks a clear language. Where beauty and manliness are portrayed there, we read the adjectives "strong, tall and blond". Women are praised because of the shimmering white of their skin, their tenderness and the rose color of their checks. The kindly goddess of Germanic man, the older example of "our dear wives", is Berchta, whose name

downright means the "light one", the "radiant one". Individual traits of native concepts of beauty we learn sufficiently well from the old songs. The bearing of a person, his gait, the manner of his movements are descriptively portrayed, and each time it is a portrayal which we can unconditionally affirm from our feeling.

Race-Mixture Creates Chaos of Feeling

It is no coincidence that we reach our goal so easily with the research of racially conditioned ideals in ancient times. The folks in those times were racially still pretty uniform, and above all their ruling strata were so, who either produced artists from their own ranks or gave the artist commission, form and execution.

To the same degree, however, as influences between the folks as well as migrations to and fro and political upheavals increased, the clarity of their ideals also blurred. If we remain in German territory, we see how from century to century feeling changes, how the views about beauty get confused and soon oppose each other. While in North Germany love songs praise the "blue eyes" of the beloved, in the south it goes "dark-brown is the hazel nut, dark-brown am I as well"... But there are still enough unifying ideals, height, slenderness, swing in gait, grace of movement, reserve in essence, industriousness, cleanliness, reliability.

The decadent penetration into our native feeling came from the carrier of all decay – the Jew. With him the Jewish ideal, the grimace of this race, breaks into the German sectors of the soul. Brazenly, he exhibits the inferior work of Jewish fantasy in painting, books and theater, and not satisfied that they are allowed to stand there in public, he even demands that they be affirmed as the valid norm for the German folk.

With shrill mockery, every kind of ancestral legacy is denounced as "backward" and philistine, all attempts to form something new out of healthy feeling are laughed off as reac-

tionary. "Modern" is considered a trump in art, and the misled viewers must choose to either participate in nothing more new or to find pleasure in this modernness. One "ism" in art - expressionism, cubism, dadaism – chases the next; the flood of decay pours through the broken dams of native inhibitions.

In other folks the Jew also advances with his world of feeling, puts the same – because kindred to him – inferior works on the throne, and so he can call this Jewish-conformed art "international". He thereby proves again that there is no native ideal of beauty that all people sense the same (because, namely, he shows that all Jews in all lands sense the same).

Here we hence have the same manifestation, which in the racial-physical sphere is supposed to be promoted among the folks by the assertion of the equality of everything with a human face. That was the triumph of the Jew in art, and this triumph was ever more destructive, because it poisons the deepest springs of the soul of a folk, because it decays it in its basic concepts.

For Marriages Come from the Ground of Beauty

Because there was so much talk about art, there may be many who only still read this somewhat bored with these things. Art, they figure, is a matter of exhibitions, something for those people with enough money to hang greats works in the residences.

If that were the case, the Führer would have never needed to so sharply combat the Jewish danger in these spiritual spheres.

What is, namely, expressed in works of art, that comes from the heart and goes to the heart. But it is very decisive what a folk feels in its heart to be beautiful, above all what the young folk yearns for as an ideal, because, namely, love and mate selection are directly decided by these feelings.

Let us return to the old times and present to men from the most diverse folks across the world women who, in their respective times, had a resemblance to the image of the Madonna. If we wanted to choose as Germans, probably only the

light, tall, clear figures among the women would appeal to us. In reality, however, each Negro would choose his black woman, each Chinaman his slant-eyed, the Hottentot the woman with the plate-shaped mouth lips and the Fiji-Islander the one with the filed teeth.

The same thing occurs – although in a more fine form, but just as decisively – year after year among the youth of a folk, who come together in the bond for life. Even through in certain strata and in earlier times property, class and religious denomination have played a certain role – in the end marriages are always sealed with the heart.

But how concepts of beauty, ability, manliness (for after all, women, too, have an ideal of the man they seek) get into the heart, whether they are inborn or smuggled in by cunning – the loving heart no longer asks about that. And the misfortune follows its course. In the daily life of marriage and in the struggle of life those deceptive signs pale, on which the living heart once clung. The genuinely blood-determined foundations of a person come to the surface, are daily revealed as wishes, views and actions and can never be suppressed by reason. So shatters the happiness in marriage, so collapses the basic cell of the folk, so is a folk destroyed from the inside out, so triumphs the Jew!

Let us be clear that we have indeed recognized this danger, that we have put an end to the miserable work of these pestilence carriers, but that this poison still circulates in our folk body and in its thousand little expressions must be fought a million-fold.

And it is especially up to each SS-man to be watchful here – in the folk and first of all in his own heart.

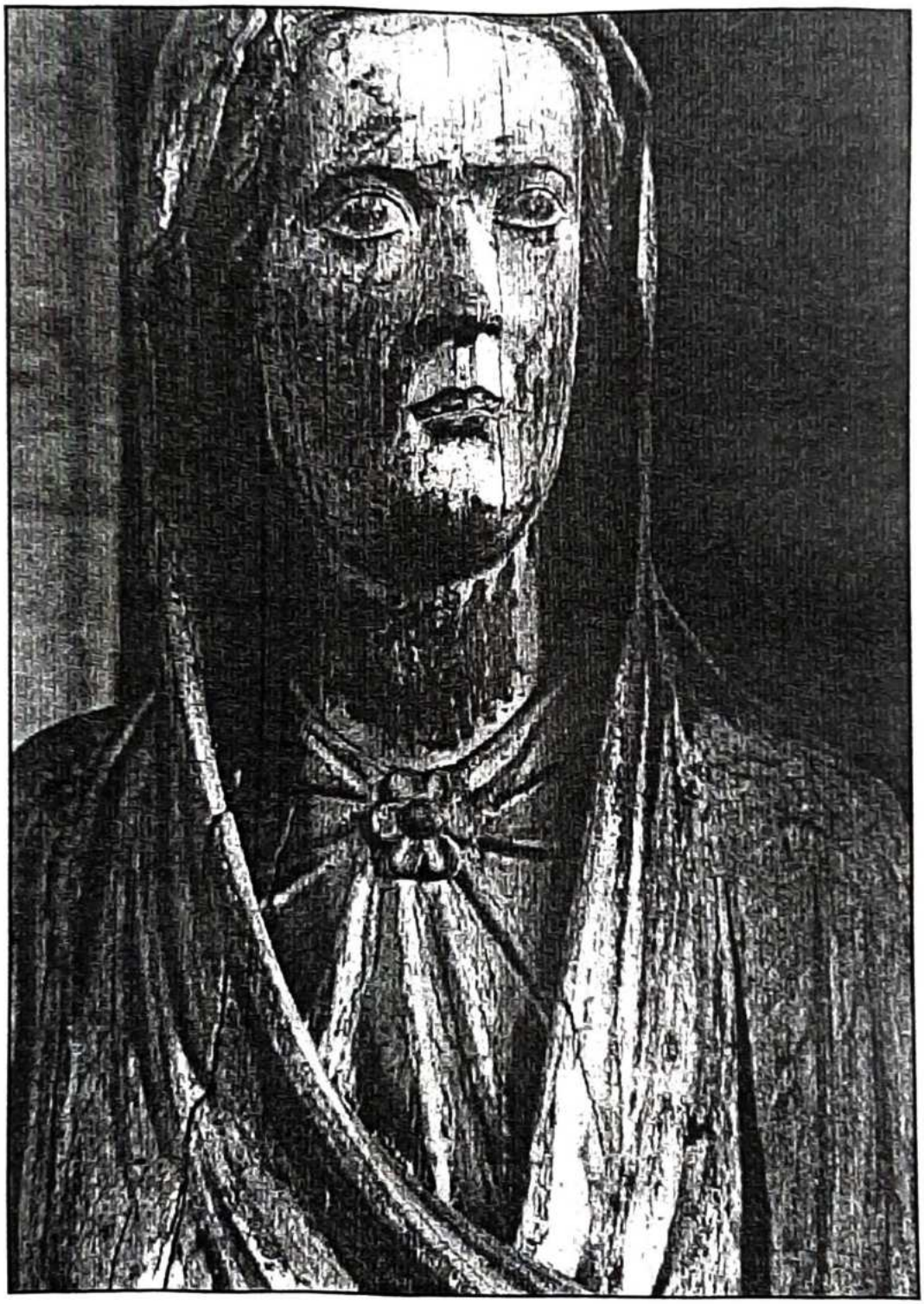
W.J.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 2b

So Sings Walther von der Vogelweide:

Sweetened through and flowered are the pure women:
There was never anything so blissful to look at
In skies, nor on earths, nor in all the green pastures.
Where one sees a beautiful woman, that can moisten sad disposition
And dissolves everything sorrowful at the same hour,
When her sweet, red mouth dearly laughs in love,
And rays shoot from playing eyes into the base of the man's heart.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 2b



The image of Maria in the Freiburg cathedral, from the 13th century, also shows that proud, Aryan nobility of soul that typifies the Nordic woman.

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 11, November 1943

Flowers on the Path, How Beautifully You Bloom

But We Must Not Stand Still...

Field duty – the first "half-time" is past. Slightly exhausted, we lie around the area during pause. It smells of young green, it blooms everything here on the edge of the meadow. I lay down, put my head flat on the ground and look at the world from below. It feels strange to me, as if I see a meadow for the first time in my life. How is everything changed, how beautiful it is!

When I otherwise walked across a meadow, upright and with a fast gait, then I had the feeling of walking on a green carpet, with many flower patterns in it. But now I no longer look from above, rather I gaze at the grasses and blossoms from close to the ground. Yes, is that still a carpet? That is a living jungle!

Growths in all forms, plants in all shapes, flowers in all colors. How many forms, shapes and structures are lavished in this small piece of meadow!

When I was a child, I loved those pictures on which mighty mountains and deep gorges, ghostly trees and rustling forests were to be seen. Only now can I understand Master Dürer, why he painted a very small piece of meadow – nothing more than a few plants, a few grasses. That is art enough, that is beauty enough, that is life and life joy at the same time!

Really, whether I now look at the lines that the grasses draw into the blue sky with each other, whether I compare the forms of the leaves with each other, how they there jut up next to each other roundly edged, notched or stretched narrow..., whether I observe the blossoms and buds from my low prone position – now each could become a new "Small Piece of Lawn", which would enthuse a painter! And how many painters, drawers and artists have not been inspired to creation by the plenty of natural forms! I remember hearing from our

teacher that the glorious forms of the Corinthian pillar heads stem from the wide, deeply lobed Akanthus leaves, which even today grow as living witnesses of artistic legacy on the heights of the southern mountains. I once read that Hackel, the great nature researcher and champion of a purified view of nature, filled thick, thousand-page book volumes with drawings in which he sought to comprehend the "art form of nature" – but by a long shot by all, rather only those forms which we normal people never in our lives get to see, if we do not have all kinds of mud segments from the depths of the oceans brought to us and then examine this mud drop by drop under the microscope.

For such work proves that nature in all its levels is infinitely beautiful and formed. It is all the same whether we compare the orbital rings of the planets with each other, whether we eye the harmonic spheres of the moon, the sun or the earth, whether we follow the lines of a landscape, the home province, the Alps, the sea shore, the alpine forest and the base of the meadow... gaze and heart always open equally wide and take joy in it. But we can go on with the levels, can look at a group of horses on the peak, can listen at the silent forest edge to deer rummaging or herd of lambs at play. Farther downward we come to the flocks of sparrows along the road and the folk of the fish in the water. How gloriously is the "stream-line" of a fish formed – how majestically is each bird "constructed" as a "flight model"! – We can easily go farther. We then come to the twisting clouds of insects, butterflies, bugs and flies. So beautiful are their forms that silly people believe they can do something for their "education" by killing and mounting them in boxes. Yes, and then let us dip beneath our eye's border of visibility, without, however, being able to determine that the beauty of natural forms might lessen. On the contrary – totally new forms pop up, strange floating organs, which enable the effortless swimming of these creatures in water... And if I would take from the ground of my meadow a little of the dark brown, crumbly mass between my fingers, dissolve it in water and then observe it in the microscope – then I would discover a new miracle world, which is certainly just as beautiful and the one

on the little piece of meadow that I now look across with my eyes.

Blossoms and Flowers – 150,000 Kinds!

Given such a plenty and diversity on such a small spot, does nature not exhaust itself? Must it not constantly repeat itself? – Who has an idea how rich the world of plants is, how inexhaustible! Of blossoming plants, for example, there are 150,000 different species, not counting subspecies and varieties. Even a special gardener could not cultivate every variety of rose. There would be several hundred. And yet the basic form of the garden rose is only one species among 150,000 plants.

I lie in the grass and my thoughts soon take me to the most beautiful flower mathematics. My legs dangle in the air. – 150,000 flowering plants! But that is not all by a long shot. In addition are numerous ferns, moss, mushrooms, seaweed, algae and bacteria. Whoever practices the study of algae already finds his life too short and would like to triple it. There are speciality researchers just for blue algae, and if a mushroom collector in forest and field wants to call himself a mushroom expert, all Botanists smirk. Perhaps he knows the visible cap mushrooms, the tasty and the poisonous. But what other mushrooms hide under the earth, under bark and foliage - there are thousands!

Earlier they were indeed learned men, philosophers, who held all knowledge and all sciences in their head. But soon the natural scientists separated from the philosophers. The division of the sciences proceeded swiftly. From natural researchers developed botanists, zoologists, geologists – and today even a botanist can no longer name all the plant names. No life is sufficient just to read and collect everything that has been written and researched about plants.

But what do I care about dusty botany, when I lie in the grass and the flowers smile at me!

A strange thought comes to me. Plants also have their feel-

ings and their language. Why do they exist, actually? I think about that...

What are the most precious feelings in the world? Enthusiasm, joy and love! But have not the preachers for centuries beaten it into us that one must hide love in shame? Nature and intellect were supposed to be God's enemies, that is what the schoolmen of the Middle Ages taught. But what do the plants say to that? What does nature think about that? What is "natural"?

What is Nature? What is Natural?

Love and the organs of love make flowers so beautiful and provide them with color and scents. They sparkle proud and "unashamed" in their blossoms. They do not want to hide themselves, they want to be visited, fertilized. For love, they clothe themselves in the most colorful beauty. Earth is no valley of woe, as has been taught us. Life and earth are beautiful. God would not be God, if he took pleasure in people becoming deformed in musty cells, castigating themselves and living unnaturally! Women were not created to cover their beautify in black cloths, to renounce creation and walk through summer joyless! That would be a sin against God's glorious world. The meadow teaches how one lives, pleasing to God, in joys and beauty.

There, a colt happily jumps in the enclosure. Why do the crickets and grasshoppers chirk so clearly and incessantly! They, too, call from love. It is a maritally joyous society in the meadow! Here a butterfly also flies over the forest of flowers. He nips at the honey cups and then flies on from inn to inn. The scent of the blossoms attracts him, for butterflies have sensitive noses, which go far beyond what we understand by scenting and smelling. The inspect researcher searched for years in an area for a rare butterfly. Finally, he found it. The first and only one. It was a female, he took it home alive. There he imprisoned it in a small cage before the window. After a few

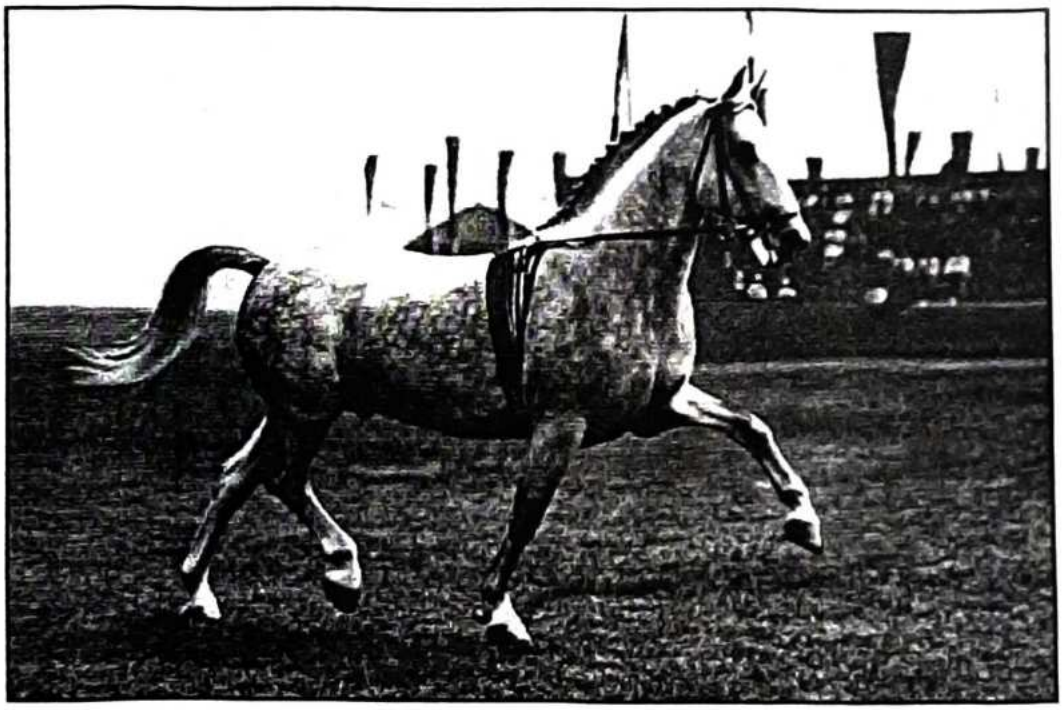
hours dozens of lovesick butterflies were buzzing around the rare species in the cage. The butterflies, which are so rare in the area, must have scented the female across kilometers.

The scent of love and life joy scents across kilometers. With our noses, we sense very little of it. My eyes, however, drink the radiant colors, the gorgeous plant structures of the meadow, and the music of the animals and the wind climb into my ears.

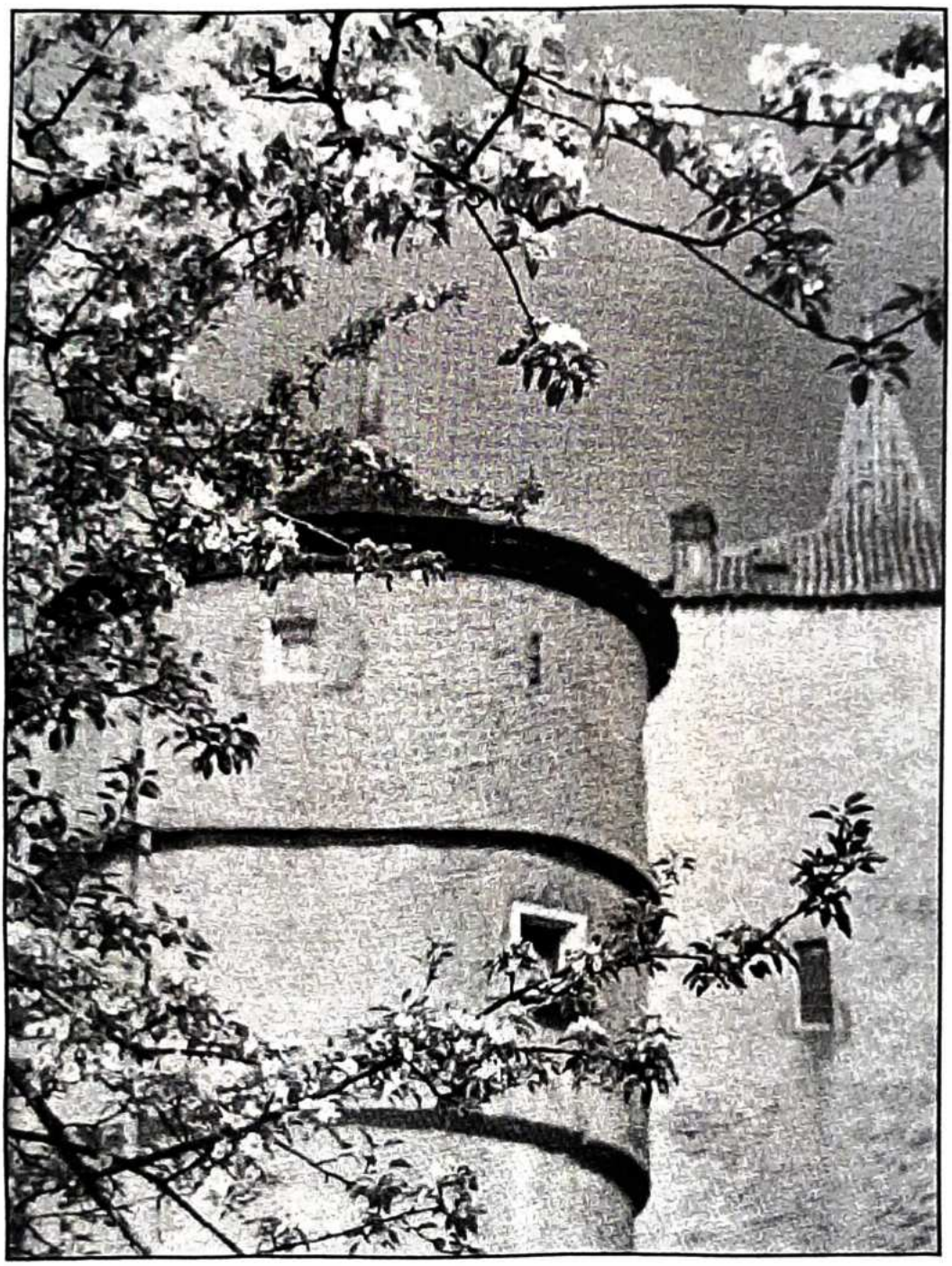
I lie in the grass, happy, and feel: Here lives the same, eternal law, over everything that is alive – in the flowers of the meadow, the animals and also in me, the soldier…

H.P.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 2a

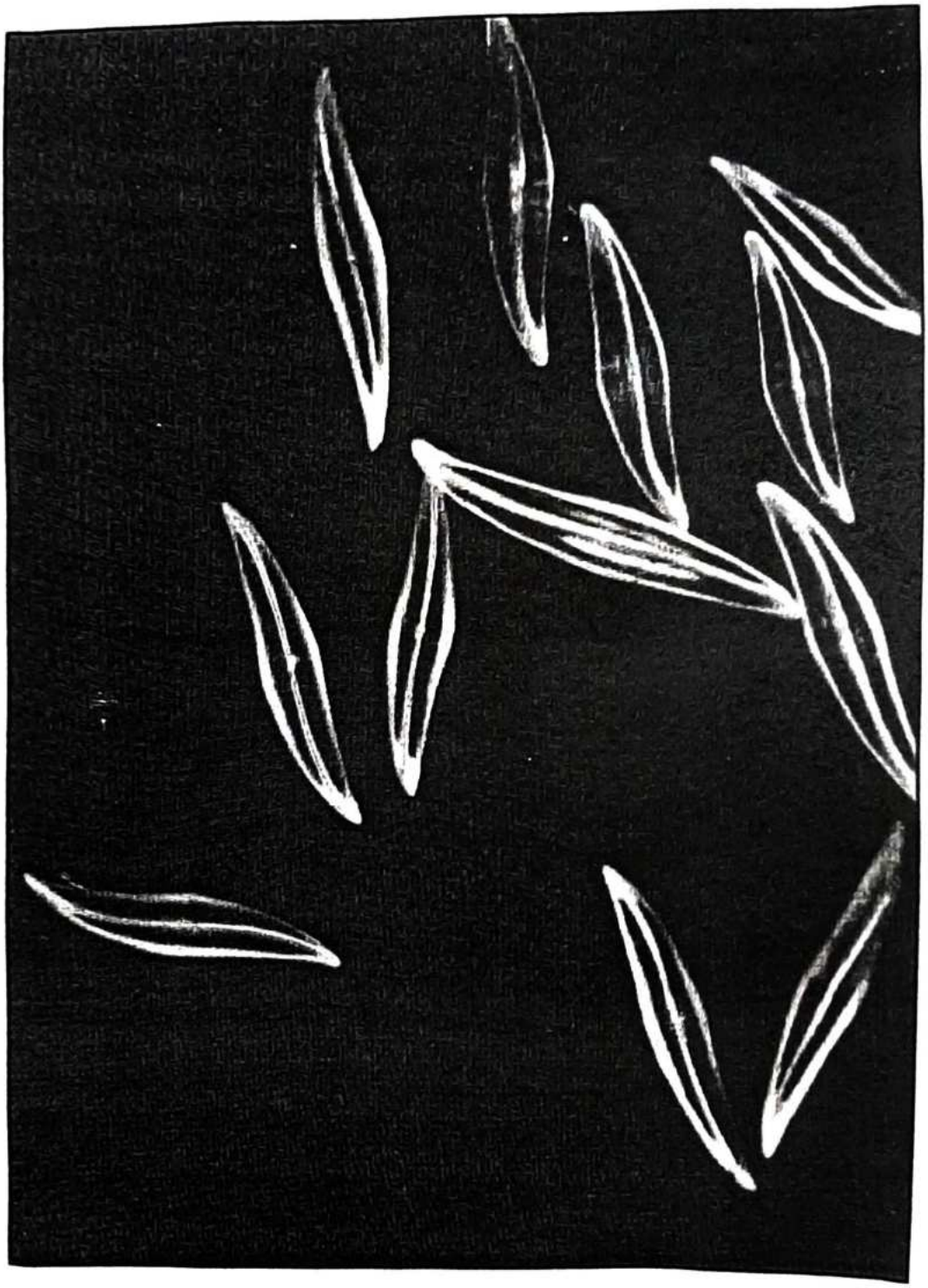


Beauty of the noble animal – Holstein stallion



German city in May bloom:
Dietelbach in Franconia

A piece of meadow – a picture full of beauty



Beauty under the microscope – Daitomeen algae

Young Troop – Young Love

A Little Song of Praise for My Pistol

Do not be angry with me, comrade "Spiess", if – after a few dozen months of experience – I must find your instruction in weapons a little insufficient... I refer especially to instruction in the pistol, but also to rifle school, machine-gun training and, as far as I have heard from other comrades, also to the training of comrades of other "arias": tank hunters, pilots and anti-aircraft gunners. For they have also had to confirm to me that an essential element has been missing in the instruction – an element, however, that is also difficult to cover in instructions.

But we should talk about it – just to calm all the sergeants in the German Wehrmacht, who after these lines will, outraged, dig through their manuals to see whether they had really missed a chapter... And then we should talk precisely now about where nature supplies us with the foundations, out there in the greening world and inside the beauty-intoxicated heart...

I wish to relate a song of the beauty of the weapon, a song of praise, a little "declaration of love", if you want.

As if it were a part of me...

You know the feeling that rises when a person acquires a place in your heart as comrade or even as friend. When you – full of harmony, full of gratitude perhaps or admiration – stretch out your hand to him... This handshake comes from the heart and goes to the heart... You do not forget it. It is stronger than words...

Now say, is it not the same for you, when you put a weapon in your hand for the first time? Think about the issuance of the rifles!... At first you probably did not know much about the "sucking grasp of the butt-neck", but you grabbed the weapon and immediately felt that it snuggled into your hand, that

Beauty of weapon

weight, shape and handling so splendidly fit a man's hand, that your innermost was pleased by this weapon! Do not take that as self-evident, comrade! A rifle indeed exists for shooting, but the technicians sees in the shooting, after all, just a technical process, which he technically accomplishes with cartridge, cartridge chamber, bolt, firing pin and the barrel. For him, the man only "participates" through the trigger guard, and if he also adds sights for the eye to aim, he could view his task as completed...

That it is not finished with that, that only now the actual interest of the soldier and man in the weapon starts, namely its usability and reliability, that you know, as every soldier knows that. And that our weapons are shaped so that they really "fit the hand", that we owe less to the technicians than to men who were no longer even soldiers, but who nonetheless preserved for themselves soldierly sense and common-sense. Of the great physician and human researcher Virchow is it said that the Prussian General Staff once presented him with the task to par-

ticipate as an expect in the formation of the handle of bayonets and to propose a useful design. The weapons officers certainly expected from the great researcher a long document with a thousand anatomical concepts, name of bones, muscles and sinews and their action. But they really wanted to produce the best thing possible for the soldier. And Virchow created it. He stepped before the commission, explained his principles, stuck his own hand into water, grabbed a chunk of plastic clay, rolled it a little and then squeezed it tight in his hand, so that the hand's inner form pressed deep into it... "Here, gentlemen, is the best model of a sabre handle..!"

It is a shame that the concepts "beautiful" and "useful and handy" are so incompletely contained in words. Just think of the first automobiles – how they emerged as a copy of horse-carriages with high wheels, the motor shamefully hidden – so-to-speak a horseless carriage...and see our streamlined vehicles today roll over the expressway...the heart opens itself before this visual realization of the concept of motor power and speed!

Two Pistols Next to Each Other...

For the comparison of two weapons I myself have the best opportunity: from grandfather lies an old cavalry pistol in our chest. I recently pulled it out as I cleaned my own pistol.

When they then lied side by side, both weapons with an age difference of about 100 years, I first comprehended the progress, the improvement in the technical and the ennoblement of the forms and essence, which this period brought. It is the same difference I saw in old castles and museums, where the weapons of the Middle Ages are side by side. The same path from the stock with firing-stone point to the Germanic battle lance, from the pike forged by the village blacksmith to the halbert that Solingen weapons masters put into the hand of the 16th century troopers... The same path from the old thunder-bust to grandfather's pistol to my pistol, which admittedly also exists only to shoot, but which serves in a form that really makes this

small weapon part of me…

I realize, of course, that a muzzleloader must look technically different than our pistols, which fire the best cartridges. I even admire the art of the old weapon-smith who inlaid the barrel of the old weapon with silver. But in my pistol I find the breath of our time. It is not decorated, it is even completely black. It is purely practical, but so perfectly that I find in it again all the laws of our cultural effort, even the highest.

And Machine-Guns, Anti-Aircraft Guns, Panzers and Planes…

After this hour of weapon cleaning I can no longer look at any weapon the same way I once did after the first instruction hours and as I still viewed them at the start of the war… I now look at them almost as allies, almost like living things, almost like living beings, and I see in them their own laws. I can now understand our ancestors very well who named their swords Saxon-distress and enforcer, their ships dragon and firebird and wave-eater – as if they were horses or even their children… And even after these months of fighting – which we, thanks also to our splendid weapons, fought victoriously – I see everywhere - on the panzer, the war planes and also on the canons - names written or at least symbols, personal symbols, which are intended to be specific to precisely this machine, this panzer, this weapon.

The comrades there have likewise discovered the uniqueness of their weapon. It was not enough for them that their machine was registered as number 1837 in the regiment's weapons log. They have awakened to new life the "good animal" – that equipment proven in a thousand situations, the basis for rescue from a thousand dangers – through their human and comradely sympathy, which is expressed in the bestowing of a name.

"Weapon cleaning" – was that a monotonous activity in the first days as a recruit! Day after day the same procedure, the same moves, the same, apparently overly strict inspection. And

then the strange expression of the weapon as the "bride" of the soldier... How silly, many probably thought. – Now action is behind us. Now the weapons have spoken in earnest. Now they have proven their purpose, their ability, their loyalty. Now they have really expressed our fighting will, empathetically proven it to the enemy, and on the other hand undertaken our protection. A rescuing pistol shot, a machine-gun salvo against the charging enemy, an anti-tank hit against the closest enemy tank – each time that was rescue, victory! Now the care of weapons no longer requires an order!

W.J.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 2b

Noble product from Allach

Beauty with the SS Rune

Allach, Tasks and Goals

"No folk lives longer than the documents of its culture!"

These words of the Führer, which are the guiding principle in all matters of cultural nature pertaining to the German folk, also stand over the intention of the SS-porcelain manufacturer Allach-Munchen Inc..

Many may have asked why the Schutzstaffel produces porcelain. The explanation is simple. The Reichsführer-SS had been thinking about the plan for a long time to promote the spirit of the SS in cultural work more strongly than had been possible during the period of struggle. So in the year 1935 he founded the porcelain manufacturer Allach-Munich Inc. as an instrument of his intention in this area.

It certainly was not the objective of the Reichsführer-SS, through the founding of the porcelain manufacturer Allach, to create a new porcelain manufacturer in order to produce economic values there – crudely put, in order to make money with it. Allach was instead from the beginning entrusted with the task to create from one of the most charming materials that exists, from porcelain, works of art and objects of daily use, which correspond to the feeling of our time and give witness to generations after us about our art feeling and form-will.

Each time shapes its own forms of expression itself and impresses its cultural style on them. Our time as well. In the great buildings of the Führer we experience the emergence of a - of our – new architectural style, whose space formation compels new ceramic forms.

From this realization the Reichsführer-SS commissioned Allach to work exemplarily:

in artistic formation,

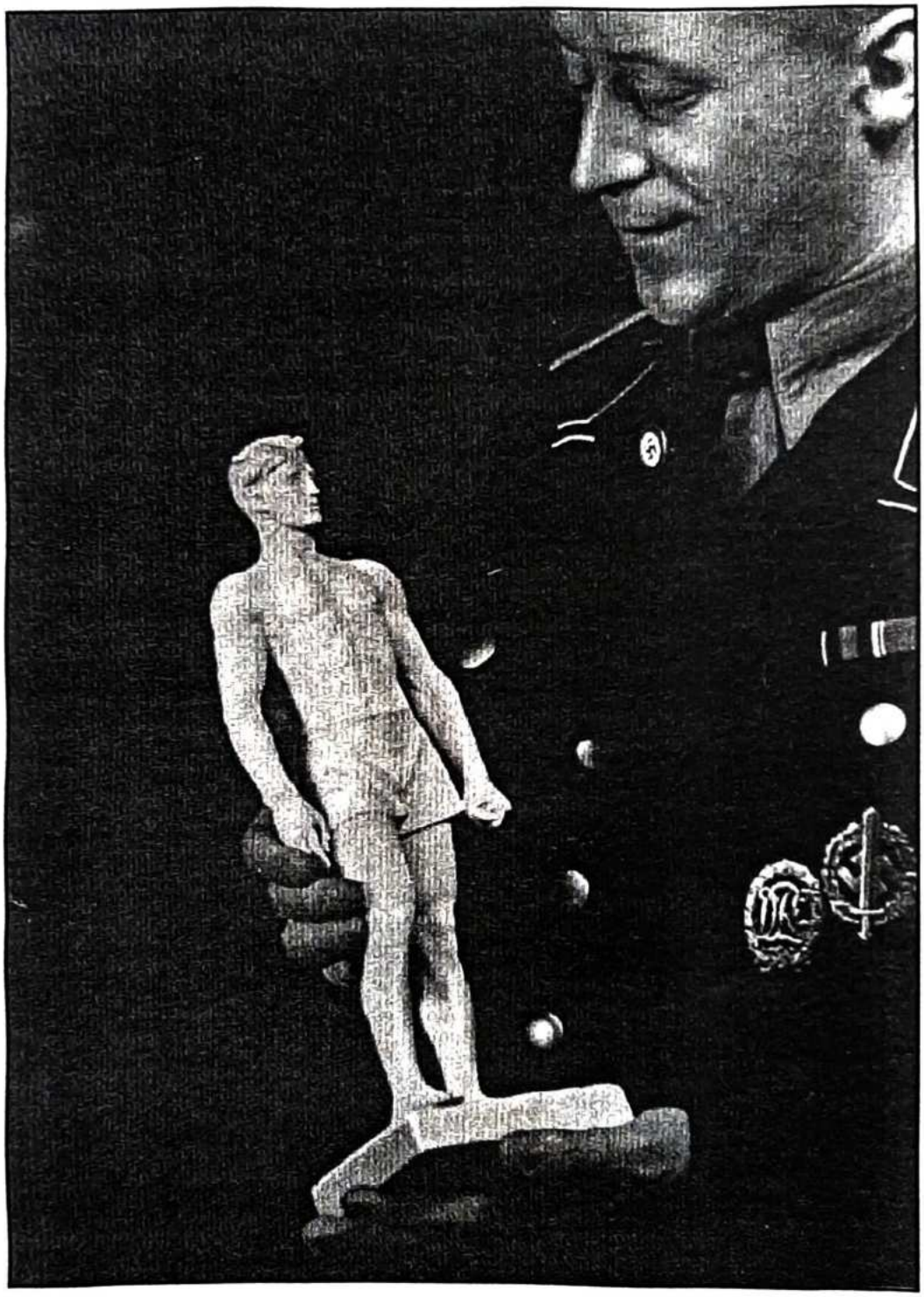
in quality of material,
in execution a processing and
in price setting.

A look back shows how things once looked in the past with porcelain manufacture: Once, almost all porcelain manufacturers were founded by rulers (State of Berlin by Friedrich the Great, Meissen by August the Strong, Sevres by the Marquise of Pompadour, just to name a few examples.) With a few exceptions, they served the sole purpose, for the glory of their founder, to produce noble porcelain of highest artistic value without regard for any economic use. Great artists were obligated and could, in quiet and isolation, freed from all economic concerns, realize their ideas. So did the beautiful porcelain of Rococo and the Empire emerge as the expression of their time – works of art, which always keep their value and are worthy of highest admiration as the proclamations of the art feeling of their creators.

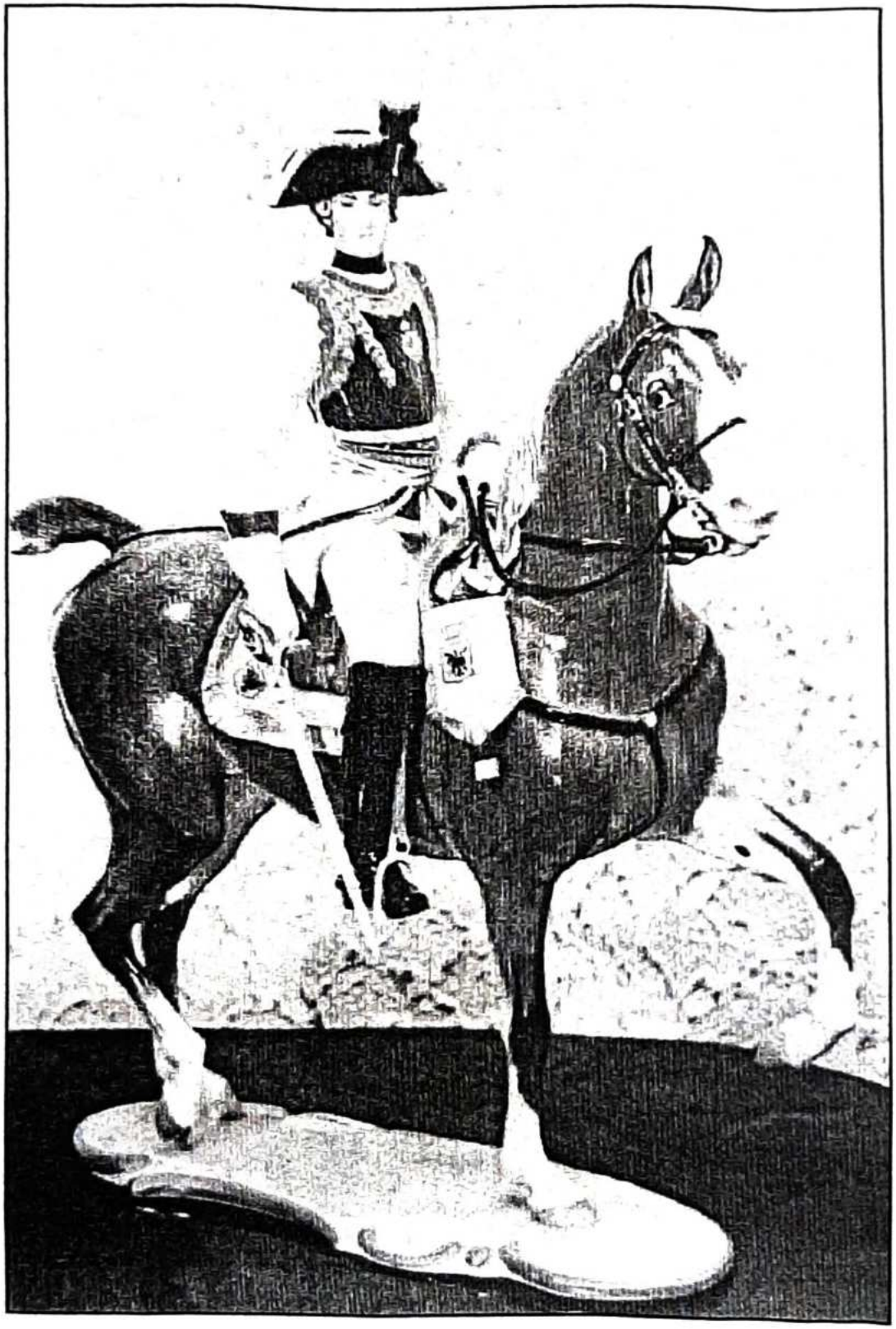
Individual Pieces and Mass Wares

But times change. Among almost all porcelain manufacturers (one should note the meaningful name "manufacture" [Manu = with the hand], even today, porcelain manufacture is largely dependent on the trained human hand) economic considerations step more and more into the foreground. Earning money soon stood at the top. The aristocratic patrons and employers soon receded behind the merchants. Only too often, art was treated like a stepchild. Cheap mass wares dominated the field. A few manufacturers of world fame barely managed to preserve their line in these times of artistic decline.

First there is sculpture. How often did it, due to false processing and lack of artistic understanding, turn into a domestic monstrosity. Allach saw here above all a field to help genuine folk feeling triumph. Certainly, the path was not easy, and all the plans still could not be carried out. The artists, too, who



"The Victor", sculpture from Allach



create works of art out of the raw material of porcelain through the genius of their inspiration and the formative energy of their hands, had to first be found and won.

But the demand of the Reichsführer was: *Art is every German house, especially in the house of my SS men!* Beautiful, tasteful dishes on every table, not only in the residences, but also – and especially – in the canteens, so that the German worker, as well as the comrade under arms, in his rest hours, from the harmony of his surroundings, gains new strength for the great tasks that must be placed on him. It is an ancient truth that the most simple food tastes better from vessels beautiful in form than the most precious roast on a tin plate! Allach wants to serve this goal of the Reichsführer-SS with all its energy.

In the few years that have passed since the founding of the porcelain manufacturer Allach, an important special position in the field of porcelain manufacture could already be achieved. Created completely from the feeling of our time emerged *heroic youth figures* from the Wehrmacht and the auxilliaries of the party, amazing authentic looking *peasant custom figures* and above all *noble animal sculptures*, which show the animal in all its beauty, works of art that must be valued as document of a strong, natural sense of art feeling and a goal-conscious advance along the path of responsibility-conscious art formation.

Ceramics, jugs, vases, candlesticks with a beauty of form were created that would decorate any German home. The goal of the Reichsführer-SS: every commodity – even the simplest water jug – should be of flawless beauty – was already achieved here to a high degree. From the great art treasure of our ancestors, delivered to us through many excavations, stimulus was taken for shaping and decorating and carried over into the style of our time. So a bridge was built between the nature-bound creation of our ancestors and the artistic feeling of our days.

The knowledge of the fact that the surroundings exert a tremendous influence on the well-being and bearing of man has caused the Reichsführer-SS to give his porcelain manufacturer

Allach the order to become leading in the field of porcelain manufacture. Into the house of each SS man, indeed of every German, should come only form-beautiful and tasteful dishes and art objects. Allach thus gives to the working man in his daily surroundings the beauty that enables him to again and again gain new energy and to prove himself equal to the great tasks that our placed on him by a heroic time.

W.

SS Leitheft, Year 7, Issue 2a

View into the Valley – Painting by Hans Thoma

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2, 1942

The Boy's Horn of Plenty

Painting by Moritz von Schwind

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2, 1942

The Fairy Tale Forest

Middle in the moor lies the fairy tale forest,
Bordered by the magic creek;
Tempting call of magic resounds there,
Thistles and thorns crown it.

Middle in the forest sprouts a meadow,
Its grass is soft and long;
Under the meadow flows a spring,
It has its own sound.

Behind the spring stands a tree.
Its silvery foliage trembles in the wind;
There a bird sang to me the miracle dream
Of you and me, my child.

Under the tree grows moss,
It shimmers and glistens like gold;
Ferns proliferate there proud and large,
Their leaves are strangely rolled.

There, where both junipers stand,
A path leads into the forest;
Only whoever knows the words, can take it,
Its thorns do not stop him.

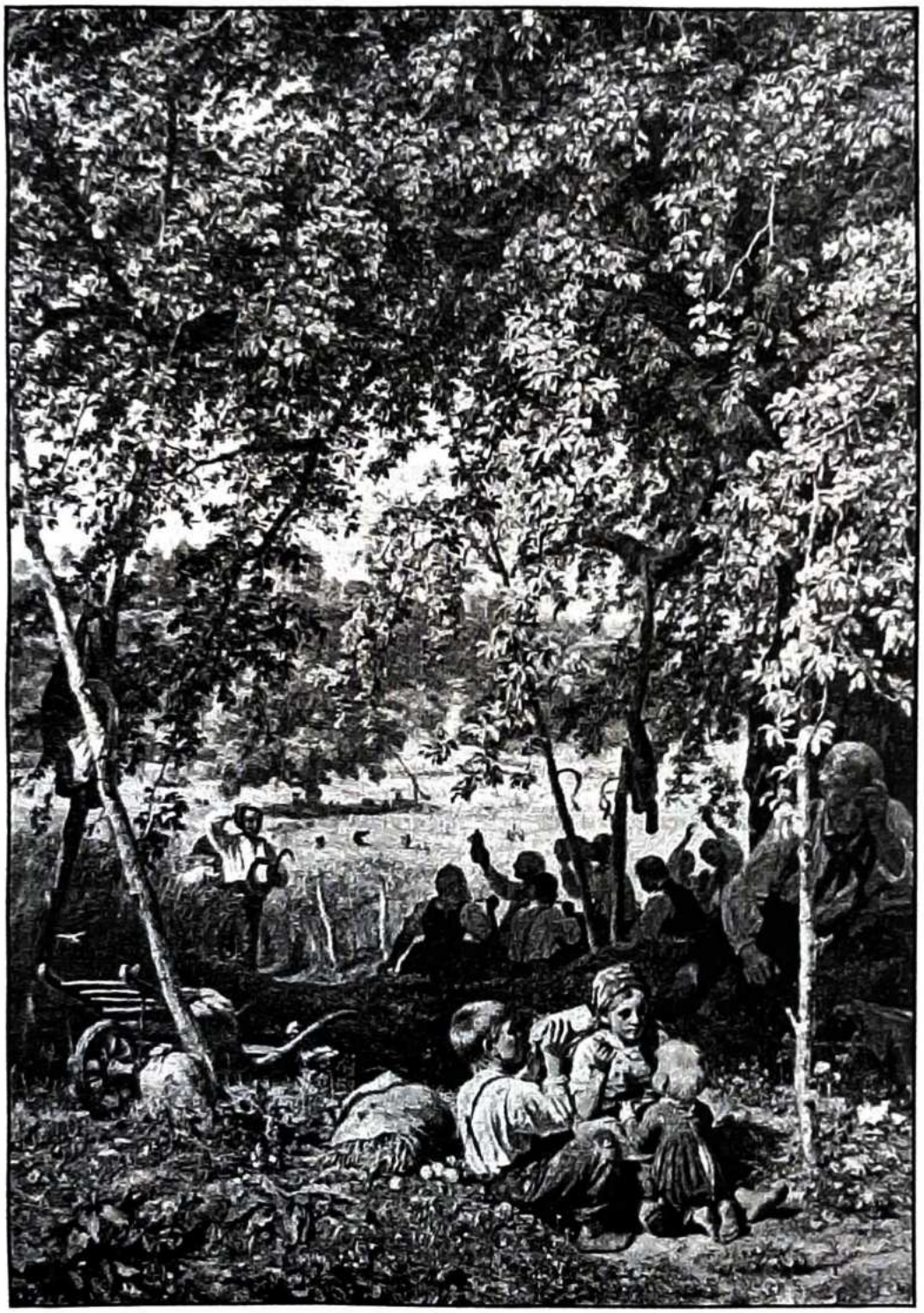
Come, beloved one, and kiss me,

Come, for I know the words,
And the words, they are, "I love you!"
That pushes away every barrier.

Come, my love, and do not be afraid,
Come now, good fortune, it laughs;
Two junipers, black and dense,
Hold faithful watch.

Hermann Löns

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2



Summer in the Homeland

Detail from a painting by Th. Schtz (1830 – 1900)

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 3, 1942

God's Word

Each creature has its own language, so it penetrates into heaven. Look at the flowers, they pray with colors and praise the May sky with gentle scents. And listen to the birds, the bees, see the glistening butterfly and how the flies dance in the evening ray. All that is beautiful. And what is beautiful, that is also a prayer and finds its heaven.

Is not each star, person, animal, God's word? Is sown, grows and perishes according to the hour that is ordered in its nature from the beginning. So as we listen to them in the depth, so do we hear eternal God's word, spoken through nature.

We can take nothing from God-Nature and add nothing. Even the erring delusion is necessary and has its time. From within, from the own self outward, must the higher life unwork.

So each thing has its law and both, to work and to suffer, is the strength God planted in us, and is nature itself, God needs each with his will, according to his will, to his will.

Erwin Guido Kolbenheyer

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 3, 1942

A Soldier Experiences a Tree

During a field exercise, a soldier noticed an oak, which he decided to draw due to its distinctive growth.

His next off-duty Sunday he set off, sketch pad under arm, drawing pencil in pocket.

It was still early in the day. The soldier's boots clattered hard on the pavement of the quiet morning road. Soon the stone desert of the big city garrison was behind him. Just a few more green-filled suburb roads, and he stood before the forest, the wide, silent forest.

The man hesitated to enter. A wave of fragrant pine scent struck him. That was a different world than the one from which he had just come. He held his breath. – And while he exhaled whistling, he at the same time cast off from himself the haste of the big city. His breast inflated large and sank. Calmly, he strode into the festive hall.

He felt in harmony with himself and with the world around him. He knew both to be moved from the same center, himself and nature surrounding him.

Now he no longer needed to arm himself against anything outside himself. For here, everything belonged to him. The rustling and the whispering in the branches and depths, it was in his breast. The flood and glistening of colors, of light and shadows, he had it as a picture within himself. The strong and tender forms of the trees and grasses, he did not need to make the effort to observe them. The law by which they existed was his own. His eyes and ears were directed inward. And yet everything found admittance, the nearest and the farthest, the grasses and the trees, the birds and the squirrels, the lake and the sky, the fog and the morning sun, the chirping and the rustling, an entire magical world of sounds and shapes.

And that was the deeply joyous thing for the soldier: clearly

Old Oak / Pencil Drawing

and consciously, he experienced everything as an unalterable order.

A singing and clinging awoke in the distance, came closer, swelled to thunderous chords. Did it start in the whispering of the branches, in the song of the birds or in the breast of the man?

Figures rose from the ground, as if chiselled by artist hand, worthy of a world full of beauty.

Picture boards filled the plains of a space, which was not to be surpassed in simple form and was yet so rich in forms as the forest.

There stood the soldier's oak, which he wanted to attempt to capture with pencil on paper. Now he knew how he must draw it, not as a play of lines, such as he saw before, no, as he today, now, experienced it, as the law of the creator, which law was his own. With pencil on paper? Yes, with pencil on paper, that was his firm will, he wanted to write down God's law in the tree.

Halt, my dear fellow, called God, you don't get me that easily – and he withdrew from him precisely at the moment when the soldier was about to put the first line on the paper.

Here stood the oak, a tree like all others, of trunk, branches and leaves, with scarred bark, grey and green, a jumble of light and shadows. Where was the divine it it?

There sat the poor man, a king, who had lost his kingdom.

Now he had to decide. Would he take up the fight or give up? He decided as a soldier. He took up the fight, the fight with God. He would not stop the struggle until he had forced God to accept him as tool. It was not arrogance that made him act so. He just wanted to serve, to write down the eternal law for the brothers, so that they would better find the path to their own experience. That was his religious service on this Sunday.

After he had accounted to himself for his action, he went to work. He employed all weapons, will and imagination, conception and conscious reason. He concentrated everything at one point, at the point, where the tip of his pencil touched the paper. With all of his harnessed energies he now started to create

the oak. He performed its creation anew. Strong from the roots, he had them grow into the trunk, the limbs, the branches and leaves. And when he awakened them to life, he experienced with it through the hundreds of years. He was with it in the jubilation in the sun, in the struggle with the wind, in the years of rich nourishment and in the years of hunger.

With finest senses, he felt that the limb had to here bend backward, held up in the most beautiful curve, whether it wanted to or not. It had to renounce itself in order to – after desperate to and fro – to fit into the whole even more beautifully. Nothing could grow like it wanted to. One had to accommodate the other. It often got rough. Many a twig would have preferred to move in a different direction. No, to serve the whole, demanded the law of the tree.

Ever deeper did the soldier penetrate into the essence of his creating. He could have now just as well sat on a bare rock in the sea or in a quiet room. For a long time he had no longer looked at the tree before him. He created it from out of himself. Was he himself still the creating one? Or did that, which is common in the eternal law of creations, create in him and out of him? Yes, overcome by the desire of the soldier, it had entered the breast of the man. Man and God had become one, one in the work that was now completed.

H.K.

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 3, 1942

Artist and Soldier

Each *SS Leitheft* has a specific theme. We thus follow a clear intent.

It is not our desire to simply make each issue interesting. Whoever seeks distraction and diversion, will seek in vain in these *SS Leithefts*. The path of least resistance, namely to demand applause with pleasing, easily digested articles, would be much easier and more comfortable for us. But for that there are other books and magazines.

In the *SS Leithefts* we do not want to distract and divert the reader, rather gather his best energies and direct him toward himself, that means toward his genuine core. Only so can we help the comrades to fulfill themselves and hence their task in the clan community of the SS and in the folk. When then in letters the sentence, in similar form, is repeated again and again: "For me the *SS-Leithefts* are a strengthening before each new action", or if a young artist writes us: "...Through this article I felt for the first time what I must still find within myself in order to become an artist", then such examples indicate where we want to go.

The present issue has the theme "hardness". The soldier knows that hardness is necessary for holding out in combat and for the endurance of discomforts. He also realizes that, for every work, hardness leads to the goal.

But that, for the understanding of art, one must also pass through the gate of hardness, this will not so readily dawn on him.

Some people consider everything that appeals to them at first sight to be art. They believe they have thus so effortlessly penetrated into the sacred shrine, and they often refer to the words of the great master: "Serious is life and happy is art". They do not know how often precisely happy art is achieved with difficulty such as, for example, Mozart gives us.

Others say: "I understand nothing about it", when the talk is

about art. Before they learn what art could mean in their life, too, they lock off its energies from themselves. Instead, they quickly make themselves satisfied with substitutes, with the easily digestible fare, with sickly and superficial monstrosities. For them, an "oh so charming" photograph is preferable as a picture than a work of art whose depth does not reveal itself to them at a fleeting glance. They consume dozens of three cent cigars while they supposedly have no time to get acquainted with a good book. But that cannot be our standpoint.

Whoever has experienced the difficult war in the east, knows as well, that there are times of reflection, when one looks precisely to art for clarity and for the energies that one – even if still hidden – suspects in it.

And then many say: "How can our position toward struggle and our position toward art be brought into connection with each other? Struggle is work, effort, pain and sacrifice. But from art we expect relaxation and entertainment."

You say "relaxation and entertainment"? Why are you, who could demand the highest, so modest? Why do you demand so little from art? Why do you not demand creative strength, eternal life and divine joy? Do you not know that art can give all that? But perhaps you do not know what art really means. Yes, for all too long you have lost your place in life. Art, like religion, was considered a nice ingredient in life, for evenings and Sunday. It was a colorful bird – a luxury that one could do without in an emergency.

But what is genuine art in reality? It is the purest embodiment of the meaning of the world. Through the gift of art, God has bestowed upon man the power to portray his law purely.

An example: Through observance of the laws of race we can, through correct mate selection, more and more bestow upon our race the image that corresponds to the will of God. Through sports we can bring the individual body closer to the form and task predetermined for it. In art, however, genius can shape the human body most purely as it should grow according to valid law.

Another example: The landscapes of the earth show in their

primeval condition only the rough image in which the creator wants to become visible. Landscapes formed by pure races come closer to this image. To shape the image of a landscape, however, in all its splendour, this gift is bestowed by God upon the artist, that means only that artist – another does not deserve this name anyway – who himself forces the creator to reveal himself to him.

That is what is decisive: Only through this iron hardness is the artist able to force God into his breast, so that he sees his image in the human bodies to be portrayed or in the landscape to be portrayed. And the artist needs hardness again in order to then capture this image in stone or on canvass.

The measure of hardness that the creative person summons up in order to accomplish his high task cannot be measured in every day magnitudes. Just read once the life descriptions of a Rembrandt, an Andreas Schlütter, a Tilman Riemenschneider, a Schiller, Mozart, Beethoven. How much hardness against themselves did they have to summon up, so that everything fell away that stood in the way hampering the work – external and internal obstacles - , so that only the creative core remained, which was now open to receive and carry out the divine task. There is only one comparison: that is the hardness of the soldier, who knowingly risks his life.

As in the magnitude of the hardness, so too in the success of the most passionate effort, are soldier and artist related.

Have not many of you during the greatest danger, after all weaknesses had been overcome, become acquainted with that moment in which all the energies are released that had been previously unknown to you?

It is as if a shell, in which one had been previously enclosed, had split. One jumps out and feels like a god or a child. There is no longer any hesitation and reflection, no doubt and considerations. One acts free and correct, and one can do everything that must be possible at the moment. That is the feeling that Schiller means when he wrote: "Who can look death in the face, the soldier alone is the free man."

A young poet of our time must have especially clearly felt

this relatedness of the creative moment in the soldier and artist. He recently wrote us from the middle of the most intense fighting on the eastern front: "I cannot express what jubilation and pride is within me. I could tell a saga from which an entire folk for generations could inspire itself. I trust that I can one day pull out what I have buried in my heart during this hour of war. A gold miner do I want to become in my own heart and pass along everything and enrich all."

Certainly, with hardness alone neither the soldier nor the artist can force such knowledge. Other virtues and gifts are also required. Hardness alone, however, must not be lacking.

And that is what I mean in this essay. Precisely from this knowledge of the common element in artist and soldier must you, comrades, be able to achieve a new, fortunate relationship to genuine art, to a relationship that alone is worthy of you. The path to there is not easy. But who else should manage this path if not first you, you who have dealt with the greatest superiority of the Bolsheviks and the toughest bunkers! This path toward art is certainly a different one than the one many of you even today consider possible. It does not, however, stand in opposition to your experience that you had as soldiers and fighters, on the contrary, it is most closely tied to it.

Despite everything, you have it easier than the artists themselves. They pave the path for you, they seek the steep trail and orient you. But you must walk it yourselves. That costs sweat and endurance.

On the highest peak of this path waves to you divine reward. It is certain for you, for it lies within you yourselves. One or the other has already gotten there "by coincidence". When there was nothing else left, then he read the "heavy material" out of sheer desperation, first reluctantly, until he finally realized that – although one cannot devour classical poems or a novel by Kolbenheyer pages at a time – a single genuine poem can convey more energy and life joy than a whole stack of recreational literature. Whoever has realized that in a clear moment, should also consciously summon up enough hardness to make the highest values accessible to himself.

Then he will, like in the most dangerous moments of combat, in the most difficult hours of his struggle for the understanding of higher art as well, one day suddenly experience the moment, in which this effort becomes fertile and in which he succeeds in lifting treasures which he had not known until then and which he had unsuspectingly passed by.

Hans Klöcker

SS Leitheft, Year 9, Issue 1

SS Culture

Volume Twelve :

Soldier

Translated from Original SS Publications

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Introduction

SS Culture – Volume Twelve: Soldier is translated from original SS publications. The articles are about the virtues and world-view of the soldier. They are arranged in the chronological order of the SS magazine issues where they appeared, ranging from volume five in 1939 to volume nine in 1943. The original illustrations are also included.

The Publisher
December 2004

Dr. Martin Lezius:

The Soldier of 1914

This summer twenty-five years will have passed since the army of 1914 went into the field. According to the famous words of Marshal Foch, it was supposedly the best in the world. The Führer also finds words of praise for it in his book "Mein Kampf"; in addition to the inner, spiritual bearing, one could even recognize the man who had served as soldier by his "gait".

In the course of its history, our fatherland had already had an army comparable with it. It was the Prussian army of the Great King, with which in the year 1756 he set out from Potsdam to the Third Silesian War. Only a little more than half a year passed, when the better part of his army already lie under the green grass. When then that eventful year - in which fate often stood on the knife's edge, with the battles of Kolin, Rossbach, Breslau and Leuthen - had come to an end, there was not much left of the old army.

Our army of 1914 had almost the same fate as the army of Old Fritz. Likewise on an August day, it had assembled for its victorious advance through Belgium and Northern France toward Paris, or had taken positions along the eastern border in order to hold off the assault of the powerful Russian army. Like snow in the spring sun, it melted away. On August 21 the Guard crosses the Sambre. It was the

regiment's baptism of fire. One of the first to fall in the street fighting was a young lieutenant, hit by buck shot right in the face. "Lads, beat the women dead, for they are *also* shooting at us!" were his last words. On September 8, hence 2 ½ weeks later, when after the successful dawn bayonet charge of the 2nd Guard Division at Normée, the order to retreat was given, the regiment adjutant learned he was the only active lieutenant left among the troops. After assembly the division was only half a war strength company, which means instead of 3,000 only 125 men were left.

This example is no exception, many more could be listed at will. At any rate it is certain that the "old" army of 1914, which would have been a wonderful instrument in the hands of a God-blessed leader, no longer existed before the year was even over. The new replacements had totally changed its appearance. The army of professional soldiers had transformed into a folk enrolment of bourgeoisie, peasants and workers, who had been hurriedly brought up in order to protect the borders of the fatherland with their bodies.

What distinguished the soldiers of both armies from each other, the one of 1914 and the later one? From the standpoint of ethos, the fighter of 1916-1918 certainly stood higher than the peace soldier of 1914, who at the outbreak of war was just serving or was called up as a reservist. He saw – regardless whether officer, non-commissioned offer or enlisted man – the long yearned for chance to prove his ability. An officer who in the course of his life had never heard a bullet whistle, neither charged ahead of his men during an attack, on foot or mounted, had led a basically missed life,

which cannot be denied a certain tragedy. He was a professional soldier, the purpose and the goal of his life was not constant duty in garrison or on watch, rather in the final consequence death on the battlefield. The constant familiarity with this thought had taken the terror from death, and in most cases it would simply be the self-evident crowning of a long, honorable soldier's life. Even our ancestors did not consider death in bed as the greatest joy, and that soldier's song is a few hundred years old in which it is said:

"No more beautiful death in this world,
Than who is killed in front of the enemy..."

"The spirit of the troops lies in the officers", Friedrich the Great is supposed to have once said. Therefore, one finds this self-sacrificing willingness for death not only among the officers, rather also the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men did not think differently. Did not all of them, as members of the same regiment, belong to the same family, and for whom it was the highest honor to wear its insignia? So one had grown with and into his military unit, regardless of whether the corporal's button or the general's embroidery decorated the uniform collar; one was comrade with the other, because one belonged to the same warrior caste. That gave the regiment not only its necessary unity inwardly and outwardly, rather also all members the same military bearing, the "corps d'esprit", the corps spirit, to use a term coined by Friedrich the Great.

Now the "amateur" joined these professional soldiers, the real ones, and those who felt the same. He joined them now

when the fatherland was in greatest need or even took their place completely. If the first saw in war the crowning of his life, then the volunteers and the drafted bourgeoisie, workers and peasants – who had to leave their shop, their workplace, the plough and the books – had to see war as nothing else but an interruption of their professional life. If the enemy was beaten off at the border and an honorable peace won, then one would gladly again take off the soldier's uniform, put the rifle in the corner and again take ell, file, spade and pen to hand.

When they then later came into the field, the few old-timers from 1914 were exemplary for them, but initially the departure from home had not been easy. For during the weeks and months of training, one had already heard about the dying out there, and that it was not at all that easy, rather a damned difficult matter. From these lines of thought emerged that poem that reflects the mood of the youths going off to the field so movingly and with the highest poetic creative power. The mother is begged to allow the son to go, for "all the crying cannot help at all", he has to take the same path as others before him. Today these verses are put at the front of a little volume of war poems, as if the soldier of 1914 had such touching impulses! But it was not an iota different at the outbreak of the war of 1870, when the mother of our party comrade Litzmann, the later general, who went to the field as a young military engineer officer, wrote to her son: "It is not necessary, that you return, but it is, that you do your duty!" Nothing was said about death at the 1914 march, because a soldier does not talk about what is self-evident. "Service is service", is what it meant here, and to service belongs, under circumstances, as one knows from the war articles, death as well.

Even the brave, dear girls did not think about making their soldier's heart heavy; the tears come only later, when the train has already rolled out of the train station. Self-controlled to the fingertips, both had been far too well raised – the girl was "militarily-devout" as well - to surrender to such outbreaks of emotion.

The Langemarck of the East

This different outlook also explains why what was self-evident to the soldier who took to the field in the first days of August 1914, for those coming later was labelled a heroic deed, and with a certain justification as well. This is clearly evident from the effect on our folk-consciousness by the attack of an active ranger battalion in a prelude to the Battle of Tannenberg on August 23rd compared to the charge of the young riflemen at Langemarck, of which the army announcement of November 11, 1914 reports. The latter events are too well-known to be recounted here. But what happened on August 23 up there in East Prussia? One can almost say that "no song, no heroic song" gives news of this event, only the name of the ranger's commander glistens in gold letters on a marble plate in the hall of fame in the Berlin arsenal. On August 23, 1914 the Ortelsburg ranger battalion Count York von Wartenburg takes position on the source rivers of the Alle at Orlau and Lahna and awaits the enemy. Finally, after a five hour wait, the first patrols appear, then the endless clay-brown flood follows. The Russians are given a bloody reception from rattling machine-guns and banging ranger rifles, one battalion against an intact division that had not yet come under fire! The attack is repelled.

Hardly has the Russian turned his back, when the brigade commander General Wilhelmi, on a splendid white horse, shots past the rifle-line. "Up!" resounds his voice, and then the redeeming words, "Battalion, attack!" The green-uniformed men fix the "deer catchers" onto the ranger rifles, and with the song *"Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt!"* follow their unfurled flag. The Major, who rides next to it, only gets a few steps before a shrapnel shell tears his brain out of the skull. But there is no faltering, one is soon at the enemy, bayonets and rifle butts celebrate their highest triumph.

The fighting lasts seven hours, from 14:00 to 21:00, for only

at that point in time can Lahna be evacuated. Lahna is a churning witches' cauldron, in which all life is soon scattered into nothingness. One ranger sergeant manages to fight his way out with a handful of men. As booty they bring back the flagpole of the Russian Infantry Regiment Number 29. It now stands in the Berlin arsenal, and even today one can see from the marks in the wood how hard it was fought over. In the bloody hand-to-hand combat it changed hands several times.

The withdrawal is supposed to start around 21:00. But who looks at the watch in such circumstances? There is nothing else to do but, as if on maneuver, first have the horn blow the signal "All men!" and then "Assemble".

"Assembly", so it goes in the history of the York rangers. "Who? The battalion? Yes, my God, was that the battalion? Where then were all the officers? What had actually happened? *Nothing special!* The ranger battalion Count York von Wartenburg had done its difficult, but *self-evident duty*. 17 officers and about 300 honest rangers lie dead or wounded on the field of honor, at the battlefield of Orlau and Lahna."

'Nothing special" had the rangers performed then, that is the judgment of the history of this unit of the bearing of the York battalion in its first battle, in which it captured a Russia field standard in bloody hand-to-hand combat. But the spirit that is presented from this judgment is the same one that guided the mother of young Litzmann when she wrote the letter of departure to her son.

Prussian Spartanism

Recently the writing of a high military physician was published. In it he reports about his experiences and events during the World War. Of our soldiers, he writes that one only then correctly recognized them: "down-to-earth, heroic, with a pronounced aversion against any bragging". That is what one calls "soldierly bearing".

When the York battalion, as described, attacks with the Ger-

man National Anthem, this is an expression of the attitude of the *active* German soldier then serving the flag. That our young infantrymen afterward did the same thing at Langemarck, is not the mark of a fighting bearing as was – especially noteworthy and worthy of glory – typical of our war volunteers. It was the result of education during their training, which produced the success that the young soldiers in such little time felt just like the actives, and then, when they came under fire, acted like actives completely on their own. For that they are rightly accorded praise and recognition.

"Do not forget the dear dead and adorn
their *urns as well with the oak wreath."*

SS Leitheft, Year 5, Issue 2, May 15, 1939

At a Soldier's Grave

We fell for Germany's radiance.
Blossom, Germany, as our death wreath.

Walter Flex

Endless like so many paths in the east, the road stretches through the broad plain. Only here and there is a solitary tree. The moon shines bright from the already wintery cold evening sky.

We are accompanied by no band, no flags wave before us. It is again like in the war, without make-up. Serious and clear, expression of an inner obligation. So does this silent march through the night here in the farthest German east become an expression of a new attitude, a colonial bearing, which must prove itself in the grey daily routine as well. Each of us on this march becomes conscious wherein lies the essential element of our task in the east: not in externalities, not in the striving of the most comfortable life possible, not in the pursuit of personal honors or advantages, rather in the vastly great, serious and difficult task that this land places on us. The soldier's grave, to which we travel this night, is the symbol of our obligation. Our gaze sweeps across the wide, moonlit land, and our thoughts go back into the past and forward into the future. We feel the rivers of German blood and sweat that fertilized this land from the first German colonization to the campaign of eighteen days. But we also see, looking ahead into the future before us, the fulfillment of all these sacrifices, the colonization of this broad land by German men who are hard enough to do their duty even at a lonely post in the spirit of the great German community.

In the distance torches shine through the night. Then we stand a few meters next to the road at the lonely grave of a German soldier, who in the Polish campaign gave his life for Germany at this place. In the flickering torchlight, the grey steel

The Silent Admonishers

They fell at Langemarck,
They fell in the fighting for the streets.
The flags wave, the Reich is strong.
Strong are the folks, who never forget their dead.
Not with sorrow and mourning do we want to affirm.
Their love of Germany must burn on within us.
Mothers, you should proudly name your German their names.
Fathers, in your nature do we want to recognize their example.
Each should fight like they for Germany's immorality.
None should be able to complain, for he still has more to give.
Before their death every glorious life falls silent.

Herybert Menzel

SS Leitheft, Year 6, Issue 10a/b, January 15, 1941

helmet dully shimmers on the wooden cross. A German soldier's grave like a thousand others, which bear silent witness to our eternal right to the land in the east. The German Order Knights already took their sword here, who were followed by German peasants with the plough. Together with German merchants they built German cities and villages. So new German land developed in the east. German hands created new German homeland. – Next to the grave stands a honor guard of the police under arms. We assemble in a rectangle, German men, soldiers, regardless which uniform the individual wears, each one bearer of a responsibility, bearer of German power in the east. The commander of the Lublin police regiment steps before the grave. His words are concise and soldierly:

"Dead Comrade! I do not know your name! That makes no difference. You rest here in the earth bedded like millions of others, who fulfilled their duty for Germany. You dead soldier, we living soldiers take over your legacy. You have fulfilled – we want to fulfill. A November 9, 1918 will never be repeated. So do we greet you, dead comrade – the soldiers to the soldier!"

One starts the song of the good comrade, the others sing along. A wreath is laid down. The ceremony is over. It was more impressive than many a tumultous ceremony with flags and trumpets. It was an oath and obligation to hard effort in the farthest east, so that the German mission in this land, proclaimed by so many German soldier graves, is finally fulfilled. Here is the east – or nowhere – will the selection of a new order community be accomplished amid sacrifices and deprivations and under the symbol of the National Socialism movement. This order community will fill the administration with its spirit, it will determine the style and the bearing of German man in the eastern region. Whoever excludes himself from this community, will have no right to embody the sovereignty of the Reich in this land. This realization was the content of a work

conference in the district of Lublin. This inner law found its symbolic expression in the silent, nocturnal ceremony at the lonely grave of a German soldier in the east.

Joachim Nehring

SS Leitheft, Year 6, Issue 10a/b, January 15, 1941

"Die Decently, Junker!"

A lieutenant was mortally wounded in the Battle of Leuthen. Albrecht von Kröckritz was his name. He was the only son of a widowed mother. And he was twenty-two years old.

The general's wife von Köckritz, who owned more than half a dozen properties in Brandenburg, had employed all her strength to protect her son from the fate of his fathers; for the Köckritz's – through centuries – had one after the other given their life for their country. As the last, at Mollwitz in the First Silesian War, her husband. But the infinite efforts of the mother's heart had been in vain. The dream of glory, the command of duty, the blood of the fathers, the admiration for the king proved stronger than the bond of child's love. When Friedrich the Great sounded the drums for the Third Silesian War, Albrecht von Köckritz rushed – all the pleading, hand-wringing and crying of the mother unheeded – to the flattering flags of his king.

The fuzzy-bearded lad did well. Earlier than his fathers, he earned the lieutenant bars. He was certain of the "General Field Marshal" not yet won by any Köckritz! And now he lied with his twenty-two years, mortally wounded, amid a group of

mowed down men on the summit of the battlefield at Leuthen. His life only had minutes left. A shell had torn open his body length-wise. So unspeakable was his pain that his consciousness of his own self, of his feeling and action, faded. From out of the night of unconsciousness came constant moans, cries and shouts. When the confused cries of pain occasionally formed into intelligible human syllables, it was again and again the same word that the clenched lips of the lieutenant let through: "mother!" Sometimes it sounded like a mournful regret, like a reproach against himself, like a "Why did I not obey you?", that "mother!" Sometimes it was a senseless scream. All the same whom he called; all the same, to whom he screamed; just shout, just scream: "mother!" But frequently, however, it was like the requests of a sleeping child from out of a deep dream, when it is tormented by a nightmare but nonetheless knows: Just open the mouth, then the caressing hand will come, all fear is cast off – not necessary to open the eyes – only one thing must happen: part the lips and open the way for the word, the one word which the heart already shouts so long: "mother!" Gradually, the screaming, the moaning of the wounded man became weaker, sparser. With the last: "moth-er..." he plunged into such a dark shaft that no sound still reached up to the land of the living. It seemed as if the wounded lieutenant would painlessly slumber over into the beyond, where his fathers already waited with an affirming handshake for the offspring of their family, who had carried the common name with honor toward that death which alone was befitting a Köckritz.

Then King Friedrich the Great and his entourage came racing toward the summit. He hastily dismounted at its base and went to the top. None dared to follow him; for nobody trusted himself to see with his eyes what each of them knew: the battle was going badly! It was desperate! It was hopeless. To attack ninety-thousand men with thirty-thousand – insanity! In addition to the small number, to stubbornly hold back the left flank doing nothing – insanity! It had to be a disaster! There had been a disaster! Remain below! Do not see! Do not see!

King Friedrich stomped up to the summit. A few steps from

the wounded Albrecht von Köckritz – whom he had to hold for dead – he stuck his cane deep into the blood-soaked soil so that it could better support him. Then he looked over the battle ground at his feet and thought about his battle. The cause of Prussia did not stand well! It was desperate! The right flank carried the attack forward far too slowly. If the indeed bewildered, but not wavering Austrians recognized the battle plan, if they took courage from that realization, if they turned, if the ninety-thousand faced the thirty-thousand front to front along the whole length: then the battle was lost, the war was lost, Silesia was lost. It was desperate. But not hopeless. The right flank must be driven forward faster. Much faster! The center must not lose touch. The life flank, although burning with war fever, must still remain unengaged with the enemy. Until the minute, the second, in which he shouted: "At them!" Orders rushed down the hill to the entourage: encouraging, reserving, admonishing, cursing, agreeing. One after the other, the waiting men rushed off. Thousands fought with thousands for victory. But the battle was not decided out there. One wrong order, one right order at the wrong time – and the battle would be lost despite the courage of thousands! Not out there on the fields around Leuthen was the battle decided! Rather in the fighting brain of the man resting on his cane.

The king's command brought the unconscious lieutenant Albrecht von Köckritz back to earth. No, not upward for a festival! The burning pain downward! It tore him as it wished. But wherever he found himself in the up and down, the to and fro, everywhere was the pain so unbearable that he started to scream, to howl. And again the pains of the tortured man peaked in the one word: "mother..." Friedrich – hindered in the planning of his battle by the screaming of the half-conscious man – Friedrich calls – forced against his will to turn his gaze from the position of the armies – calls to the man convulsing before his feet: "Die decently, Junker!"

Albrecht von Köckritz – now brought back to solid ground by a wave of pains – knows: Only one mortal can speak these words! Only one man on this earth is capable of this tome!

Only one has the right to command such a thing!

The next instant the dying man stands fully upright, raises the right arm in a salute and shouts: "Long live the King!"

And all around on the summit the wounded pull themselves up from their pain. A few of them are able to force their legs to support them again for minutes. Others kneel before the king. The legless men push themselves up with their hands. The handless men rise on the arm stumps. Those who cannot even do that, turn their heads.

"Long live the King!" bursts again from Albrecht von Köckritz.

And from the summit resounds the shout from many throats down to the battlefield:

"Long live the King!"

Already men sink, fall, tumble back to the ground.

But Albrecht von Köckritz still stands upright – body shredded – with saluting right arm before his supreme master.

Then a tremble goes through the body. From his feet to the top of his head. Thus trembles a tree whose trunk has been struck by an axe. For hours it had laughed and mocked its blows. But suddenly the trembling is there and goes through each vein from the root farthest from light to the leaf nearest heaven. And the tree – more deeply wounded by the terror that such a thing can happen than by the blows of the furious axe – falls sooner and faster than even its triumphant opponent dared to presume: thus falls Albrecht von Köckritz from his erect stand into death.

The king steps to the fallen man, bends over him and caresses his brow.

Albrecht von Köckritz wants to draw it to his mouth, to reach for the king's coat, but cannot. Wants to kiss his king's feet, raise his head up from the ground, but cannot. Wants to thank his king for the caress through jubilation, open the mouth, but cannot open his lips. Only his eyes still obey him. With them he thanks, with them he jubilates: "My King!" Closes the eyes and has departed.

When the king stands up, he sees that his army's right flank

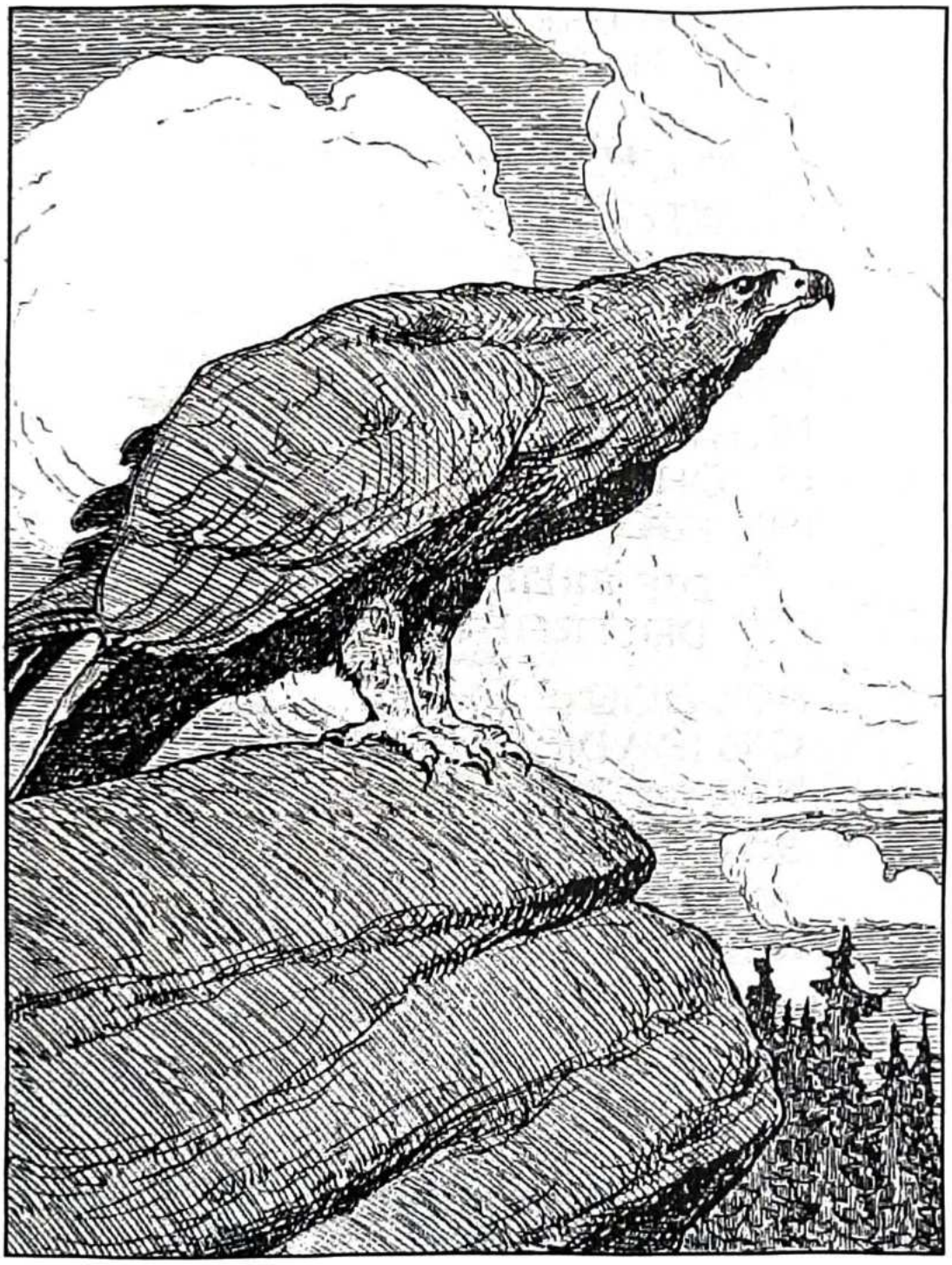
has overran the Austrians. Now it is time: Wheel round! Pursue! Force the wavering into flight! Pull the enemy's center and right wing into the vortex! Stay on the heels of the fleeing!

Friedrich hurries down the hill. And races off so that none of his entourage can keep up with him.

On the summit of the battlefield of Leuthen lies – smiling in death – a lieutenant...

Hans Franck

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2



**The German stone eagle,
the proud crest animal of the Reich.**

Leadership by Calling

"Being a leader means living as an example; dying as an example is then just a part of it." **– Walter Felix**

The longer the war lasts and the harder it hits the whole nation, the more the German folk closes ranks around its leadership. In war and in time of struggle, a leadership shows what it is worth. The soldier proves himself in war, the political and military leader especially. What real leadership means, we experience now. It counters mass with strategy, which means intellect. It determines the use of technical weapons in accordance with tactical considerations. It finally has the whole folk in hand and leads it every hour so that the psychological burden and inner resiliency match. That *political leadership and military form an inseparable unity*, we experience happily in the example of the Führer. The World War of 1914 –1918 showed that the greatest military deeds remain useless, if the leadership of intellect and the leadership of arms do not lie in one hand. The movement has in the 15 year long struggle for power against the majority of the German folk formed a political leadership, which was at the same time soldierly. Soldiers of the world war were its bearers. The storm of steel of trench warfare and the social upheaval after 1918 form the background from which the new political and military leadership type has arisen. The following inner political period of struggle separated the wheat from the chaff. That was a unique process of selection.

Leader by Calling

Back then it was not about endowed positions in government or military service. Quite the opposite. The people assembled who had the courage - in defiance of reason and public opinion - to without reward unerringly walk their path through the

darkness of hopelessness. Only those came, who received the inner call. That was the birth hour of the new leader idea. One must note that. Service for the sake of the cause, sacrifice, the total devotion to the fatherland and the renunciation of what one then called bourgeois "happiness", determined the selection. We see in the present war only a continuation of this process of selection within the political as well as within the soldiery leadership. Need and danger are pitiless measuring sticks for the quality of a person. Leadership schools can only supplement. The verification at the front is simultaneously a verification of heart and technical ability. But let us note that the movement first had to create the political leadership before the hour of the rebirth of the nation and the rebuilding of the German Wehrmacht could strike. Sometimes that threatens to be forgotten. For the younger generation, which no longer experienced these events, rather learned about them in school, this new thing often seems a natural development of the already existing. But what did exist? Does the new leadership idea have a tradition?

Tradition

The tradition of the army was there, proven in many battles since the foundation of the Prussian state. The military tradition of the Reich of the Middle Ages went back farther. But in the year 1918 the army that had defied a world of enemies was, due to the undermining of the front from the inside, in a process of decay. It is very characteristic for the liberal period that the German army, the oldest institution for male education, had to be sacrificed for it. What formed the foundation of the Prussian-German army – the loyalty relationship between man and man, soldier and officer, the personal bond with a genuine leader, that ancient Germanic loyalty of following which lies in the blood of the German and which he again and again remembers, if he lives in accordance to his essence – was hidden, buried by the liberal and Marxist way of thinking. Back then that

was considered outdated, discipline not for the sake of the regulations, rather for the sake of the loyalty from voluntary subordination under the born leader. Where one speaks of the equality of men, there is no social order and also no leader principle. That is why, after the collapse, the leaderless time started in all spheres of German life. Liberalism, basically, rejects any order, and hierarchy and above all the most natural one, namely of the spirit. The spore of this fateful development lies far back. Since the French Revolution, there is no longer any genuine social order in Europe and hence no leadering stratum, unless it be the one of money; the one of blood and the one of inner calling were no longer there. "The new thing about our time is that we for the first time build up a folk leadership, a leadership of people." (Robert Ley). The rebuilding of the German Wehrmacht has then only been a result of the resurrection of the military idea through the newly formed political leadership of the movement. Naturally, the leadership of the movement in the so-called period of struggle is also inconceivable without the tradition of the Prussian-German army. A revolution does not create from a void. It has the burden, but also the pent up energy, of the whole folkish past within itself and proceeds from this foundation to the new.

The Faith of the Movement also Creates the Leadership of the Army

The new German Wehrmacht has also adopted the new leadership idea. That also has not simply been placed as something new in empty space. But the social-constructive energy of National Socialism has from the start turned to the task to not just form a community over which *one* leader stands, rather to give this community a whole stratum of called leaders, so that the movement and the Reich are not endangered, if one leader is taken away by Providence. It has been the most difficult task of the movement and of the new state. The future will tell, if we have solved it. The type of the new leader – as it is being devel-

oped in the Hitler Youth and in the political organizations, and has been awakened in the Adolf-Hitler Schools and National Political Education Institutes – is also the type of leader of the new Wehrmacht of the German folk. A transformation of concepts goes hand in hand with the transformation of the ideal image of the political and military leader. The training regulations of the German infantry contain ancient, tested wisdom. What it says about authority, about obedience, about the relationship between officer and enlisted men, are not outdated. In the human sphere, certain experiences are well founded. They remain the foundation of military training, of the Wehrmacht as well as of the Waffen-SS. Yet something new has been added. A new world-view and hence a new ideal image of the unity of political and military leadership. Old concepts are thereby slowly becoming covered over or, if they remain, filled with new content. What makes up the new leader type?

Leader as Bearer of the World-View

From the military leader we demand more than just tactical abilities. He must simultaneously be the political leader of his unit. He must carry within himself that world image that enables faith in the mission of the German folk. He must hence simultaneously be a world-view leader. It is, of course, more valuable to live a world-view than to preach it. Great religious leaders did not work through their doctrine, rather more through their life. And we experience a hundred-fold among the troops that a leader who proves himself as a National Socialist to his men and shows himself as one in combat, works a thousand-fold more effectively educationally than the best preacher of our world-view. Lip service is, after all, easier than affirmation through the deed. That does not condemn to death the necessary world-view education in the army and in the Waffen-SS. But one should not misunderstand us. The military leader is thus a leader by inner calling, by faith in the Reich. Class-political considerations cannot be the basis of leader se-

lection. The officer corps, also the new one of the National Socialist army and the Waffen-SS, possess corps spirit and should possess it. It is, however, only justified as *spirit of the order of the higher obligated.* Belonging to this order hence cannot make vain, rather only modest, deeper and more serious. Seen such, there is also no class-political community between the officer corps of the individual European nations: the simply National Socialist infantryman as child of his folk naturally stands closer to the National Socialist leader than any officer of a foreign, even if allied, nation. That is hence a final and radical break with old views. For the National Socialist, that is self-evident. But it should be said here once. If calling, character and ability are decisive for the leadership selection, that says what we call *education* plays a role. Precisely in the modern, technical army one needs specialists in all areas. Education does not consist solely of test scores, rather it is that deep, human growing together of spirit and character that has always belonged to the essence of a genuine leader.

Honor and Loyalty

The relationship between leader and following is determined by the common faith in the Reich and in the value of German man. The common blood ennobles us in the face of Europe's folks. There is hence no separate honor of officer and an honor of the soldier. There is only one honor of German man. Honor violation is the worst offense; that holds for officer, non-commissioned officer and listed men. A rough tone has always been the soldier's manner. A kind heart can hide behind that and great sensitivity regarding the other's honor. Whoever is not conscious of the necessity of preservation of honor, above all of his subordinate, is not fit to be leader. In the military sphere the same thing is valid here that is valid for the whole folk in its position in Europe: the leadership of the European folks naturally falls back on Germany. This leadership preconditions very much ability and above all very much skill and

tact. The skillful and responsibility-conscious leader shows himself especially in the treatment of the volunteers from Germanic lands.

Whoever understands how to command, will also be obeyed. Whoever is leader by calling, that means on the basis of his character value and on the basis of the strength of his faith in the nation, does not need to emphasize "authority". Even at the end of the World War, when everything collapsed, the officers who were real leaders kept their men together and brought them home in order. Leadership by calling really shows itself in moments when all external considerations fall away. Service regulations are a poor support for authority. The men follow out of inner respect. If they do not have it, then the so-called leader will be alone at the decisive hour. That does not mean that service regulations are dispensable. In the heavy fighting of the winter and spring behind us in the east, the loyalty of the German infantryman to the leader he inwardly admired and affirmed, has been endlessly often proven.

Discipline and Correctly Understood Comradeship

From common blood and common faith results the correctly understood comradeship between officer and enlisted man. Whoever confuses comradeship with tactless familiarity, has no military experience and will fail miserably. The discipline of the new army rests on voluntary integration and subordination. Only so is it genuine and withstands the strain of modern war. That is discipline out of faith, not out of fear. In the face of death, the fear of punishment is feeble anyway. An army based on that would not hold out. It takes a lot of tact to be a good National Socialist and a good military leader. Tact is also demanded from the individual enlisted man. He should not misuse his officer's comradeship. There may well be an outer, but no inner distance between both. The enlisted man must realize that the officer must go part of the way alone. The officer must be able to remain alone. He can do less asking than the com-

mon soldier just as he can also complain less. He must remain silent and act.

That is the ideal image of the German military and political leader. We know that we have not yet achieved this ideal image. But is life worthwhile without an ideal we strive for?

Gd.

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2, 1942

The Officer in the Waffen-SS

An Experience

A front experience will be presented here, which says more about the unity of officer and men in our troop than instructive words, one of those modest occurrences among hundreds. And yet, deep and genuine loyalty radiates from this story about an unfulfilled comradely deed.

That was back in the west, in the last days of May in the year 1940, when our regiment smashed into the collapsing enemy. A company commander worked his way with two messengers into the foremost line in order to reconnoitre new positions. On his orders the bulk of the company stayed back under cover so as to not unnecessarily endanger life in the hail of enemy shells. In the thick bushes and enemy fire, he lost his two messengers and leapt from cover to cover alone. Not far. For an enemy bullet ripped his hand and another his leg. Laboriously, he crawled back until he reached his company again. Seriously wounded. A few bandages supplied the first aid. With silent and sad mood, the officer's driver had been the first to rush over and stood before his chief as if he wanted to complain: "Why didn't you take me along? I would have certainly protected you...!"

But the next moment his vehicle was already ready to take his wounded chief to the field hospital.

On the trip the driver did not speak one syllable.

A soft, almost motherly expression was on his face and a fearful sadness. Then his clear head became iron and rigid again, as if the trip led to hell. Every encouraging word of the officer faded without being able to produce more than a painful tremble on his mouth. It almost looked as if not the chief, rather the upright driver, had to drive back to the surgeon with

the bullets in his body. The driver remained silent to the chief's questions and a restrain sobbing coughed the youth.

"Faiss, good old driver, what is wrong with you? I will soon be well again and with you!" The officer tried to comfort him. But then the youth lost his composure.

"No", he said, and a few tears slid down his dusty face. "That alone is not what it is, Hauptsturmführer. I have always thought that I must be with you...and if you were one day wounded... that I could then save you. And today it happened, and I was not with you..."

As if a whole world had collapsed, so shaken did he speak it. But the company commander's heart was moved, when he heard these few words, which encompassed an entire world, and a glowing wave of comradeship embraced both of them.

The wounds no longer burned and the day was suddenly brighter and more beautiful.

The comradeship, which day and night seemed a self-evident manifestation of soldierly life to both of them, had through the words of the loyal driver been suddenly brightly illuminated, and almost hurt in its kindness and purity...

That is the story of an unfilled comradely deed, which actually in truth had found its highest fulfillment in the decoration of the heart. It is also a little monument to all of our good soldiers. That is the best bond that surrounds officer and enlisted man in the Waffen-SS: *the unbreakable loyalty.*

Of Personality

Should we in the Waffen-SS speak of "authority"? Does not a mysterious energy flow from the genuine leader, which shines through the whole unit and draws all to him? What kind of pitiful authority was the one that Jews and Marxists tried to convince us of: authority as something not personal, rather only a function of the office or uniform of the holder? They themselves only wanted to interpret the concept of authority so as to bestow the appearance of leadership on their pitiful inability.

There is no officer among us who would claim authority, because he wears the rank insignia of a superior, rather National Socialist authority declares the opposite, that is wears the rank insignia, because it documents the inner and outer worth for it. Hence our authority does not last as long as we wear the insignia, rather we wear the insignia s long as we possess the inner worth for it. Thus we must always strive to prove ourselves worthy, always work on ourselves, and the outer rise of a career can be nothing other than the equal rise of our accomplishment. Only so should we perceive the concept of authority. The content of our work, of our accomplishment, of our life, can alone be the measurement for the degree of our authority. Only its being made visible needs as external attribute the rank insignia. Thus perceived, every officer rank will demand respect from the start, for every subordinate knows that the difference in rank is only a criterion for the superior strenght of accomplishment.

The Political Soldier

It is obvious that the force of attraction that emits from the military officer is in the final analysis based on his faith in Germany, which means in his political view. Today it may already seem incomprehensible that there were once non-political officers and non-political soldiers. This manifestation can only be understood in terms of the political division of our German folk. The far-reaching result was that after splendid military victories, the following political results were often enough pitiful. The great historical end of such ideological division came about through the Führer through the creation of the political soldier in his embodiment in the Waffen-SS! Unfortunately, in the past, politics and Wehrmacht too often marched separately. In the Waffen-SS, for the first time, the indissolvable union has been created in such a way that idea and sword belong together, that the political will strengthens the sword of the soldier to invincibility!

From that each officer in the Waffen-SS must draw the conclusion that he sees as his highest example the Führer as the most glorious union of the political and military will-bearer of the nation. The Führer lives as an example of this necessity for us and for the entire German folk numbering millions. Each SS officer must be a small copy of this in his circle of activity, the officer of a platoon, of a company or of a regiment. The military deeds of his unit can be nothing else than the application of the political will of his superiors on the military plain. He must always appear to his men as the National Socialist, as the radiant political soldier with excellent military ability. In both life tasks, he must always endeavor to perfect himself. The National Socialist in him must always jealously strive to match the military expert in him, and the military officer must never stand behind the political one. The ideal of the union of both most outstanding elements of an officer in the Waffen-SS must accompany us in all future in all great and small things.

Of Volunteers and Reservists

In the Waffen-SS we have a large number of volunteers. When the Führer started his fight for Germany, he had nothing but the firm faith in the great future of his folk. Faith, however, gave him words and deeds of enthusiasm and of power. His first followers came and their number climbed from hundreds to thousands and hundreds-of-thousands.

But nobody was drafted and brought by the power of a written law. Nobody was compelled to come and dragged by the force of an external order. All of them came voluntarily!

And voluntarism became a graduator of the inner and outer power of the movement. The Waffen-SS as the final perfection of the National Socialist military idea is nothing other than a continuation of the military power of this idea. The decision to join the Führer's military corps is nothing other than the free will for the continuation of the former political struggle on another level. So the volunteers in the Waffen-SS are the descen-

dants of the old fighters who wish to do more than duty requires, to voluntarily wage the fight for Germany like those old followers of the Führer. They may claim for themselves to be young comrades of these old ones. They may say of themselves that they, too, want to voluntarily dedicate their life to Germany. Thus must we also value the action of these young men.

In addition to these volunteers among the Waffen-SS are also the *reservists*, who constitute the main contingent of the German army. Inside our Waffen-SS, they are naturally only a smaller portion. They have taken their path under more difficult conditions than the young, active SS man. They have devoted time and energy to learning a profession and at the same time they are soldiers. What personal self-confidence must lie within them, since they belong to the "older" age groups. Nonetheless, they believe in their strength so much that they feel strong enough to be able to still keep up with the Führer's charging youth. But they have at least one thing in common with their young comrades: their young heart, and no young man can say that these "older" men are behind him in that. But where the heart is young, then body and spirit are with it! I do not believe that there is anybody who can tell during a charge into enemy positions who is a reservist and who is active. The life age is no longer written in the sweaty, dripping faces, in the dusty features of the warriors, and the radiant eyes of both are the same. Reservist or active soldier? Who asks about that in the hail of shells, in the shell crater and in the trench? Both are comrades in the assault pace of our struggle. How many are there among the reservists who come to the flag of victory for the second time out of the same faith as in the period of struggle, from the unshakeable loyalty to the Führer, to whom they can now visibly again prove that they still want to fight for him and Germany with all the strength of their hearts and fists. And who had been there in the period of struggle? Through the decision to voluntarily fight in our ranks, they have proven that they belong to us and have always belonged to us. They have made up the time and put themselves in the circle around the Führer, have grasped our hands and hearts, and we have taken

them in as our good comrades. The older a reservist is, the younger must be his heart, the greater must we value him in his faith in eternal Germany. The coming victory will have been won by neither "actives" nor "reservists" alone, rather simply the German musketeer, and both are that to the same degree. As long as we have reservists in our ranks, we know that the faith in its own strength and the glorious victory does not only live within the enthusiastic heart of the youth.

Alfred Jantsch

Achieve much, stand out little,
Be more than appear. - *Clausewitz*

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 2

Loyal and Undaunted
Sculpture by Kurt Zimmermann

Loyalty

The present war daily provides evidence of the most daring intrepidness and unique heroism. Countless as well is the apparently little and nameless heroism of the German soldier. It is the silent, stubborn test of loyalty and dependability. It was the loyalty of belief that enabled individual units of our army and our Waffen-SS to stand fast for three months despite encirclement and blockage of normal supply, and has bestowed on the eastern front that firmness and hardness which alone prevented a catastrophe despite the cold and the enemy's massive assault. What that means is comprehended only by whoever knows the forms under which this war in the east plays out. If the opponent tries to imitate our strategy, he suffers shipwreck each time. General Field Marshal Rommel has said it: "Battles of encirclement such as they are fought in the present war can only be fought with German soldiers."

What proves itself here, is valid for all future. Loyalty is *the* German virtue. Loyalty without content does not exist. It has nothing to do with stubbornness; the opponents may possess that. It is also not completely covered by tenacity or reliability alone, although they are its necessary companions. Loyalty, faith and honor are like three shells around a precious core. The core, however, is the soul of our folk, that unique inner Reich, from which the musically formative, music-making energy that in ever new formations of dream-faces surprises the world, and which is our most precious possession. The knowledge of this wealth is more clear to one person and less so to another. There is no German without an ideal. Loyalty is nothing but an affirmation of one's own innermost, of one's own calling, of one's own task. Basically, acts of loyalty, which in hours of greatest need stem from inner obligation, are *religious acts*. Those people can speak of it who know those moments – they are not frequent in life – in which one so to speak finds the track of the inner calling and the obligation comes over them.

This is true for political fighter exactly as it is for thinkers, artists and inventors. The SS comrades also experienced this when they held out at an apparently lost post in ice and snow out of loyalty to the Führer and the homeland.

For German man, recognizing his task like a command of heaven means being loyal. Loyalty is always something bound to God. Only the superficial sceptic doubts that. Loyalty to the homeland, loyalty to the movement, loyalty to the Führer are in the final analysis rooted in the strength of the inner conception. Whoever is inwardly poor, also cannot be truly loyal. Loyalty is the wordless language of inner wealth.

Loyalty proves itself through the deed. In time of need and misfortune, the German folk has always proven itself the most loyal, and indeed the fighting portion of this folk, hence the portion which suffered this need the most. Those were the soldiers in the trenches of the last World War. Those were the first followers of the Führer. In this war the front again bears the main burden; but the homeland also gives evidence daily of the deepest loyalty in self-denial and deprivation.

To loyalty becomes constancy. It would be contradictory to think, I change my homeland or I change my folk. Our will has been meaningful, if we have remained true to ourselves. Everything also belongs together. Loyalty is in truth not divisible. Remaining loyal to the Führer, remaining loyal to the homeland, remaining loyal to the wife and the children, that is *one* loyalty.

The SS is an order of loyalty. Loyalty to the Führer, loyalty to the comrades, loyalty to the homeland and to family are fire, from which we burn. We know our folk. We know from its unfortunate history that its gullibility and harmlessness have been gravely misused by seducers. The SS should form a protective wall around our most holy jewel, around the inner wealth of the German folk. A deep faith in the divine calling of our folk and its Führer fills us. It makes us wealthy. It makes us hard and pitiless. It gives us the strength of loyalty in the hours of outer and inner stress.

Loyalty is the highest possession of the German soul and its perfection. Not everyone is called to create something great for his fatherland. But eternal Providence does not measure us by the extent of our deeds, rather by the spirit from which they arise, and in accordance to the will we summon up in order to fulfill our duty. That, however, means nothing other than that the yard-stick of our life lies in the loyalty with which we stick to our fatherland, and it likewise means that loyalty is the light that leads the individual into the community. Loyalty is the final and highest level our soul reaches on its path, and whoever acquires it, has proven himself before Providence.

Werner Beumelburg

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 3

Duty – The Virtue of the Prussians

Was there ever in history a folk as hopelessly trampled as the German folk after the Thirty Years War? The Treaty of Westphalia put the German division under the supervision of foreign great powers; thirty years of war on German soil had annihilated prosperity and desire to work. The fields laid desolate, the villages in ruins; German people were psychologically broken, without self-confidence, servilely admired everything that came from France; the rulers and nobility wasted the folk's tax money, in the cities corruption and patronage dominated. How should there ever again be a rise out of this depth? What a tremendous exertion of energy belonged to it! But how should this broken, run down folk ever be capable of such a harnessing of energies?

"Bliss is for God, everything else must be mine"

In a small German land, in Brandenburg-Prussia, the will became awake to make the impossible possible. The rulers of this land did not yet think of Germany, they only thought of their own small land. And yet everything they did eventually helped the whole German folk. The Great Elector laid the first foundation, and the soldier king Friedrich the Great continued to build. He was the man who tackled the gigantic task to educate the folk to a totally new bearing. He shaped officials and soldiers, exact and carefully down to the smallest detail, punctual to the minute, in strict discipline and unconditional obedience, sacrificing the self to the whole, escalating the performance to the highest. The king demanded the whole man for his service: "Bliss is for God, everything else must be mine." He did not praise, he did not reward, he did not thank; what they did, was self-evident, for it was their duty. Back then, in those years

when Prussiandom was forged, the word duty received its iron, pitiless ring. Under this duty stood the king just like the last soldier and the last official. Sober, dry and hard was this Prussian commandment of duty, but it bred men who extracted the last from themselves, who sacrificed comfort and pleasure to service to the whole. It was hard and often painful, but it had to be. From this Prussian feeling of duty grew the deeds of the Seven Years Year, which seemed like an incomprehensible miracle to the world; with the help of this Prussian feeling of duty, Bismarck overcame German disunity and created the Bismarck Reich; this feeling of duty spread beyond Prussia's borders and permeated all of Germany, it hardened and stiffened the often too soft, blurred German nature, it gave the strength for the deeds of Verdun and Flanders in the First World War, and for the endurance of the Russian winter in the Second World War. It gave the German folk the strength to walk the difficult path from the Treaty of Westphalia to the Reich founding in Versailles and to the Greater German Reich of Adolf Hitler. It widened and deepened in the course of decades; the soldier king was followed by Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Clausewitz and Moltke, and Prussian consciousness of duty finally passed into National Socialism.

Voluntary Fulfillment of Duty

With fierce severity, often with scolding and beatings, had Friedrich Wilhelm put consciousness of duty into the people. They trembled before him, and the compulsion under which they stood was for many of them fear of punishment. Back then in the difficult beginnings, it probably could not go any differently. But already Friedrich Wilhelm realized that fulfillment of duty under the pressure of threating punishment was only makeshift. At least for the officers, he already demanded a higher form: "Whatever officer does not do his duty due to his own feeling of honor, rather must be held to his duty, does not deserve to be an officer." The inner compulsion on own initia-

tive here replaces the external compulsion. Duty remains so or so, and the resisting inner coward must be beaten down one way or another; but one time that happens through the raised stick of the corporal, the other time through the inner command of decency. Out of the army of the soldier king emerged the army of Friedrich the Great, the army of the Seven Years War. It would have never been able to fight through the terrible seven years, if it had only been held together by force and violence. Already in the battalions of Old Fritz lived something that was higher than forced obedience: a voluntary devotion to the personality of the great leader. Fifty years later, the folk army of the Wars of Liberation developed from this army. Scharnhorst and Gneisenau raised the demand that the higher form of fulfillment of duty must hence come alive in the whole army. Gneisenau was outraged at the view that "because a few deserve a beating, all must be beaten"; not in wood, rather in the feeling of honor must one be able to find the motives for good behavior.

The men of the Wars of Liberation had reinforced their idealism with the philosophy of the Königsberg philosopher Kant. "Duty, you noble great name", he wrote, "you who take nothing dear or flattering along with you..., rather issue just one law, which by itself finds entrance into the attitude." Not temptation with reward, not threat of punishment, rather only the straightforward and simple insight that the commandment of duty must be fulfilled: that is how Kant presents the concept of duty in highest clarity. As long as a man allows himself to be influenced by hope for reward or fear of punishment, be it in an ever so refined and disguised form, one cannot speak of moral action, of fulfillment of duty in the highest sense. That is the tremendously electrified demand which demands highest idealism. It is clear that most people do not possess the strength of will and of moral self-overcoming to completely fulfill this demand. Most still need the support of their will, which wants to evade the commandment of duty – of course, it does not always require the form of the cane. Even the possibility of a punishment serves as an incentive. But ideals must be lofty goals.

And we may say one thing: Since the days of the soldier king, our folk has come ever close to Kant's ideal in the motives toward its fulfillment of duty. The demand that Friedrich Wilhelm believed he could only make on his officers, that the feeling of honor should replace punishment and compulsion, this demand we today make on the whole folk. There will always be a mass that remains deaf to this call. Otherwise one day courts, prisons and criminal law could be abolished. There have been dreamy people who consider such a condition possible; we know that is unrealistic dreaming. Even if through genetic selection the number of subhumans and inferiors is constantly reduced, there will always remain many, who require the restraint of criminal law. But, as Gneisenau says, because a few deserve a beating, does that mean all must be beaten? The struggle to increase the number of the chosen, who out of inner insight and decency fulfill the commandment of duty, just because it is duty, must continue eternally. There are people who obey the war laws of nourishment for this reason and others who do so for the other. There are people who industriously and honestly do their work for this reason, and others who do so for the other. In the schools the effort aims at educating the children for honest work, without pretense of a fake performance, solely on the basis of pride and feeling of honor. We may have the belief that there are still many forces in our folk that are capable of such a fulfillment of duty; it only comes down to waking them.

The Commandment from the Inside

One thing is sure: highest accomplishments are only achieved through the commandment that comes from the inside, through fulfillment of duty in the sense of Kant. Friedrich the Great speaks in his letters of "a religious devotion to his duties". When he thought everything was lost after the terrible catastrophe at Kunersdorf, gave up leadership and was determined to die, it only took a few days, and he had himself in hand again.

"Count on it", he wrote his brother, "as long as my eyes are open, I will care for the state as it is my duty." Unprecedented, unheard of in its pitiless Prussian severity, is the call by which he brought the badly wounded, screaming Junker on the battlefield in Leuthen to composure: "Die decently, Junker!" Only one could dare such words: Friedrich.

But this Prussian commandment of duty and honor, which has today become generally German, is at its core nothing other than an old Germanic legacy, which in Prussia has been awakened to new life. Our folk carries it within itself as racial legacy from the beginning. When the Burgundian heroes are trapped by the Hun hordes in the Etzel castle and fight their last battle, where it is no longer about victory or rescue, rather only about courageous death, the Nibelungenlied relates how Queen Kriemhild offered her brothers safe passage, if they delivered to her Hagen, Siegfried's murderer. The youngest of the kings, Giselher, still half a child, clings to life and only with difficulty gives up hope, but without a moment of hesitation he rejects this salvation at the price of broken comrade loyalty and broken honor. The reality of history corresponds to the ideal of the saga: The last Goth king Teja fights on Vesuv like Friedrich fought in the Seven Years War. These Germanic men certainly do not yet know the word duty, and their sacrifice is not made in the consciousness that it is necessary for the state or the folk; they act solely out of the inner commandment of honor; but what they do is nonetheless in essence nothing other than what Friedrich Wilhelm, Friedrich the Great, Kant and Gneisenau demanded.

"I cannot do otherwise"

If a mother who cares for her child would answer: I only do my duty, then we would have a feeling of astonishment. Why? Duty, even if it is only done out of inner compulsion, is still also a compulsion and demands self-overcoming. But the mother cannot act otherwise; she would have to force herself to

act differently. Here the noble act proceeds from inner necessity, from a noble drive. Here, basically, it is not the individual act that is good, rather the whole person. Such selfless behaviour full of self-sacrificing devotion from an inner drive already exists among animals; here, too we only have to think about examples of mother's love. Self-overcoming action out of conscious recognition of duty, on the other hand, is only performed by man. One can debate which is higher; one can hold that the commandment of duty is harder and more difficult to fulfill and that action from inner drive, after all, does not require any self-overcoming, or on the other hand that the entire character disposition that does not have to first overcome itself before performing the noble act stands higher than the one that most first fight down inner resistance. The debate is basically not worthwhile, and both often merge into each other. When Luther before the Worms Reichstag says his "I cannot do otherwise", if the philosopher Giordano Bruno, - who as the first gazed at the infinity of outer space with the eyes of the spirit, refused renunciation before the priests of the Roman church and died on the burning stake -, then in this "I cannot do otherwise" lies an affirmation of the highest commandment of duty out of inner necessity, out of a loyalty to oneself and to the cause, to the idea. The volunteers of Langemarck charged with the German national anthem into death, pulled along by the great swell of enthusiasm. In the following years, however, the horror of the great material battles came, and now the hard commandment of duty had to take effect again. The Führer portrays this in "Kampf": "There came a time when each had to struggle between the drive for self-preservation and the admonishment of duty... But the more this voice, which called for carefulness, beckoned, the louder and more urgently it tempted, the more the resistance stiffened until finally, after a long inner conflict, consciousness of duty was triumphant. Already in the winter 1915/1916 the struggle was decided for me. The will had finally become total master. If I could charge along in the first days with jubilation and laughter, I was now calm and determined. That, however, was lasting."

The Command of Conscience

There is a daily fulfillment of duty, which faithfully and honestly fulfills the daily regulations and orders. It should not in its significance be put down in any manner, it is necessary; but it must remain conscious, that it is not the final and highest. Situations can emerge where regulations must be broken, orders must not be followed, a totally independent action on one's own responsibility becomes a necessity. When the Prussian King Friedrich Wilhelm III in 1812 decided to ally himself with Napoleon against Russia, there were Prussians officers who could not bear it to fight for the suppressor of their fatherland, who hence took their leave and entered Russian service. Among them where Carl von Clausewitz. Men like Yorck, who were rooted in the old Prussian tradition, called this behavior forgetfulness of duty and desertion. Yorck received from the king the order to take over command of the Prussian auxilliary corps under Napoleon, and as bitter as it was to him, he overcame himself and silently did his duty. Then the hour came when Napoleon was beaten, when everybody urged Yorck to declare an alliance with the Russians, and when all his efforts to receive instructions from the king in Berlin remained unsuccessful. Now precisely this man was placed by Providence before the decision to break the narrower duty for the sake of the wider and higher one. And he bravely took the step, as difficult as it was for him, acted against the king's order and in the mill of Tauroggen declared the Prussian corps neutral. He thus started the War of Liberation. For what he did, he took full responsibility: "I swear to Your Royal Majesty", he wrote, "that I will await the bullet as calmly on the execution grounds as on the battlefield, where I have grown grey." He violated the order the state have given him and obeyed, like Clausewitz before, the command of conscience in order to keep loyalty to the folk. Under the command of conscience did the Freikorps men fight at Annaberg, and has the National Socialist movement stood

since the beginning. Since the days of Friedrich the Great, the idea of duty has become every deeper and wider, it has ever more taken into itself volunteerism and own initiative. It has grown from Prussia across all of Germany. But it must always keep the pitiless hard core of the iron Prussian fulfillment of duty, which alone is up to the most difficult stress tests. For Germany, the land of the middle, even if it is Europe's leading land, will always live more dangerously than other folks. Therein rests its obligation and its greatness.

Ulrich Haacke

SS Leitheft, Year 8, Issue 3

As long as a troop fights full of good courage, there is seldom a need to show great strength of will in the pursuit of its purposes; but when the circumstances become difficult – and that can never remain absent, where the extraordinary is supposed to be performed -, when the thing no longer proceeds on its own, like a well-oiled machine, rather the machine itself starts to offer resistance, and this must be overcome; that requires the leader's great strength of will. As the strengths within the individual die, he no longer motivates them and carries them from his own will, gradually the whole inertia of the mass rests on the field commander's will; on the blaze in his breast, on the light of his spirit should the blaze of resolution, the light of hope of all the others be rekindled anew; only insofar as he can do this, insofar as he commands the mass and remains master of the same; when that ceases, when his own courage is no longer strong enough to again revitalize the others, then the mass pulls him down to it into the lower region of animal nature, which recoils from danger and knows no shame. These are the stresses, which the leader's courage and strength of soul must overcome in battle, if he wants to achieve excellence.

Carl von Clausewitz

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